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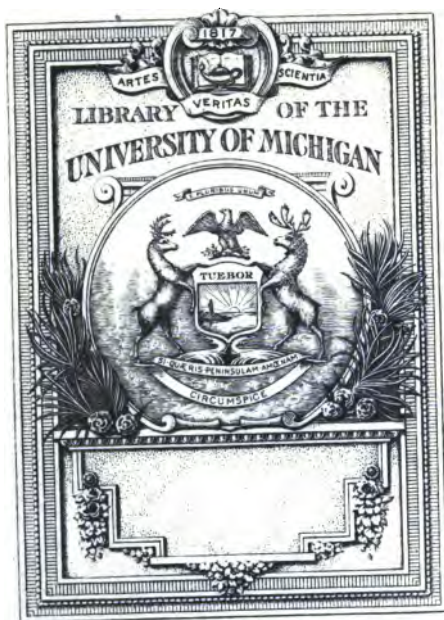
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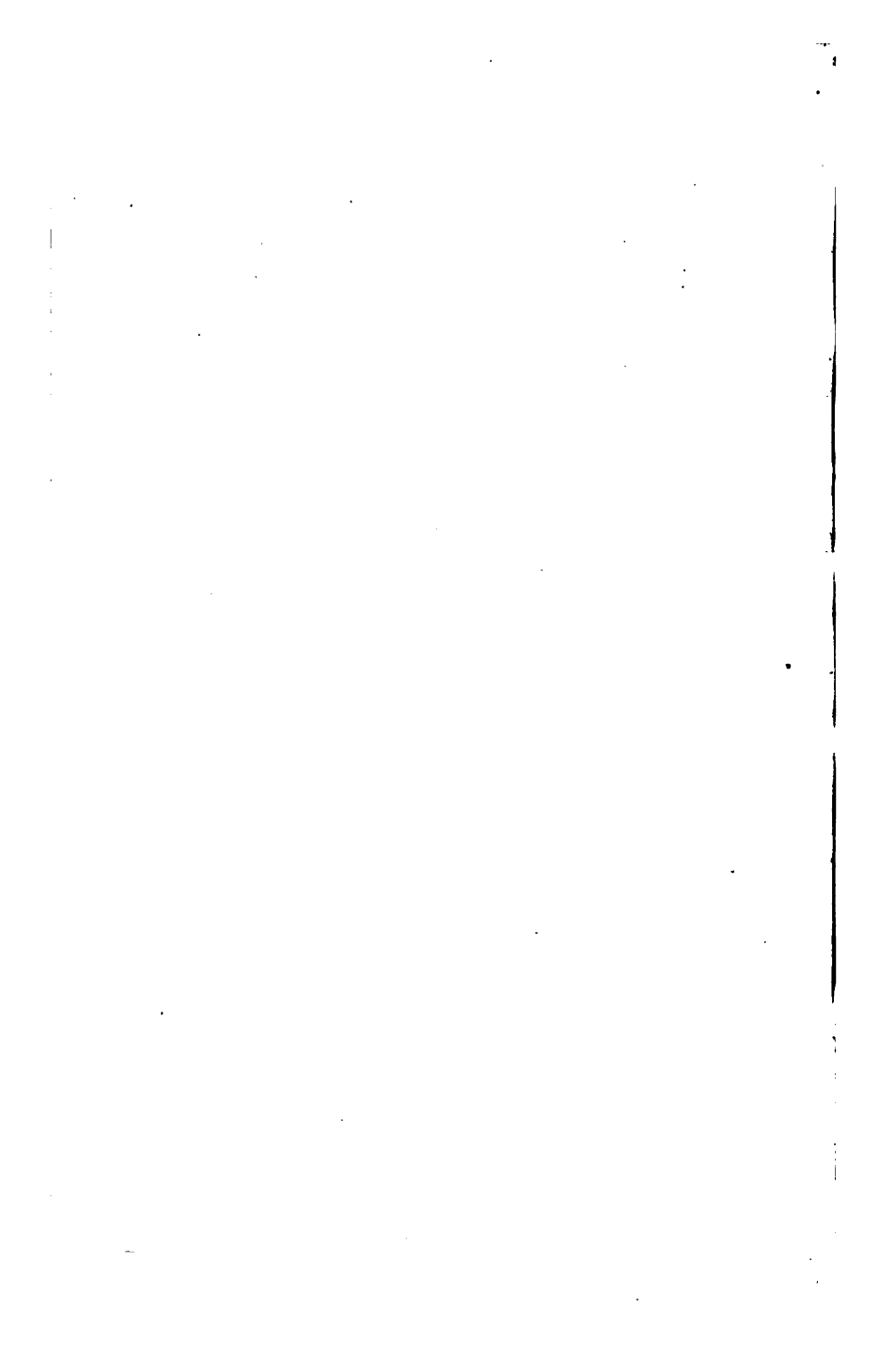
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NAPOLEON MEMOIRS.

EVENINGS

WITH

PRINCE CAMBACÈRES,

SECOND CONSUL,

ARCH-CHANCELLOR OF THE EMPIRE,

DUKE OF PARMA, &c., &c., &c.

Translated by
BY BARON LANGON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

The Duke of Otranto in 1814—Disclosures concerning the Imperial conspiracy—Interview of Fouché and Carnot, in the presence of the Duke of Parma—Letters from Cambacérès to Louis XVIII—Count Fabre de l'Aude—Santerre on the 18th Fructidor—Unpublished letter of Napoleon—Conduct of Count Fabre at the Tribunal—Five hundred thousand francs refused, an anecdote revived from the Romans—Highly curious letter of Carnot—Unpublished letter of a very distinguished lady—Petticoat conspiracy—The soldier and the five franc piece—Barras before the public; his portrait—Vulcan in bad temper—Bonaparte a duellist—Manners of the Luxembourg in the days of the Directory—Madame de Staël—Revelations of Barras—The female alchymist—Portrait of Count de Blacas, sketched by one of his relations, who was no cousin of his—Count Lanjuinais—The Committee of Public Safety—Revolutionary horrors. 8

CHAPTER II.

Madame de Staël and General Bonaparte—Letter and reply—M. de la Rochefoucauld—The Marquis d'Escouloubre—Conversation with Madame de Staël in 1789—The Bourbon Genealogy—He robs us of a cannon, an anecdote of the Empire—Tailors' bills—Scenes in the palace—Napoleon's munificence—A superfluity of kings—Strange proposal—Revolutionary ledger of princes put to death, or expelled; of kingdoms lost, created, given away, destroyed, etc.—Sainte-Peur the reigning Queen in 1789—The seven French sages—the old regicide and the youthful sister of kings, an anecdote—Wisdom of *lettres de cachet*—Unpublished verses—The Abbé S——, the Count de G——, and a fine lady—A moral anecdote of days anterior to the revolution. 53

CHAPTER III.

The important mission, a story of 1814—Biography of an honest man—Pauline—A statue—Napoleon in the island of Elba—Singular conversation between a hero and a young man—Autograph opinion of Napoleon respecting Barras—Colonel de Ribes and General Sabatier—Officers in the island of Elba—The emperor's opinion of Talleyrand, Fouché, and other personages of the Imperial court—Napoleon's return from the island of Elba—Mademoiselle Raucourt the actress—Her funeral—Anecdote of a parish of Paris—Napoleon's sign of the cross—Fouché wishes to discover my secret—Marchangy—Fouché in a third story—Marchangy again—The 21st January of the year 1815—The regal crown buried in the vaults of St. Denis—A singular omen—Cardinal de Beausset and Cambacérès—Tie perfect Desmousseaux—The criminal bearings—A female sleep-walker—A physician—M. Mialhe—Human pride—The island of St. Louis and the gambling house, an anecdote—The two quadruples, an anecdote. 96

83
 de la C. de la V.
 1-20-42

Contents.

v

CHAPTER IV.

Approach of the 20th of March—The confessor of Louis XVIII—
 Unpublished letter of Barras to the King—Its importance—Slight
 value attached to it—Incapacity of the royal council in 1814—
 Fright of the Duke of Parma—M. de Séze—M. de Chasot—M.
 Dantre—The long-sighted become blind—Letter from Napoleon in
 1815—Scene at the Tuileries in 1809—Detailed account of the
 Duke of Otranto's disgrace—The ambassador and the fish, or an-
 other veil removed, an anecdote of 1810—The hammer, female as-
 sassin, and the opium, a tragic anecdote. 137

5-16-42 GS

CHAPTER V.

Approach of the 20th of March, 1815—A conversation in the gardens
 of the Palais Royal—Marchangy—The murder of General Quosnel
 —The Abbé de Montesquiou—His cat and his portfolio—A visit to
 Madame de Genlis—Her ingratitude to Napoleon—Her proneness
 to calumny—Difference between her precepts and her example—
 Her slovenly mode of dressing—Prince Cambacérès and Count R—
 —The secret revealed—An interesting scene—Curious particulars
 related by Count Regnaud—The Emperor's remarks on govern-
 ment—An unpublished letter of General Bonaparte—His opinion
 of journalists—News of the landing of Napoleon in 1815—Paris
 on the evening of the 5th of March. 170

CHAPTER VI.

The morning of the 6th March, 1815—The Count de Blacas—Dis-
 satisfaction of the army—The Journal des Débats of the 6th of
 March—A visit to Marchangy—A curious conversation with him—
 Visit to David the painter—Marigne—Public feeling respecting
 Bonaparte's return—Count B . . . —Talma's appropriate quotation—

The two actresses—Tardy and obscure announcement of the Journals—Diversity of reports—Paris on the memorable morning—Effect of the news on the King—His remark to M. de Blacas—Marshal Soult—The Duke de Damas-Crux and the Baron de Vitrolles—The Dukes de Bourbon, Angoulême, and Orleans—Error committed in sending Monsieur to Lyons—Napoleon's remarks on that subject Louis XVIII. and the Baron de Vitrolles—Confusion in the Tuileries—The Count de Barruel Beauvert—Scenes of violence. . . 193

CHAPTER VII.

Bourrienne and his Memoirs—Atrocious falsehood of that publication—Visit to Prince Cambacères—A conversation between Cambacères and Fouché—Anecdote of Robespierre—General Quesnel—Journal des Débats—Napoleon's landing announced to the people of Paris—Joke on a serious subject—Marshal Ney—His character—Napoleon and the iron cage—The Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême at Bordeaux—The provisional government at Toulouse—Letter addressed by Prince Cambacères to the King—Conversation between Carnot and Cambacères. 206

CHAPTER VIII.

Count de Gregoire—His fidelity to his old republican principles—Sitting of the Chambers of Deputies on the 16th of March—Details hitherto unpublished—The Prince de Condé—The Duke of Orleans—The King's Speech—The Duke of Orleans swearing to maintain the Charter—The King made acquainted with the treason of Marshal Ney—Fouché intrigues—Bourrienne—The Arch-Chancellor and General Le Bic—Conversation with Prince Cambacères—He complains to the King of Bourrienne—The Duchess de Saint-Leu—Visit to a Bonapartist lady—Fragment of an unpublished letter of Napoleon—Vision seen in the palace of the Tuileries—The White lady of Berlin—Louis XVIII. convinced of the necessity of quitting the Tuileries—His angry apostrophe to his ministers—Indecision respecting the route to be taken by the King—Paris on the night of the 19th March. 218

CHAPTER IX.

The morning of the 20th of March—the Place du Carrousel—Curious details respecting the King's departure—Alarm of fire at the Tuileries—General Excelmans hoists the tri-coloured flag at the Tuileries—Arrival of Napoleon's grognards—The departure from Elba—Meeting between Napoleon and the Prince de Monaco—Journey from Cannes to Grenoble—The royalist advanced guard—The Emperor's challenge—Heroic scene at Vizille—Eagles and tri-coloured cockades concealed in drums—Napoleon enters Grenoble—Popular Enthusiasm—The three Dauphins—Lesbarres, the inn-keeper—The gates of Bonne—Details relating to the entrance into Lyons—The Barricades demolished—The imperial decrees—List of the proscribed—Marshal Ney—Berthier and Rovigo—Napoleon at Fontainebleau. 234

CHAPTER X.

Napoleon's entrance into Paris—His arrival at the Tuileries—The Queen of Spain and Queen Hortense—Fouche's enmity towards me—My appointment at Toulouse—The sovereignty of the people—Napoleon's conversation with Cambacérès on that subject—The Bourbons quit France—Brief Summary of events in the South—Murat—His death—The Imperial peers—The Champ de Mai—Napoleon's speech—Close of the Hundred Days. 248

ginates in acts anterior to their arrival. The princes of that family have not invited Europe to annihilate our power. I believe, on the contrary, that when the crisis came upon us, when Napoleon had quitted the field of battle, the allied sovereigns might immediately have proceeded to the partition of France; the sudden appearance of the Bourbons prevented their carrying their wishes into effect. The people exchanged the cry of 'Long live the Emperor!' for that of 'Long live the King!' and, as on such an occasion the voice of the many is the voice of Heaven, the sovereigns were compelled to listen and yield to it. From that moment, vanished their hope of parcelling us out. To this first boon, which their birthright secured to us, the Bourbons have added another: they have brought us back within the pale of the great society of nations. France remains the capital of Europe, the troops of which, have all congregated at Paris; and crowds of private individuals have come to seek improvement in this focus of luxury and good taste. On the other hand, whilst the coalition apparently wrested from France a thousand millions of francs, foreigners purchasing all kinds of articles at an extravagant price, and for ready money, left three millions a day behind them, so that at the close of the first year, the political balance had already come round to us. We are, in short, indebted to the Bourbons for the revival of commerce; and the protection with which they foster industry, will ere long, cause it to bring forth the most wonderful fruits.

CARNOT.—Oh! oh! Prince, you have already passed over, heart and soul, to the enemy's camp.

THE PRINCE.—No, Sir, I have not; but I must be just, and give every one his due.

CARNOT.—For my part, I have but a very faint conviction of the many and vast benefits you have just presented to my view. On the contrary, I behold an irruption of kings, where previously existed a republic. I discover all the ancient régime which is resuming its former plan, secretly no doubt, so that on some fine day, it will rear its head in a menacing attitude, and carry off our daughters, our sisters, our friends, to hand them over to dissolute Lovelaces and Chevaliers de Grammont.

FOUCHÉ.—Well, then, Carnot, such being your sentiments, why not act in concert with me?

CARNOT *rudely retorted*.—Why should any one but myself set the thing in motion? I was the martyr of liberty, when you, traitor, assisted the tyrant in enchainning us.

FOUCHÉ, (*with much ingenuousness*).—Yes, I do acknowledge that I allowed myself to be caught, like so many others, by the succession of his victories. That wonderful man concealed at first by such heaps of laurel the fetters he was preparing for us, that our error was excusable. But the snare is now laid open; we know what degree of credit is due to the promises of Sovereigns. Come, then, Carnot, give me your hand; let us forget the past, and exert the present for our future deliverance.

CARNOT.—I would sacrifice every desire of revenge to the happiness of my country; but you must prove to me that you wish France to be free and happy; that this is not a speculation of which you alone are to reap the profit, in which you will sell us along with her, and yourself into the bargain.

FOUCHÉ, (*shrugging his shoulders*).—Oh! if you work your system of politics by insults, recriminations and personalities, go and dwell in a city of gossips; but, if you desire to overturn a system which bears us down, which, above all, humbles us, which harrows up your soul as well as mine, we will soon come to a right understanding, and our harmony will lead to the deliverance of our country.

CARNOT, (*seemingly ashamed of his anger*).—Well, speak out; I listen to you.

FOUCHÉ.—Bonaparte is in the island of Elba.

CARNOT, (*with vivacity*).—Let him, above all, remain there.

FOUCHÉ.—Short-sighted statesman, will you never shake off that petty hatred, that mean meddling, which never fails to prove injurious. Bonaparte is, at the present day, the man we stand in need of to stir up France: any other lever than that of his name would break in the hands which might attempt to wield it. We should treat with him, come to an understanding together, recall and allow him to put on the imperial purple, which is no longer invested with illusion; excite him against Europe, make him

triumph over the monarchs, who will quail at his name; convert him, in short, into the Bartram of the fable. And, when we shall have made a cat's-paw of him, whether we openly sacrifice him like another Cæsar, or like Claudius, make a god of him, by having rid ourselves of his presence, and accomplish, without him, the regeneration of our country.

CARNOT.—Then, all you have to propose to me is a tissue of perfidy, of confidence betrayed, of crimes beyond number. Your imagination suggests to you nothing bearing the stamp of generosity or greatness. I perceive it but too well, Bonaparte is the type of a party; the people, the army, think of him only, and as was said by Lucien, *not a word of Caron*, that is to say, of liberty, of equality, of the republic. Since Bonaparte is essential to us, let us accept him, come to an understanding with him, bind him by fetters he may not shake off, propose a plan of constitution of which he can neither violate the articles, nor torture the meaning; let us surround him with guardians, with such props as protect young plants without injuring them, and prevent their becoming stunted or distorted. Let Bonaparte bind himself to the conditions thus proposed to him, freely debated, agreed to after mature deliberation, and frankly sworn to; and I shall be the first to join him. I ask for myself neither rank nor employment, and only desire the happiness, the glory, the independence of our fellow countrymen.

FOUCHÉ, (*beside himself*).—And I pledge you my word that all this shall be secured, and, since you are thus moderate and rational, you shall have your reward. Oh! if all were to do the same, if the Prince, in whose company we now are, would be one of us, if Siéyes, Barras . .

CARNOT.—*Vade, retro, Satana!* that I should wade in the mire with that modern Verrès who, on the 18th Brumaire, sold his country for a sum of money! . . . If you expect to bind me to them, you reckon without your host . . . That I, of all others, should shake hands with Barras!—that we should stand face to face without my unveiling his real character! It shall not be so. Since I find that these two men are of your party, the one a dull creature, the other a debauchee—the one a proud, the other

a deceitful man—the one who would treat with Bonaparte to sell, for the second time, his party to him, the other who would again enter into golden agreement with Louis XVIII, I will have nothing to do with the matter. Suppose I should find myself in the midst of these men, like our Saviour between two thieves ! in that case, at least, one of the two proved worthy of favour ; no, no, a thousand times no !

FOUCHÉ, (*smiling.*)—Do you recollect, Prince, what pains were taken by Pinto, in the drama of that name, to bring conspirators together, who, aiming at a common object, will abate nothing of their private animosities ? We behold Carnot following their example.

Fouché's humorous allusion excited the risible faculties of both interlocutors ; they broke out into a laugh. But Prince Cambacères, who had maintained a profound silence, felt that this was the moment for breaking it.

"Gentleman," said he, "I am very sorry that I cannot join you in what you are about to undertake, but my plan is laid down ; I desire to lead a quiet life, and worldly grandeurs have no longer any attraction for me."

CARNOT.—And your country ?

CAMBACÈRES.—An equivocal word of double meaning. I can understand it with a king, who is the father of his country. You desire to have it an emancipated child. Mine leads a peaceful life, cultivates the arts, sciences, literature, commerce, industry : she extends her lucrative intercourse to both extremities of the world ; she has distinctions of ranks, degrees, honours, decorations ; she is gentle, benevolent, faithful and submissive ; yours sets Europe in a flame at her very outset, wades knee deep in blood, proclaims the *maximum*, and entails the evil of famine ; she terrifies artists, ruins trade, closes or burns the workshops, holds intercourse with none but phrenzied men : clothes herself in rags, hoists the red cap ; she is revengeful, turbulent, inexorable, never moves but escorted by the executioner ; her throne is a scaffold ; she is shunned ; her inhabitants emigrate, are reduced to poverty, and, thanks to her, die of hunger, whether from the effect of fear or from actual distress.

CARNOT.—Oh, the horrors of 1793 are exclusively present to your mind.

CAMBACÈRES.—I can only see what with us has been the reign of liberty ; massacres, intolerance, Saturn devouring his own children. No, no, Heaven preserve me from such liberty ! I am, and persist in being a Royalist. I now request, since harmony is restored between you, that you will bear in mind how displeased I should feel at your conspiracy, in my house, against a government which affords me its protection.

The firmness which the Duke of Parma displayed in developing his opinion, proved, as it were, mortifying to both ex-members of the committee of public safety. They conformed, however, to the Amphiterian's request ; and, when they took leave, Carnot accepted Fouché's invitation to accompany him. Their departure in some measure relieved the Prince from a heavy weight ; he rigidly adhered to the new rule of conduct he had laid down for his own guidance. Every thing leads me to believe that it was in consequence of this interview, to which he had assented through his wonted condescension, that he wrote to the King the letter which was discovered, in 1829, in a work replete with curious documents ; it was worded as follows :

“ Sire,

“ M. de Ferraud was well warranted in assuring Your Majesty, that it has ever been Bonaparte's plan to rid himself of the Princes of your house, so much did your existence and more especially their's, as sovereigns, appear to him incompatible with his personal safety and the consolidation of his dynasty. I can bring forward positive proofs of the truth of M. de Ferraud's assertion, and do so now at his request. The following is what, according to the first Consul's own admission, has come to my knowledge.

“ I was engaged with him, a few days after his coronation, in a work connected with the magistracy, when he received from the minister of police the translation of an English pamphlet which he had ordered. In this pamphlet he was reproached with the death of His Royal Highness the Duke d'Enghien.

“ Had you attended to me !”

"What then?"

"This subject would not be constantly flung at you."

"Let them say what they will. The Prince has been the first disposed of; the rest shall follow in succession."

"Would you have them put to death?"

"Yes, if they enter my territory, if they conspire; for I am now a crowned monarch; so long, besides, as a single man of that family shall exist, my own family will be compromised; it is quite impossible that the Bourbons should reign when a Bonaparte sways the sceptre."

"Nevertheless, the Bourbon of Tuscany is indebted to you for his crown."

"He shall retain it. Whether I effect a descent upon England, or succeed in beating Austria and Prussia, I will rid myself of these people."

"What, even of the King of Spain?"

"Of him as of the rest, he is a Bourbon; that to me is sufficient. I shall not even tolerate the family of Braganza on the continent of Europe, though they are very remotely, if at all, connected with the royal stock. Sooner or later they must all depart; not one shall eventually remain. I am watching the King of Naples, through the instrumentality of his wife; he will commit some act of folly, and I will take advantage of it. On the first war-cry he may utter, I will fall upon, crush, and despoil him; one of my brothers shall take his place; I will then consider what had best be done as regards the King of Spain."

"I was confounded, Sire, at this manifestation of his sentiments. I felt bewildered, saw the whole of Europe set in a blaze for the purpose of carrying them into effect. He understood my astonishment, and thus resumed the conversation:

"Sir, we must never do things by halves; those I might spare would never spare me. As long as the Bourbons are any thing, I shall always have grounds of apprehension for myself and mine. When I caused the Duke d'Enghien to be seized, I was well prepared for what would follow; every act is justified by success.

"Si j'eusse été vaincu je serais criminel."

If I triumph, posterity will justify my conduct. History

has expunged the sanguinary deeds of Octavius, and is lavish in its praise of the virtues of Augustus. The violent death of such or such a one engrosses the attention of contemporaries ; those who loved him designate as a crime that termination of existence which is not the effect of natural causes. We allow them to speak on, and still pursue our course. If advantage has been derived from sacrificing a human being, future ages, regardless of the catastrophe, class it amongst the events of an epoch ; and, if it has produced no result, they deem it void of importance. Who would even dream of calling Henry IV to account for the death of Biron, or Cardinal de Richelieu for that of Chalais or of Cinq-Mars ? The same rule will, in my case, be applied ; if I commit acts of severity, they will at first excite horror, but will afterwards be overlooked.'

"Such, Sire, or nearly such, was the language of my former colleague. It made so forcible an impression upon my mind, that I have had no difficulty in retaining a recollection of it ; I felt convinced, from that moment, that he would carry into effect the intentions he was imparting to me. It did not become me to betray him ; my representations would have failed of success. I condemned myself to a prudent silence ; I rejoice at having done so. By degrees, all that he had predicted came to pass. The Bourbons reigned no where, except in Sicily. He pursued them without animosity, but in virtue of a political system with which he held his existence and that of his relatives to be for ever linked. I lay these important particulars at the King's feet, and am . . ."

This singular letter struck me by its appearance of perfect sincerity ; I would not, however, affirm that the second Consul could have taken upon himself to write it ; his excessive reserve and discretion must have alarmed him at such a display of frankness. Nevertheless, I must avow that having occasionally spoken with him on the subject, I have heard him relate this conversation and others of a like tendency. There are problems in a statesman's life which it is very difficult to solve, when he is no longer present to give the key to their solution ; this letter bears, in my opinion, that character.

Prince Cambacères evinced great uneasiness at the fre-

quent intercourse about to be established between Carnot and the Duke of Otranto. He beheld those two men conspiring to favour the return of Bonaparte, a return from which he augured no good. I heard him say to Count Fabre de l'Aude on the following day :

" Were the King to give me access to the Chamber of Peers, I should rest perfectly satisfied ; those gentlemen dream of the possibility of a perfect understanding with the Emperor. They expect wonders from him ; I believe them to be utterly mistaken. Will he care for them, after the first moment ; and, what is still more, will France and Europe have any thing to say to him ? "

" They are madmen," replied Count Fabre ; " they are wrong in attempting to disturb the kingdom. Can we be more calm and happy than we are ? "

Born at Carcassonne on the 9th December 1755, Count Fabre (John Peter) was of a very distinguished family of that province. In his earliest youth, he enjoyed the esteem of his fellow-countrymen, who gave a proof of it by appointing him, in 1783, a deputy to the States of the province of Languedoc, an honour usually bestowed upon administrators who had grown old in the discharge of important duties. As early as 1790, he was successively a King's commissary for organizing the department of the Aude, first attorney-general, syndic, and, lastly, royal commissary to the civil tribunal of Carcassonne. The electors of the Aude appointed him to the council of five hundred in 1796. He there bestowed special attention upon the finances, and acquired the highest reputation in that difficult branch of the service. His superiority became so firmly established that for a period of fourteen years, whether in the council, or in the tribunal, he was always chosen as reporter on every question connected with the budget. The friendship of Santerre saved him on the 18th Fructidor. The latter meeting him in the street, thus addressed him :

" Where are you going ? "

" I am making my escape. "

" For what reason ? "

" I am proscribed. "

" What you, who are incapable of injuring a fly, and are the bravest of men ? it shall not be so ; come with me. "

VOL. II.—C

He took him by the arm, led him into the hall, where the triumphant party were engaged in drawing up their fatal lists, and addressing them all :

"Now," said he, "should any scoundrel refuse to erase citizen Fabre from those dusty papers, I will make him swallow my sabre and myself along with it."

Barras hastened to us on hearing the noise, and said, on seeing Fabre : "Go home to bed!" "sleep in peace, beware of uttering a word, and let people forget you!"

On this assurance, Count Fabre expressed his gratitude to his true protector, Santerre. He remained at home for a few days, that is to say, whilst the commotion was at its height, and lost not a moment in writing to Bonaparte, who replied to him as follows :

"I have just received your letter, citizen legislator ; I should entertain a very bad opinion of the results of the 18th Fructidor, were they to affect such men as you. I am equally plain with Barras upon this subject. Cease to fear; you are useful to us. Intrigues and plunderers abound; there is, on the contrary, a lack of honest and talented men; you are of this class.

"I am thankful for your complimentary expressions. We all, each in our own way, labour for the country's good. I desire to see France great, powerful, happy and remodelled. She has been too much the sport of agitation. The great art of those who govern will be to render her flourishing, without allowing her to take part in the work. How can the administration act with firmness, if a good-for-nothing fellow can thwart us in a newspaper, and reveal to foreigners what, for the welfare of France, we desire to keep secret? The unbounded liberty of the press will be the ruin of the state ; in short, every self-assumed liberty is not a natural right. Would that these truths, professed in the tribune, were understood and sanctioned by the nation ! Receive, citizen legislator, my most distinguished consideration.

"BONAPARTE."

Delighted with this letter, Count Fabre replied to it. He became more than ever one of the adherents of Bonaparte, who was in almost daily intercourse with him, so long as

he remained in Paris, previously to proceeding on his adventurous expedition to Egypt. Suspected by the Directory, he was on the point of becoming its victim. On the 31st October '799, when he attempted to arraign, at the tribune, the fatal effects of the revolutionary laws of the forced loan and of hostages, several of his colleagues, who were sold to the executive power, urged his being sent a prisoner to the Abbaye.

But the anarchists and public depredators were reaching the term of their sway over the nation. Bonaparte had been a fortnight in Paris since his return from Egypt; he encouraged the firmness of the legislator who, on the 18th Brumaire, had warmly espoused his cause. Fabre was rewarded by a mission from the consuls to the southern departments, in the character of commissioner, and with supreme power. His mission was altogether of a conciliatory nature. He proclaimed peace and oblivion of the past; being elected a member of the tribunate, he was president of the commission of finances in 1801, and of the tribunate, until the suppression of that body. On the creation of the legion of honour, he was made a commander of that order.

Napoleon, who was outrageous at the opposition of the tribunate, resolved to suppress an institution which thwarted him beyond measure; he sent for M. Fabre who was then, for the sixth time, its annual president, and said to him.

"It is my intention, Sir, to do away with the tribunate, an institution which I deem unnecessary, and at all events, dangerous, as it accustoms the people to think that they may offer resistance to authority and to hold discussion where they have only to obey. I am aware how much I injure you by such a proceeding; it is but just I should repair it. I am prepared to grant you whatever you may ask not only for yourself but for the other tribunes, your colleagues."

"Sire," replied Fabre de l'Aude, "as respects myself, I have nothing to ask for, and can only thank your Imperial Majesty for the friendly intentions you express towards me; I beseech you, however, not to forget my colleagues who may do useful service to the state."

"Well, then," rejoined the Emperor, "ascertain the

wishes of each ; they shall all receive appointments, since you deem it useful to the public welfare. As for yourself, I name you a senator ;* be pleased, at the same time, to accept this note."

This was a note for five hundred thousand francs, granted to the president of the tribunate as a national reward. M. Fabre de l'Aude hesitated not a moment in declining this tempting sum ; and he so earnestly persevered in his refusal that Napoleon was utterly confounded at an act of disinterestedness to which he was unaccustomed. He endeavoured, but in vain, to overcome the reluctance of an upright man to degrade himself by following the example of other courtiers over whom he rose so superior in generosity. This noble trait is consistent with the whole tenor of his life ; it is well known that after having filled high functions in the state, Count Fabre only retired with an adequate, though a very moderate fortune.

As a consequence of this conversation, M. Fabre drew up a general list of his colleagues, inserting in a column of observations a designation of the place which each of them was competent to fill with most advantage to the state. One member only declined every imperial favor—this was Carnot ; and the following was what occurred on the occasion. It has been seen, in the first volume of this work, how, as a member of the Directory, he had escaped the proscription of the 18th Fructidor. He returned on the 18th Brumaire, and was appointed minister of war. Impatient at his unbending inflexibility, Napoleon dismissed him from his post and placed him in the tribunate, where he distinguished himself by a constitutional opposition, and repelled with all his might the creation of France into an empire. At the time of the abolition of the tribunate, Fabre drew him aside, and inquired what would be most acceptable to him.

"The restoration of the republic," was his reply.

"You desire an impossibility ; but what would you personally wish to obtain from the head of the Empire?"

"Nothing."

"You are not rich."

* The department of the Aude had already twice designated Count Fabre as a candidate for the conservative senate.

“Riches are not requisite to constitute an honest man.”

“There are functions which you would exalt by your acceptance of them.”

“I decline to fill any, so long as the present system exists. Thank General Bonaparte for his intention; but I will accept nothing at his hands.”

Unable to do any thing with this rigid republican, Fabre mentioned the subject to Q——, who was on terms of intimacy with Carnot, and who likewise attempted to bring him round. He wrote to the ex-director, whose character he highly valued. The following was Carnot's reply, which I have copied from the original letter.

“You desire my welfare, and I thank you for your good wishes; urge me not, however, to an act which would lower me in my own estimation. By suppressing the tribunate, the Emperor violates the constitution. Were I to accept a favor from him, I should be conniving at his usurpation. I am bound to protest, by my refusal, against an illegal measure, as I did at the tribune against a return to royalty, concealed beneath imperial trappings. It is well that some men should occasionally be found to lay their hearts bare before an ambitious mortal, and say to him: Thou shalt not conquer this. We are dismissed; I bear the affront, but will not enter into a compromise with the author of our dismissal. It would indeed be too much to expect that all the vanquished should range themselves among his party. I have the pride of desiring to stand erect before him, as a living protest against his arts, and I hold such vanity to be superior to that which prides itself in being his footstool. Neither my hand nor my shoulders shall help him to raise himself above us.

“CARNOT.”

Q—— abstained from communicating to Fabre the expressions of an answer which would have been hurtful to his feelings. He gave him to understand that Carnot remained intractable. The omission of his name in the list of the tribunes who were to be rewarded, visibly discomposed Napoleon. I was informed by Count Regnaud that the Emperor, who mentioned the subject to him, said:

"Carnot, who always refused to sell his vote, has also refused to purchase his retirement."

Every member was provided for. His colleagues were transferred to the Council of State, to the Court of Cassation, to that of Accounts which had just been created, to the Council of Captures, to prefectures, to various magisterial functions, to employments in the finances, to every situation, in short, in which a place could be found for them. Count Fabre carried to the furthest extreme, the disinterestedness of which he had given so signal a proof by the refusal of the five hundred thousand francs. He declined to accept the furniture of the palace of the Tribunal, which the Emperor tendered to him as a voluntary gift. He ordered it to be sold along with the plate, by public auction, and, adding the produce to the money remaining in the chest of the tribunate, he distributed it amongst his colleagues, without receiving for himself a larger share. Such generous conduct raised him in the estimation of one who could fully appreciate a virtuous action. Setting a proper value upon such a man, the Emperor, not only conferred upon him the rank of senator but appointed him attorney-general of the Council of the Seals of Titles.

The Senate summoned him, in 1810, to its high council of administration; forgotten, however, by Napoleon, he received no favour or reward at his hands. Relieved from every duty of gratitude, Count Fabre was one of the sixty-three senators who, on the first of April, 1814, voted the Emperor's abdication, and the creation of a provisional government. To him, amongst others, was confided the task of drawing up the new constitution; and King Louis XVIII pointed him out as one of those who should, in conjunction with himself, revise the charter of reform, an act which was a monument of true liberality and perfect wisdom. Set aside, again, by the ministers of this monarchy, he witnessed the persecution of such of his relatives who held public employments. Napoleon, on his return, named him a member of his Chamber of Peers. Nevertheless, Count Fabre de l'Aude deemed it to be for the well-being of his country that, after the Emperor's second abdication, he should oppose the acknowledgment of Napoleon II; he

went further, and, tearing the veil asunder, declared that, from the King alone, the salvation of the country could be expected.

He did not confine himself to what, at that moment, was an act of great boldness. On the arrival of the news of the battle of Waterloo, he pledged himself to the Baron de la Rochefoucauld, that he would make a motion in the Chamber of Peers, the tendency of which should be to send a delegation of peers and deputies to the King, beseeching him to return to Paris ere the coalesced armies could take possession of the capital. Count Andréossi had openly stood forward to second the orator in a project which failed of success, owing to circumstances over which Count Fabre had no control.

The royal government disregarded such good intentions. It punished with severity, and laying down a jesuitical distinction, considered as having resigned their seats in its Chamber of Peers, all the members who had accepted at the hands of Napoleon, functions of corresponding titles ; Fabre was expelled, and only returned to the peerage in 1819. He displayed in that assembly the character of a constitutional royalist. Death, brought on by the cholera, removed him from his family and his numerous friends, on the 6th of June, 1832. Of a kind-hearted nature, delighting to oblige, sagacious and well-informed, he has left many manuscript works, one among others entitled : *On the punishment of death, and on confiscation in all countries*. I have been informed, that the Chamber of Peers was desirous of committing to press another work of this distinguished man, which treated of financial and administrative questions. It is a matter of surprise in the province of Languedoc that his son, a large landed proprietor, should not be summoned to replace him in the Chamber of Peers.

I was well acquainted with him, and felt delighted and honoured by his friendship. I am indebted to him for a multitude of valuable anecdotes, autographs, and copies of documents, with which I now store my historical productions ; Cambacérès, Count de Roch . . d'Al . . . , and himself, are men whom I designate *my historical providences*. Count Fabre was also averse, in 1814, to the return of Napoleon. He advised me to avoid taking any part

in the mysterious intrigues going on at that period. I regret not having followed such good advice ; feeling, however, unshackled by any tie, having taken no oath, being wholly set aside, though scarcely in the prime of life, I was disgusted at finding public employments bestowed upon the most ignorant of my colleagues. Among these was a relative of mine, whom Campan and I had so often taken to task at Toulouse to prevent his casting too much ridicule on the costume of auditor of the Council of State, which we wore in common, but which he displayed in the very worst of company, without having any personal merit to counteract the ill effect of his misconduct. He was raised, however, at the Restoration, to the rank of master of requests, and of prefect. This revolting partiality was as offensive to me as the mischievous denunciations constantly levelled against me since 1814, by some of my male and female relatives, who had styled themselves my *devoted servants* in those days, when some shadow of power had fallen to my lot.

Having called one evening upon the Prince, when he was about to sit down to table, and finding him alone, I presented to him a neat piece of paper, glazed, gilt, perfumed, every way calculated to excite curiosity.

"Well," said the Prince, smiling, and deceived by the appearance of the document, "what would you have me do with one of your love letters?"

"Ah! Monseigneur, I am married, and scarcely out of my honey-moon, (we were in December, and my marriage took place on the 1st of August,) can you suppose that I could receive a love letter?"

"What, then, can it be?"

"Be pleased to read it."

He stepped towards a window, and read as follows :

"There was a time when you were as poetic as a troubadour. You were then in love, and you sang the praises of your mistress and your Prince, that Prince for whom you composed the heroic romance : *French soldier, rush to the fight!* To whom did you address the burden of it?

"Et sers, en généreux Français
Ton Empereur et ton amie!"

"Your lady-love has become your wife; but your Emperor, where is he? in fetters, and if your lyre is silent, (it is but due to you to own it,) your sword remains in the scabbard. This cannot be laid to the account of ingratitude; for you alone of the whole Council of State, and of all the sub-prefects, have not betrayed your oaths. Do you feel disheartened? The game is not lost; your reply to Wellington has just been put into my hands. This it is which induces me to address you. I withhold my signature; can you stand in need of it to discover who it is that rings these words in your ears: *Tu dors, Brutus!* In that case, P—— d'A—— will guide your steps. No, do not go to him; I am ignorant of his sentiments. Nevertheless, he cannot be unfaithful; he is gifted with talent and virtue.

"Come to see me, and burn my letter.

"P.S.—Let not the *tu dors* make you suspect that a poniard is in question; were it so, I should not propose it; or the proposal would, assuredly, not be made to you."

"Women are all alike," said the Duke of Parma with impatience, whilst rumpling up the pretty billet. "These silly trifles deserve, indeed, to be burnt; why do you preserve them?"

"I was desirous of shewing you this appeal; it is engraved in my memory. Your highness may now consign it to its doom."

The Prince twisted up the letter and, throwing it into the fire, continued as follows:

"How often have I not beseeched her to remain quiet. The proverb says truly: It is vain to attempt altering a character or washing a black woman white; the latter is the easier of the two. She will be caught and sent into banishment; then we shall hear of her tears and supplications; if you visit her, you must never return to my house."

I took up my hat without uttering a word.

"Where are you going? Dinner is about to be served up."

"Monseigneur; you dismiss me, I have already seen..."

"You are not, then, asking advice?"

"I was merely stating a fact."

"You have, now, brought yourself under the watchful eye of the public; for all who visit her are marked out."

"What, for a mere visit?"

"But you have committed yourself."

"To nothing whatever."

"What did she say to you?"

"I must acknowledge that, on the receipt of this note, I coloured up with shame, and was at a loss to understand how, having been four months in Paris, it should not have occurred to me to bear to her the expression of my homage. Two persons have a right to tax me with ingratitude. Madame Jacques Delille is the other, but it was my intention to repair this second error to-morrow morning. With remorse thus stamped on my countenance, and a heart bursting with enthusiasm, I went to throw myself at her feet. She shed tears. I will own to you that her example was contagious. She was on her couch, I on my knees, in which humble posture she unintentionally left me, and I unintentionally remained. We spoke of all the world, of him, of that man on whom the attention of all the world was fixed.

"'You are indeed a true gentleman,' she said to me; 'you are not one of those who, in virtue of your noble descent, have deemed yourself bound to betray him.'

"Alas, I replied, do your duty happen what may.

"She was affected at these words, which recalled an epoch of so much greatness; I regretted having uttered them. I represented to her the south of France as royalist in its higher and lower classes; but the whole middling class, with few exceptions, as devoted to Bonaparte; the army, oh! the army still burning with the sacred fire.

"At Carcassonne, Madam, I said, a soldier seated in the kitchen of my brother-in-law's residence, was contemplating with delight a five franc piece bearing the imperial image. An uncle of my wife, a royalist, from no other motive than because fear had, in 1793, made him of an opposite opinion, feigned ignorance of these rapturous glances, and, addressing the trooper, said to him:

"'Well, comrade, are you drawing? you seem to bear

great attachment to that man. He made you work like slaves, and never gave you your pay?"

"What is that to you, you beggarly would-be-priest," replied the indignant soldier, "if I choose to give him credit!"

"Her countenance cleared up at this ingenious expression, and she assumed a smiling air. Company entered; amongst others, the handsome Countess Regnauld called to pay a visit. I made my escape, I cannot say with an uncaptivated heart, but at least without any loss of independence."

"Here is another fanatic," replied Cambacérès; "I dare say the Countess Regnauld has the statue, or bust of the Emperor upon an altar raised in her boudoir, whence every other worship is banished: doubtless she decks it with flowers and perfumes it with incense. *Cui bono?* I ask you. Every thing is known; this augments the pervading suspicion, and causes the old imperial court to be looked upon with an evil eye."

"Why, then, Monseigneur, does the new court persist in not strictly carrying into effect the candid intentions of Louis XVIII? union and forgetfulness. Such is the language of the King, and, perhaps, of the Princes; but all the rest join against us, and forget nothing, except His Majesty's orders. The Countess Regnauld is of distinguished birth; her husband has held the highest functions. She is a prodigy of wit, of grace, and beauty; is gifted with supreme qualities; a lofty, energetic soul; she would adorn any rank to which she might be raised. Well! she only attends the court on solemn receptions and then she is the object of jeers, haughty looks, and sarcasms; at which she grieves and grows impatient. This ill-treatment is not confined to her; the system of calumny is persisted in. Would you believe, Monseigneur, that, sensible of her superior qualities, Madame Regnauld should not have the feelings of a woman—that she should humbly submit to such humiliation? I believe she never will, and it must be owned, she is a handsome and formidable enemy."

"Women should keep to their distaffs."

"Spinning has given way to conspiring; time introduces new fashions."

"My dear friend, be well advised ; return no more to the letter-writing lady ; something wrong will happen to you, if you give way to your ardent imagination. You will soon become a father, and owe yourself to your family. Means will be found of bringing the government round in regard to you (I omit the kind expressions he used on this occasion), and you will pursue a career now unfortunately interrupted by a concurrence of circumstances."

"I feel grateful, Monseigneur, for your kindness ; but I never present myself a second time. To my question : will you have me ? they replied we will not. My pen alone shall, henceforward, come to my aid."

The guests arrived, one of them amongst the rest, whom, though I cannot account for it, I impatiently expected. I had fancied Barras to be a tall man ; and consequently I was a little surprised to find that he was of middle height, corpulent, and suffering from the gout, as was indicated by his walk. Though represented to me as ugly, his physiognomy pleased me. His manners were those of a man of rank, though not one of the most polished class ; and he evidently thought himself entitled to take precedence of others. As Cambacérès continued to help himself first, it was curious to watch the negative and mutual struggle of those two personages. Both, accustomed as they were to worldly greatness, were perfectly on a par. The laws of etiquette then required of the one more than he would have been disposed to concede on any other occasion ; nevertheless, he aimed at asserting a superiority which the other absolutely refused to admit. No sport ever gave me so much diversion, though I was the only one to notice it.

For the rest, the predominating wish of Barras appeared to be that of winning golden opinions, a fancy which survives all others in the breast of a well born man. The heraldic adage is well known : the Barras, as ancient as the rock of Provence. His conversation was lively and agreeable ; but my practised ear could distinguish his southern accent. I know not, and neglected to ask him, where he became acquainted with my paternal grandmother. After Prince Cambacérès had presented me to him, and placed me near him at the dinner-table, he con-

versed with me in the most unreserved and unassuming manner.

The guests, on this occasion, were Viscount or Count de Barras, Count Fabre de l'Aude, Count Regnauld, the Archbishop elect of Mechlin, an habitual guest of the house, and myself. M. de Pradt, if I mistake not, came later ; it was M. d'Aigrefeuille, or M. de Fesquet, who dined with us.

The conversation was of a cheerful character, and almost free from politics. Theatrical topics were spoken of, and Barras ventured to joke at the Prince's partiality for the handsome Cuisot of the Variétés. The ex-Arch-Chancellor, on his part, made the best possible defence during the second course ; but he capitulated when the desert was served up. Napoleon was then passed in review. Barras related, in the language of an idler or a cockney, the pretended anecdote relative to Mademoiselle Bourgoing and Count Chaptal. As it is known to every one, I need not repeat it ; and another concerning Georges. I expected he would narrate the true one, but he did not ; I reserve it for another occasion.

The Duke of Parma said to us :

" Napoleon's brothers were fond of the fair sex. One of them had visited, incognito, the wife of a captain in the imperial guard ; the husband unexpectedly came in, the earnestness of the conversation prevented their hearing or seeing him. He surprised the guilty pair, and jealousy overcoming his prudence he without more to do, drew his sword, and was on the point of running them both through the body. The thoughtless waiting-maid, who had given him admission, but was close at his heels, placed herself between the irritated husband and his victims ; and not knowing how to parry the mortal blow : ' Wretch,' she exclaimed, ' this is the Emperor's brother !'

" This announcement, confirmed by perceiving the physiognomy of — who turned round, and was recognized, terrified the captain. He hesitated ; his wife screamed out, people came to their rescue, — escaped, and shut himself up in another room. The new Vulcan rushed towards the door, and roared out to the embryo god of war : you shall not quit this place until you have pledged

VOL. II.—D

your word of honour that you will give me satisfaction for this injury. The brother gallantly accepted the challenge ; preliminaries were arranged for the meeting which was to take place the next morning.

"The report of this adventure was transmitted, an hour afterwards, to the private cabinet of the minister of police. His Excellency ordered horses to be put to a carriage, reached the 'Tuileries in all haste, obtained admittance to His Imperial Majesty, and requested his orders.

"'Why ! whosoever has drawn the wine must drink it. To insult a captain of my old guard, a surly fellow, too . . . I know the whole story ; he is a very brave man.'

"'But, Sire, a brother of the Emperor, cannot accept a challenge !'

"'Very true ! but, by all that is bad, why did he not address himself to the wife of one of our generals. Ninety out of a hundred would have said to him : Many thanks to you, Prince ; when will Your Imperial Highness condescend to return ? But an obscure captain does not understand matters in the same way as a courtier. Men of their class are supporters of the throne, but not the Prince's friends . . . Let the injured husband be ordered to attend me."

Then, as if regretting that he had indulged in so severe a sarcasm, he laid hold of the minister's button-hole, and said to him, in a bantering tone of voice : "When I spoke of those who would ask no better than to re-enact the part of the *Sieur-Baureau*, of happy memory, I was wrong in only alluding to military men ; I ought to have included, my civil household, even the council of state, and the ministers, to boot."

The minister of police proceeded to execute his orders. The captain presented himself with a pale and dejected countenance, bearing, however, the impress of inflexible severity.

"Captain," said Napoleon, "I sent for you, to beseech you would grant to your old general the pardon of his guilty brother."

"Ah ! Sire, these words harrow up my soul."

"I can well understand that blood only can wipe away so deep an injury ; but you would have to slay the brother

of Napoleon . . . of your sovereign ! . . . This would not be allowed ; neither would you go through the jugglery of cork balls . . . in short, you have been made to suffer what you formerly inflicted on some one else ! The law of reprisals . . . bear with it !”

“ But, Sire !”

“ But, Captain, have you understood me ? I forbid the duel ; and I, in person, demand the pardon of my brother . . . if this does not satisfy you . . . Zounds ! you will have to deal with me ; let us draw, and settle the matter between us !”

The officer burst into tears like a child, and fell at the feet of the Emperor who hastened to raise him from the ground.

“ Ah ! Sire,” said he, “ though you do not repair my injured honour, you distinguish me above all earthly monarchs. I release your brother from his pledge ? the minister of war will be pleased to accept my resignation.”

“ Assuredly not, captain ; he shall do no such thing ; heroes, such as you, should only die on the field of battle.”

Immediately after this conversation, the captain departed to join his regiment. No mark of favour was granted him at the moment ; but care was taken to promote him as soon as his right of seniority gave him a title to advancement. The Emperor was so solicitous on this subject that the captain was, in 1814, a colonel, and a commander of the legion of honour.

Napoleon then sent for his brother, whom he reprimanded, and at last said to him with a smile :

“ Men in our position should only court a woman with the previous consent of her husband.”

I was much interested at this anecdote, which possessed, at least, the merit of novelty at this period when numberless falsehoods and calumnies were heaped upon the Emperor and his relatives. Barras now took up the conversation on the same subject.

“ I must do justice,” he said, “ to this man, (Napoleon.) At the time I was in office, we had I must acknowledge. revived the happy period of the merry regency. Ladies swarmed at the Luxembourg, and formed its great attraction. ‘ Well ! notwithstanding the beauty of some, the

graces of others, they found it impossible to subdue this intractable Hippolytus. I believe that, previously to his departure for the African shores, he had not yet attempted to break the conjugal bond. Madame Bonaparte was insufferably vain of this proof of constancy. In the first line of the repulsed, I place the Baroness de Staël. This mad woman had imagined that it was proper for the finest genius of her sex (herself) to form a connection with the greatest captain of the day (Napoleon). He had no sooner returned from Radstadt, than, with ridiculous obstinacy, she clung to him on every occasion.

"Whenever," continued Barras, "she met him at the Luxembourg, at the minister's residence, or even in a private house, she lavished upon him a volley of affected airs, of soft talk, of witty flashes, of learned sayings, of tender, inciting and encouraging looks. She had even at all times in reserve some subject of high political, moral, or literary conversation, in which she really displayed great superiority. She wrote notes to Madame Bonaparte, which were worded in the most admirable style; accordingly Josephine took them on each occasion to her husband, saying to him :

" ' This, my dear, is intended for you ; the mistake was in the address. '

"Bonaparte would shrug up his shoulders and grow angry, for all were vain attempts. He never dreamt of replying by the least act of gallantry to Madame de Staël's repeated advances. Impatient, at last, at this disdain, she fell into a rage which embittered the remainder of her days ; she has struggled for fourteen years against Bonaparte, with wonderful perseverance and energy. Gentlemen, a vindictive woman can alone infuse so much hatred and perseverance into her anger. I recollect that, a few days after his departure for Egypt, she said, in my presence, to that odious Prince who presumed to pay his addresses to her :

" ' Avaunt ! unless, however, you had the courage to challenge Bonaparte to fight a duel, and were to conquer and punish him . . . I know not, ' she continued in a more serious tone, ' what fortune may have in store for him ; for my part, should he return to Europe, I shall, without truce

or treaty, wage against him a perpetual war.' You all know how well she kept her word."

I might have contributed my share to this conversation, possessed as I was of the manuscripts of her friend, Ozun, containing sundry curious and unpublished facts respecting the youth of Bonaparte, and all the events of his life antecedent to the 18th Brumaire. I cannot resist quoting, hereafter, some fragments of these manuscripts.

Cambacérès, now drawing the ex-director aside, said to him :

"Would you have any objection to favour me with a visit, and to meet Carnot and Fouché?"

"With the first, undoubtedly; I have done him some wrong; his presence would be painful to me. As to the second, he inspires me with a repulsive feeling of a very different nature. I have already refused to receive him, and hope to adhere to my resolve (he, however, overcame his repugnance; these details are found in Fauché-Borel's Memoirs). Both are now conspiring; I know it; they are highly culpable in so doing. France is happy. The King conducts himself with prudence; the royal family is well-intentioned; the amnesties have been faithfully adhered to; I conceive that their benevolent disposition has anticipated every wish."

"I think as you do," replied the Duke of Parma. "It is from my desire to prevent our being involved in fresh commotions that I am anxious you should consent to see Carnot and tear the bandage from his eyes. I am convinced the Duke of Otranto will deceive him; he always fascinated the Emperor, who could never completely dispense with him. During the disgraces which befell Fouché, I have repeatedly found Napoleon regretting that he no longer had the advantage of his services; he would say to me speaking of him: 'He is fitted to be a minister of infernal police; . . . the very devil would have nothing to teach him.'"

Barras was silent for a moment, and then said: "I will turn the matter over in my mind, and let you know whether I can decide upon holding a conference with the Spartan' (he thus designated Carnot). Barras then related an anecdote on alchymy.

He alleged that, when a director, he was in great embarrassment, as well as his colleagues, as to the means of filling the public treasury, in spite of the oppressive exactions which were made without scruple, he received a note folded up in a mysterious form, sealed in several places, and signed with symbolical figures. It was couched in nearly these words :

“ Citizen Director, the chest is empty. The state wants are numerous and urgent ; you stand much in need of gold. I am one of those who command the sun ; I can lay open to you the bowels of the earth, or provide you with sufficient means for the *poudre de projection* to fill the vaults of your palace with thousands of millions in hard money. Will you receive and hear me ? This binds you to nothing. When we part, use no violence to detain me ; or I would severely chastise such perfidious conduct. If you thirst after the knowledge of sages, order that a rose-tree in bloom be placed, during three days, from the hour of noon until one, on the last window on the left of your apartment. May the stars be auspicious to you !.... Talismanic signs filled the remainder of the page ; the paper was of small size, the characters were very large, and not unlike M. de Châteaubriand’s handwriting. I imagined at first that this was one of a thousand and one jests constantly levelled at us, and paid no attention to it. After the lapse of eight days, another letter came to hand, containing these words :

“ Are you, then, alike divested of curiosity, and an unskilful administrator ? ”

“ In fact, as nothing was asked of me, except the signal I have adverted to, I resolved to exhibit it. On the fourth day, at the hour when I usually remained alone, a door-keeper came to inform me that the person for whom I had ordered a rose-tree to be taken care of, desired to know if I could be seen.

“ Send the person in, I replied, and, whilst we are together, do not allow any one to interrupt me.

“ I did not pay much attention to the knave’s malicious smile. He returned two minutes afterwards, and intro-

duced a young female who appeared to be twenty or two and twenty years old ; she had a Greek countenance, Roman shoulders, a French figure and gait, a German skin, a Scotch complexion and Chinese feet. To complete a description of the various countries from which she had borrowed some physical perfection, I shall add that the expression of her countenance and the fire of her eye combined the vivacity of an Italian with the passion of a Spaniard. I know not even whether she did not recall to mind the virginal voluptuousness of a Greek. She wore an oriental costume ; a head dress nearly resembling that one adopted by Madame de Staël, silk trousers, a muslin dress, a gold band, set with diamonds, sapphires and rubies ; forming a tasteful and splendid tri-coloured favour. Her feet were enclosed in sandals tied with crimson velvet bands fastened by clasps formed of beautiful antique cameos. Costly rings, bracelets of fanciful forms, and exquisitely worked, sparkled on her toes ; her hands, and arms nearly bare ; a light silk wadded mantle, of large dimensions, was thrown over her dress ; and, when she dropped it on the first arm chair that came in her way, she conveyed to my mind the impression of a goddess, of a sylph issuing from a dark cloud :—an impression the more striking as I expected, from the tenor of the letter, the visit of an old adept, disagreeable, ugly, and offensive, as they all are.

“ Nevertheless, I exclaimed, Cagliostro was a fine looking man ; and, as to the celebrated Count de Saint-Germain, he had a very handsome and, above all, a very dignified countenance ; was extremely well-dressed, and appeared to be between forty and fifty years old.

“ He died before you came into the world, said the Duke of Parma to me. You were born at Fesquets in Montpellier ; Rue de l’Argenterie ; there I saw you for the first time.”

I made no reply. Barras looked at me with still more attention than before ; and after I had apologized for involuntarily interrupting him, he resumed the thread of his narrative.

“ I was too much a slave to the fair sex not to view, as a piece of great good fortune, the unexpected visit of so fine

a woman. I rose accordingly, with an eagerness, which I never could have shewn to any of the male sex, adept, or miracle-worker, and I advanced towards my fair visitor, saying:—

“Madame, or rather Mademoiselle, are you a Peri, and do you come from the kingdom of Ginistan?*

“‘What I am is not what should occupy your thoughts; you should exclusively meditate on what I have written to you.’

“You make gold! That gold should come to you is highly probable; but that, by means of an alchymical operation—

“‘Man of little faith,’ she said ‘adopting the language of Scripture, approach and behold.’

She forthwith drew from a small box, which she had about her, a little apparatus to light a reverberating fire. She arranged her miniature crucible and furnace. Underneath, was combustible matter which on being lighted was intended to heat the vases. Perceiving on my table a metal bell which was broken and useless, she threw it into the crucible and asked to be supplied with more materials: ‘the kind of ore is of no consequence,’ she said. I gave her two or three old keys, which shared the fate of the bell. I cannot say how many minutes it required to melt them, so extraordinary did the whole scene appear; and when the iron, the copper, and the silver had become a thick liquid substance, she drew from her bosom a box of small size, apparently of very thick gold. Having taken from it a moderate pinch of black powder sprinkled with sparkling grains, she spread it over the amalgamation, and, taking up an ebony paper cutter, she applied it to stir the boiling liquid, then covered it over, lessened the fire by slow degrees, and restored my paper cutter, nearly calcined by the effect of the compound into which it had been steeped. After the lapse of twenty minutes, I perceived that her eyes wandered over every corner of my apartment.

“What else do you want?” I inquired.

* The Peri are amongst orientalist what we should call *genii*; the *djins* are likewise, in Asia, a species of male and female demons. Ginistan is the kingdom of the Peri.

“ ‘Water, to accelerate the operation. Your moments are valuable to you, and I withdraw you too long from your duties.’

“ Oh ! I exclaimed, can those moments be ever counted which are passed in your company ?”

“ Citizen Director, I have come to perform an alchymical operation.’

During this colloquy, I had filled a large leaden vase with water. She threw it into her composition, which had already recovered its firmness ; and, when it had become sufficiently cool to be taken up and placed in my hand, she did so, desiring I would examine and verify it, after which she should return, provided I would again place the rose-tree at my window. I accordingly promised to do so.

“ I trust,” said she, “ that you have laid no snare to prevent my retiring unmolested ?”

“ Ah ! Madam,” I exclaimed, “ my enemies calumniate me. I am rigid in the observance of my promise ; besides, I could gain nothing by incurring your displeasure, and I should be adopting the worst course to encourage and obtain that confidence which may one day secure my happiness.”

“ In proportion as my language assumed an air of gallantry, her countenance became stern, and she appeared ill at ease. She then had the look of an angry Juno or Minerva. She is an adventurer, I said to myself ; there is a snake in the grass ; I am imposed upon by a juggler’s tricks ; we shall see.

“ On her part, her occupation being over,—on mine, feeling apprehensive of saying too much, we separated, I beheld her departure with regret. She carried away her whole apparatus, excepting two large ingots, each a pound weight, which she handed to me. I wrapped them up in paper, sealed the packet, and waited until the following morning ere I would try the experiment required by the stranger, and which I was desirous of confiding to professional men.

“ I was unable to attend, the next day, to this matter, which was postponed for nearly a whole week. I fixed at last upon Chaptal and Bertholet, two men of distinguished skill. I begged they would, in my presence, subject these

ingots to a rigid analysis. They made the attempt, followed it up, and concluded it; again renewed the same process at my request. I was assured, after each experiment, that the ingots were of pure virgin gold, free from alloy—that the mine whence they had been extracted must be the richest of any in the four quarters of the globe. They added, if the mine chances to be in France, and a productive one, the working of it would make up for numerous burthensome taxes which it was difficult to collect.

“I did not deem it proper to inform them as yet of the manner in which I had procured this gold, but dismissed them with abundance of thanks and of courteous expressions. Shall I own that when they left me, I yielded to the most childish joy, or rather to the delight of a statesman, who finds himself possessed of the means of relieving his country, and of undertaking those public works which extend its glory far and wide? I already fancied I beheld the arts assuming a gigantic development, thanks to the works I would cause to be undertaken; our armies supplied with provisions—the naval disaster of Aboukir repaired! I alas! who on the preceding day was incredulous, lapsed on the next into inordinate weakness, and struggled against the impression that there was in the matter some jugglery connected with a political intrigue. So great was my delusion as to make me forget that the ground that I trod upon was already giving way. I lost all recollection of General Bonaparte’s menacing presence, and passed the whole of a sleepless night, in a state of absolute infatuation and delight, whilst I should have paid some attention to the sinister reports which, from every quarter, were conveyed to me.

“My first care, when I arose, was to order my valet to place immediately at the window agreed upon the vase full of artificial roses. He did so, and on his return, so confused were my ideas at this verified miracle that I asked him:

“‘What day is this?’

“‘This is the 18th Brumaire, citizen Director.’”

On the mention by Barras of that celebrated epoch, in so careless a manner, connected as it was with his downfall, we who had, until then, paid the closest attention to

his anecdote, and were all anxiety to learn its conclusion, exclaimed as with one voice :

“ The 18th Brumaire, Count! Of what year ?”

“ Alas! of the year VII; or, to speak in plainer language, that which corresponds with November 10, 1799: the very day of a revolution which converted the French republic into an absolute monarchy, disguised under the tinsel and juggling of a consulate and an empire. Now, gentlemen, on the evening of that fatal day, I was obliged to quit the palace of the Directory, was forced to resign, and consequently to leave Paris; and, as my change of position precluded my being any longer of service to those who had so skilfully managed this intrigue, I never more heard of it.”

I here ventured to say to Barras :

“ Did you never again behold this beautiful worker of miracles ?”

“ No, Sir: she winged her flight back to the cloud which had brought her to this nether world, from the regions of the sylphs which she inhabits, amidst perfumed groves of acacia and pea-flowers.”

We broke out into a laugh, but remained confounded, vexed, and almost out of humour. I was betrayed into a wish that Providence had postponed the 18th Brumaire for a few weeks, forgetful that He directs whatever happens to us upon earth.

The conversation then lapsed into that confusion of tongues which recalls to mind the tower of Babel, and always occurs in a drawing room, when the attention, previously on the stretch, becomes suddenly relaxed: each individual then eagerly gives vent to his feelings and speaks his mind on what he has just heard, expressing his conjectures, and giving his opinion. Chaos reigns triumphant; and this is the most favourable occasion for those who have to speak in private, and are apprehensive of attracting to their conversation the ears of indiscreet, or the looks of inquisitive people. Lovers never fail to take advantage of such a moment—even statesmen will avail themselves of it.

We were therefore in that phasis, so well known to an observer, when Barras, drawing near me, and receding

at the same time from the rest of the company, said in an under tone of voice:

"Is it true that you have met the Count de Saint-Germain, who is said to be dead, *who is said* you understand me; for I am as persuaded as you are that he is alive? I have seen him."

"To any one else but M. de Barras," I replied, "I should decline giving a categorical answer, and should evade all explanation by means of the many forms of language resorted to in society; but you, Sir, who question me, have a right to learn the truth. Yes, I have seen and conversed with that extraordinary being. Chance brought us together on two, and by no means remote occasions. The first was at Toulouse in 1812; the second in Italy in 1813. He did not make himself known when we first met; but he was more candid the second time, because he felt himself bound by ties of gratitude to be so."

I paused, from the utter aversion I feel at that degree of familiarity which is so irksome to one's superiors, and waited until the old president of the executive Directory should question me, and offer in his turn, if such were his pleasure, details of the same nature as those I could reveal to him. He contented himself with saying:

"I am about to quit Paris, and I was desirous of seeing the royal family. That silly fellow, Blacas, (I quote the very epithet) who, by the bye is my relation, is so apprehensive lest his worthlessness should be exposed to his master, that he effectually shuts out the slightest ray of light, and prevents the most prudent advice from reaching the King's ears. This great booby fancies that he governs; he may do so, in the anti-rooms of the palace, but as to the kingdom. Poor simpleton! events will sweep him away at the first shock; his fall will be a heavy one, remember my words. The King had sent an intimation that he desired to see me; well, the *omnis homo* placed himself as a screen between His Majesty and me. He informed me that the King expected I should first apply to him, the Count de Blacas. I shrugged up my shoulders and replied: I have had to deal with people of a far different stamp. The man who has escaped the clutches of Danton and Marat, who triumphed over Robespierre, who only yielded

to the attacks of Bonaparte, deems it beneath him to follow your footsteps as a terrier would do. You are wholly ignorant of the position of France; you rule a country of which you know nothing, except what you learn from the reports of simpletons, sharpers, silly women, and priests. Heaven grant, for your sake, that the Faubourg Saint-Antoine does not make its loud voice be heard, and that the Faubourg Saint-Martin does not respond to it! I shall then see what you can do. I should have fallen very low in my own esteem, if, after having for five years held unaided the helm of the state, in days of so much peril, I consented to receive praise or blame at your hands. I quit Paris; your conduct drives me away; you are the obstacle to the King's escaping the danger which threatens him. Tremble at the responsibility you are drawing down upon your head! So saying, I turned my back upon him. It would have been worth while to observe his countenance during this speech."

I eagerly thanked Barras for condescending to acquaint me with details of such interest. He was pleased at the warmth of my expressions.

"Gascon or Provengal imagination!" said he, "Providence or chance has cast us in a particular mould. I shall find you on my return, and we will then confide to each other our reciprocal intercourse with the Count de Saint-Germain."

Barras at last glided out of the apartment, as he was wont to do, without saying a word; but the Prince, to whom he could never be an object of indifference, accompanied him as far as the entrance room. He became the topic of conversation, after his departure. A few familiar acquaintances had called, Count Lanjuinais amongst the rest, one of those rare men who have emerged spotless from the revolution. The Count who was born in Brittany, was a distinguished lawyer, witty, learned, playful, full of merit, lively, impetuous, with great energy of soul, and an uncompromising strictness of character; his heart seemed the abode of a volcano, whilst it overflowed with the most sensitive feelings. Too lofty to enact a vulgar part, which he disdained, because an honest man undeviatingly pursues a straightforward course, he had laid down so correct a rule

of conduct for his guidance that he stood in need of no veil to disguise his actions. Highly valued as a civilian, he was equally well versed in ecclesiastical lore, and could make head against the best theologians. He was short of stature, sour-looking, and even ugly ; but his petulance imparted to him a sort of grace, and his energetic, brilliant expressions tended still further to remove the unfavourable impression he at first created. As harmless as a child on ordinary occasions, he grew impetuous like the storm, and became a hero in the presence of danger. At the dawn of the Revolution, he only saw the fair side of it. He was a lover of liberty, and was delighted at the thought of having at last found the mistress he had so long courted. He accordingly began by acting in concert with men who disguised their real intentions. In the progress of events, however, when each difficulty had the effect of removing the masks which disguised the deformity of those monsters, his error was more and more laid open to him. He had bewailed the fall of the monarchy. The King's death utterly appalled him. Nevertheless, he stood his ground, and, though constantly threatened with imminent death, he as constantly contended against the assassins, with a view to rescue victims from their grasp. At last, the conventionalists of the Mountain finished by destroying each other one by one in succession, thereby realizing the facetious saying which represents two tigers devouring one another, until nothing was left but their tails. Thus it was that, after the 9th Thermidor, the Convention remained nearly cleared of its impurities.

In 1795, seventy-three departments shewed their sense of Count Lanjuinais' merit, by electing him, on one and the same day, as their representative in the new legislature. Proscribed on the 18th Fructidor, rescued by the affection borne to him by all parties, he was raised by Bonaparte to the conservative senate. The King did honour to his chamber of peers by naming Count Lanjuinais one of its members. He accepted, in the Hundred Days, the Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies. On the second restoration, it was deemed hazardous to exclude him from the peerage. His honourable career was prolonged to the 13th of January 1827: thus death spared him the pain of witnessing the

events which succeeded that epoch! He, at least, would not have pretended that he had been acting a farce during a period of fifteen years.

The Count had met Barras on the staircase, and, as they were not friends, he could not help drawing our conversation to the deplorable epoch of the reign of terror; and supplied us with valuable details relative to the composition of the revolutionary committees.

"The Committee of Public Safety," said he, "installed itself in the King's small apartment at the Tuileries. Numerous body-guards, on the side of the garden as well as on that of the Prince's court* indicated the abode of the most frightful and stern despotism:—of cowardly and cruel tyrants, frightened at their own shadows, and who, since the death of Marat, beheld a Charlotte Corday in every young girl who fixed her eyes upon them. Sentinels perpetually in motion forced the crowd to move on, prevented it from stopping under the windows of the committee, and proceeded to arrest any one who, after such notice, persisted in sauntering about the courts.

"A multitude of officers filled the second enclosure. The clerks were composed of two classes; one consisting of idlers and speculators, affecting to be pure *sans-culottes*, never failing to attend each sitting of the clubs, each patriotic solemnity, exclusively engaged in vociferating, denouncing or grinding down the unhappy beings whom necessity brought into contact with them. The other, a timid, laborious class, improperly led, and in perpetual fear, consisted of well educated young men or of others of maturer age who, under the very eyes of the executioner, contrived to escape the scaffold. It may well be imagined how readily they would take alarm. They but imperfectly enjoyed a security of which the slightest suspicion would deprive them, and were constantly upon thorns; their punctuality and watchfulness sufficiently indicated how anxious they were not to displease their ferocious superiors.

Guns kept ready loaded by day and by night at the in-

* Many large buildings obstructed the approaches to the Tuileries; there were wretched streets, courts and squares in every direction. Napoleon ordered them all to be pulled down in the days of the consulship.

terior gates, left no doubt of the ungovernable and pusillanimous disposition of those who were thus compelled to protect themselves with a brazen enclosure. Fusileers drawn from the choicest of the Parisian national guard, Marseillais, an impure collection of men imported from the south of France, which was fortunate in getting rid of them, Jacobins in rags, true *sans-culottes* in all the strength of the expression, watched over the safety of the members of the committees, or the execution of their orders. These orders were executed with no less promptitude than rigour; youth, age, virtue, misfortune were unavailing against ferocious beings who were strangers to pity, and perpetually intoxicated with brandy and fanaticism.

An ill-trimmed solitary lamp, placed at the end of a long corridor, imperfectly dispelled darkness. It was a perfect opening to the infernal regions. It would have created no surprise to find that it led to Tartarus, at either extremity, especially when men worse than demons, suddenly made their appearance. All the avenues of the Committee of Public Safety were dark, gloomy, and of sombre aspect; one might have thought that its members desired to be surrounded by terror and darkness, even in inanimate objects, owing to a contrast which was not their own work, but occasioned by the locality. The saloons of our decemvirs, which had been those of our ancient monarchs, were decorated with some portion of their former splendour, such at least as had survived the ravages of the 10th of August. The floors were covered with the soft carpetting of the Savonnerie and of Beauvais. Statues, objects of value, gilded bronze, mirrors of gigantic dimensions, shone in every direction. Clocks, alike beautiful from their shape, their scientific construction and their gilding, chandeliers to match, chefs-d'œuvre emanating from the manufactory of Sèvres, consisting of vases, trays, articles of furniture, adorned the chimnies, the tables and the sparkling brackets.

This place, replete with splendour but worse than the den of Cacus, was furnished with rich luxurious arm-chairs, canopies and ottomans: all the comforts of regal gorgeousness now belonged to these hypocritical republicans, who spoke the language of Fabricius, and led the life of Verres. Each cabinet exhibited trays at all times well stored with

every delicacy of the season, in fruits, cold meats, the finest French wines, and all the liqueurs of our islands ; here it was that those blood-thirsty wretches consummated the loss of their senses.

The members of the Committee took their seats round a large oval table, covered with a green cloth, which was afterwards designedly replaced by a red one, and loaded with papers, pasteboard boxes, and every writing implement ; seats of equal size indicated their mania for equality. The president could only be distinguished from his colleagues by a previous knowledge of his countenance.

This committee, the terror of mankind, disdained every occupation, the result of which fell short of plunder or a sentence of death. It was composed of Billaud Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, Couthon, Saint-Just, Barrère, Lebas, Amar, Vadier, Carnot, (what could he have in common with such a crew ?) Antonelle, Fouché, Barras, and sometimes Robespierre, usually met in conclave. The presence of one of the members was sufficient to constitute a sitting. If the subject in question was only the condemnation of an emigrant, or of a prisoner, some ordinary measure, he took upon himself to carry it into effect ; more important matters were debated in common.

There was seldom a full meeting until ten at night ; they came, not altogether intoxicated, but greatly elevated with wine, heated by rich fare, and a profusion of liqueurs and coffee. In this condition, they debated on the fate of unhappy beings, they pronounced the destruction of whole cities, not of obscure isolated towns, but of Marseilles and Lyons, the best jewels in the French crown.

The members were dressed each according to his fancy ; waistcoats, jackets, coats, surtouts of silk, linen, or cloth, of coarse or fine texture, striped in colours of various shades, in which red always predominated. The slovenliness of Marat and the capuchin Chabot contrasted with the neatness of Robespierre and of Saint-Just. Most of them, wore, instead of a hat, a red cap, resembling those of galley slaves. The waistcoats and facings were of a broad, square, and pointed form. Some wore wooden shoes from fancy or political motives ; others, shoes, with buckles, and even small-clothes. Green, alone, was nearly excluded. A female

clothed in white never failed to incur the displeasure of the demoniacs. Robespierre alone ventured to wear an exquisitely clean waistcoat of fine dimity, others occasionally of a rose colour, of light blue, slightly brocaded or embroidered with silver. Any one else dressed in this manner, would have met with a volley of insults, perhaps, even of blows, had he appeared in it for ever so short a time.

When the committee was sitting, the outer gates were barricaded; the inner ones, on the contrary, were thrown open indiscriminately to informers, to knaves, to mountebanks, and to the leaders of the revolutionary army. From this spot, General Rossignol took his departure to set the Bocage of La Vendée on fire, and Carrier to preside over the frightful *noyades* of Nantes; here it was that Ronsin, Vandamme, Henriot were greeted, caressed, and encouraged. Detached by his colleagues to carry into effect the decree which annihilated Lyons, Couthon, deprived of the use of all his limbs, compelled to be carried in arms, said, as he embraced Vadier, who was envious of his good fortune:

"I have only my head and trunk left; nevertheless, I am to be the man who is to strike the first blow which will cause the second city of France to disappear."

The pretended conspiracies, denominated *of the prisons*, were hatched in that place. There was prepared the plan of forcibly depopulating the kingdom, which was carried into effect during a period of fifteen months. A map of France, constantly spread out before the decemvirs, pointed out to them in what direction would pass the scourge called the *revolutionary army*, where famine, pro-consuls, and moveable scaffolds were to be sent. A statistical description of each commune accompanied the map, and it was thus sought to discover *how many heads the department could punish*.

The Committee of Public Safety was the nucleus of all the revolutionary committees of France, who sent thither their public agents and secret emissaries. There subsisted between them an interchange of notes and tokens. They yielded up, and even made presents of victims to one another, and I heard those wretches say, in my presence, that they had *granted* to the Revolutionary Committee of Toulouse, the heads of Count John Dubarry, of the youthful Escalonne, and of the sainted Madame de Cassan, adding:

this will be on condition of a like return ; *little presents keep up friendship.*"

A thrill of horror pervaded the whole company at these words of Count Lanjuinais. Yes, all were horror-struck, even those who had been more or less concerned in the revolution. We asked him if he were quite sure of having heard these words.

"I affirm it upon my honour ;" he unhesitatingly replied. "S—— was the man who uttered them. Allow me, however, to conclude what I have to relate, even though we should die of shame, *we* who too long endured such horrors To the Committee of Public Safety the other members of the Convention, criminal through weakness, came to beg millions. They were not always admitted, but were often made to dance attendance. Their subsequent patience fed the insolent arrogance of the rest ; they respectfully watched, standing until Robespierre, or some other influential member of the Committee should pass. The favoured few received the fraternal embrace ; this was the ceremonial of enthroning. No sooner was it fulfilled, than he became, as Chevalier de Fonvielle termed it, a pro-consul executioner—and a pickpocket, he might have added. Many jokes were exchanged in the den ; the murderers affected an air of cheerfulness, delighted in coarse bantering, in words of double meaning. When Robespierre attended the deliberations, they assumed a sterner colouring ; there was less jocularity, and perhaps more wholesale murder.

The national government centered in that spot. The business relating to war, finances, administration, and the laws were carried on in those Committees. The plans, after being hastily prepared, were carried to the Convention, which servilely assented to them. A printing-office was established in the cellars of the Tuileries. The avenues, the passages, the halls were encumbered with parcels, with all kinds of objects captured in the various expeditions ; this gave the committees of public and of general safety the appearance of an establishment for loans upon pledges,* or rather of a den of thieves filled with booty, which the gang divided with the agents, who were stretched here and there upon mattresses.

* *Mont de piété*, strictly speaking, a pawnbroker's shop.

“The Committee of General Safety attracted a much greater concourse of people, and was the scene of far greater rioting. Besieged night and day by families in tears, it repelled them with the stern rudeness of subordinate tyrants. It was well known that nothing was concluded there unless the instructions of the Committee of Public Safety had been previously obtained. How many sacrifices of money and of virtue were not previously demanded! It was at once an atrocious and an infamous traffic.

“The Committee of General Safety was the centre where all the revolutionary committees of France terminated; one of its members said, loud enough to be heard by all:

“‘Citizens, you don’t go earnestly to work. What! only fifty-four arrests in a fortnight! Zounds! if the other committees were all to act with as little energy, they would afford the aristocrats a fine scope.’”

CHAPTER II.

Madame de Staël and General Bonaparte—Letter and reply—M. de la Rochefoucauld—The Marquis d'Escouloubre—Conversation with Madame de Staël in 1789—The Bourbon Genealogy—He robs us of a cannon, an anecdote of the Empire—Tailors' bills—Scenes in the palace—Napoleon's munificence—A superfluity of kings—Strange proposal—Revolutionary ledger of princes put to death, or expelled; of kingdoms lost, created, given away, destroyed, etc.—Sainte-Peur the reigning Queen in 1789—The seven French sages—the old regicide and the youthful sister of kings, an anecdote—Wisdom of *lettres de cachet*—Unpublished verses—The Abbé S——, the Count de G——, and a fine lady—A moral anecdote of days anterior to the revolution.

I HAVE adverted, in the preceding chapter, to the manuscripts of Ozun, and stated my intention to extract some very extraordinary fragments; I now keep my word. I find in them the following conversation between Napoleon and Madame de Staël, which affords a good idea of both personages.

The campaign of Italy had been brought to a termination by the peace of Leoben, at which General Bonaparte had achieved such prodigies of glory. He was returning from Radstadt, where he had appeared as a hero crowned with a thousand laurels. It was known that he was on the eve of proceeding to a distant land, to assume the command of an expedition of a venturous and mysterious character, which would afford him fresh opportunities of glory. Talleyrand gave an entertainment ostensibly intended for Madame Bonaparte, but in reality meant for her husband. The latter came to it in the plainest costume, according to his wonted habit, and without powder

in his hair—a conquest obtained by his wife, and which greatly flattered her vanity.

The Baroness de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, and ambassadress from Sweden, did not miss this opportunity of meeting what she most delighted in—pleasure and a crowded company, seeing others, and being herself an object of admiration. She came in a strange garb, as was likewise her custom. It is asserted, by all her sex, that no woman ever displayed worse taste, and at the same time greater pretensions to elegance. Her head was surmounted with a mass of rags dignified by the name of a cap; her ill-made dress of glaring, variegated colours, loaded with absurd though costly trimmings, formed a contrast to her dark, greasy skin. But she brought, as a compensation, a great store of wit. A chair stood empty by her side. Why did Bonaparte take possession of it? he who always made it a rule to shun her. I cannot account for it. He perhaps sought an opportunity of affronting, and thus getting rid of her. Be this as it may, she was far from suspecting his secret object; and, flattered by the outward act, she exclaimed, as soon as she recognized her neighbour?

“What, General, you at my feet!”

THE GENERAL.—It is an homage which your sex claims from mine.

THE LADY.—Such universality lessons its value. Victory alone has attractions for you; and you have won her.

THE GENERAL (*sharply*). Nevertheless, she is a woman.

THE LADY.—You give an unfair termination to my phrase; should a married man hold such language? Your thoughts are so expanded, so varied, that they may lead you to forget the bonds that rivet you.

THE GENERAL.—The many good qualities of my wife, are ever present to remind me of those bonds.

THE LADY.—Your wife is a charming woman.

THE GENERAL.—Her merit is enhanced by your praise.

THE LADY.—You are indifferent to my opinion; you imagine that I have no settled ideas, yet—

THE GENERAL.—Madam, do not introduce the Graces within the sphere of politics.

THE LADY.—I am not over gratified at a mythological

compliment. I should be far more pleased would you condescend to talk reason to me.

THE GENERAL.—Are you not one of that sex which bewilders our reason? and can you disdain your power?

THE LADY, (*growing impatient*).—General, do not trifle with me as you would with a puppet; be pleased to treat me as a man.

THE GENERAL.—What, Madam! would you wish to see me in petticoats?

“I was listening,” said Ozun, “to this sarcastic conversation, and began to feel apprehensive of an unpleasant termination to it; the voice of each interlocutor had a sharp inflexion which alarmed me. I perceived that Madame de Staël was out of humour; she wished to propound her theories of government to a judge fully competent to appreciate them, and she felt indignant at his perseveringly declining all serious conversation. The last phrases exchanged between them were uttered on the one part with anger, and on the other in pure jest. I deemed it proper to interfere, and did so by throwing in one of those idle remarks devoid of meaning, though calculated to interrupt all bitter replies. Madame de Staël was displeased at this artifice, and said, turning round to me, who stood behind her chair:

“‘I forewarn you that I did not call in your aid, though I have a powerful man to contend with.’

THE GENERAL.—It is to my assistance that he is hastening; he perceives my danger, and wishes to rescue me.

THE LADY.—I have, then, a right to complain of him, since you acknowledge that I have nearly won the victory. He is a valuable friend. His affection does not slumber during one’s absence, though such is friendship’s failing.

THE GENERAL.—It follows the example of its elder brother.

THE LADY.—Because true love and true friendship are rarely found. Love must be aroused by the echo of glorious deeds and of noble virtues, or he cannot rest content in solitary retirement. A vulgar beauty, without elevation of soul, without sublime actions, or inspirations of genius, loses all her influence by absence. There exists, in this case, an immeasurable distance between two hearts;

whereas, when both respond to each other through the intervention of fame, the distance disappears, and the beloved object is ever present to each.

This was, no doubt, an ingenious avowal of the wish to form an attachment with the hero, to whom might be offered an acknowledged celebrity in return. Bonaparte perceived it as I did; but he had no desire to concur in it, and he said with mortifying indifference:

“ ‘ In what page of your works have you developed this dazzling system ? ’ ”

THE LADY.—It ever was the idle fancy of my heart.

THE GENERAL.—Yes; your philosopher's stone.

THE LADY.—It may be discovered.

THE GENERAL.—Moral alchymy is like the other—a delusion; idealism leads to an abyss.

THE LADY.—Which is lighted by the torch of genius.

THE GENERAL.—The light will not arrest one's fall. The error of the age is that of wandering into idle speculations. Life is a reality; our ideas should be so, too.

THE LADY.—You never dream, then?

THE GENERAL.—Occasionally when I am asleep. Never when I am awake.

THE LADY.—Are you, then, always upon your guard?

THE GENERAL.—Such is my duty.

THE LADY.—It never can be a pleasure.

THE GENERAL.—There is no lack of pleasure in baffling certain intrigues.

THE LADY.—General, who is, in your opinion, the first of women?

THE GENERAL (*with impetuosity*).—The most prolific.

“ This put an end to the conversation. Madame de Staël turned away her head in evident ill-humour; and Bonaparte left her with a deep bow, too formal, perhaps; for there are occasions when an exaggerated mark of respect borders upon impertinence and raillery.

“ I perceived that the last question she put to him, unconnected as it was with the preceding one, was a device which her imagination suggested to the General to be reconciled with her. She expected that, by the gallantry of his answer, the suggestion of which was clearly pointed out, he would heal the wounds he had inflicted. He availed

himself of it, on the contrary, to probe them. I regretted it, as he might well have shown his forbearance towards this celebrated woman, without becoming her lover. Fearful is the revenge of genius; it inflicts incurable wounds; and, of all Bonaparte's enemies, Madame de Staël is the one whose sarcasms have aimed at him the deadliest blows.

"Sappho was unable on this occasion to repress her anger. She turned to me who had unfortunately been prevented making my escape, and, breaking through all measure and propriety she exclaimed:—

" ' Bonaparte is a fool !'

" Call him insensible, if you please; but I think few persons will agree with you in considering him a fool.

" ' He is indifferent to my admiration,' she rejoined, ' let us see what he will think of my hatred.'

" From that moment, in fact, Madame de Staël was exclusively bent upon tormenting Bonaparte. She condemned his operations, denounced him to all Europe for his tyranny, and raised him a host of enemies. She provoked his anger, and he cruelly punished her by banishing her from Paris, the only place in the world that had any attraction for her. I well recollect the effect produced, during their quarrel, by the celebrated letter from the ex-ambassadors of Sweden to Count Louis de Narbonne dated from Switzerland whither she had fled for safety.

" A certain M. Jul . . . , an amphibious animal, semi-noble, semi-plebeian, an ex-jacobin, a royalist of the present day, a warm friend of every minister of police, to whom he was wont to relate many curious anecdotes, was wandering at that time in the environs of Geneva. He thought proper to pay Madame de Staël a visit. There was so much to learn in her saloon! he pretended that he was on his way to Paris; she deemed him worthy of her confidence, and handed him the letter in question. On arriving in the capital, M. Jul . . . instantly repaired to the Duke of Otranto, and, knowing him to be a collector of autographs of women of genius, shewed him the one of which he was the bearer.

" The malicious Duke perused the letter, and took a copy which he forwarded to the Emperor. The original
VOL. II.—F

was then carefully sealed up, and M. Jul. . . . proceeded to deliver it to Count de Narbonne. It was as follows :

" Well, my dear friend, how are you engaged ? How much I pity you, when I reflect on the part you might enact, (had no change taken place around us,) and on that you now perform. Is it possible that an historical name should consent to figure in what is now called the imperial court ? What am I saying,—an historical name ? there are already twenty or thirty such : there will soon be a hundred, nay, a thousand added to your own.

" The Corsican and the Corsairs must be much embarrassed in the midst of you all. It is true that, in some unguarded moments, they are found standing, whilst you are enthroned in their arm chairs. Can it be otherwise in a place where the Montmorencis, the Rohans, the Rochefoucaulds and *tutti quanti* are the servants and waiting women of the male and female citizens of Ajaccio ? Excuse my using the proper terms, and not those with which flattery has bedecked those degraded officers. For heaven's sake, my friend, reject honours such as those. Can you stand in need of them ? could he need them himself ? He would have been so great a man had he remained General Bonaparte ! He was then looked upon as a giant ; he has dwindled into a dwarf, and he is lost in the ample folds of his Imperial mantle. What a mania, after having soared above all thrones, to stoop of his own accord to take a rank amongst monarchs ! Ah ! had he followed sound advice ! But he shuns real friends who would have preserved his glory unsullied ; he selected those in preference who drove him to imbue his hand in august blood, and to deck his forehead with the diadem of the Cæsars. It is a prostitution of victory to turn it to the purpose of establishing despotism and tyranny. It will be by means of victories that he will consummate the destruction of liberty ; in short, he has converted the man into a prince, and he has lost by the change. I predict that his reign, since he is a sovereign, will be disastrous, and will come to a fatal issue. He fancies that he is bringing the revolution to a close ; he is renewing it in an inverse sense. He found it in the streets ; he has done no more than introduce it into the saloons.

The people will henceforward remain quiet, and the aristocracy will conspire.

"I regret that the latter should show a tendency to anarchy; such is the effect of assuming the office of valet. I am informed that Madame de la Rochefoucauld* wears shoes with inner soles which make her appear two inches taller. It were better if, by some ingenious contrivance, she could succeed in checking her husband's ambition. It is asserted that Madame de Chevreuse has ordered an apron with pockets in perfect imitation of a dramatic *soubrette*; that M. d'Aubusson wears his livery with good grace, and that M. de Turenne's will be in exquisite taste, for he is amongst the suitors after places. . . Oh! I beseech you, not to order your livery, yet.

"I am at work upon *Corinne*; this is my only solace in affliction. This novel, which is really not me, will exhibit a very unusual character; happiness contending with glory. In such a struggle, alas! happiness must be overcome. Celebrity gives a death-blow to inward peace. She whose name belongs to every one, cannot be the exclusive property of herself and her friends. This must dispel the charm of private life. And yet, should we set ourselves aside, and give up the hope of enlightening others, lest the fire that we scatter around should scar us? Would not this be an evasion of vanity disguised under a feeling of modesty?

"We must resolutely fulfil our career, my dear friend; endeavour to make your own an honourable, if not a happy one. Success has charms for us. It is pleasing to reflect that we are spoken of; perhaps it were better for us to have to say that we are beloved. All such questions disturb the mind, and grieve the heart; exposing us to troubles we might escape amidst the vortex of Paris, but which exer-

* This lady, by birth a creole of the obscure name of Chatullé, was short of stature and ill-favoured by nature. She was censured for having sent in her resignation on the occasion of the divorce; it was thought, that having adhered to Josephine and partaken of her bounty, she should have consoled her in her misfortune. Madame de la Rochefoucauld may have had imperative grounds for retiring; they are unfortunately unknown. Her husband was the younger brother of the celebrated and virtuous Duke de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt,

cise all their amazing influence in a desert. The continent of Europe in a vast solitude where we only now and then fall in with a congenial spirit. France is the promised land, and her capital is a terrestrial paradise. Gresset is right :

“On ne vit qu'à Paris, et l'on végète ailleurs.”

“Adieu! endeavour not to forget altogether who you are, and, above all, bear me in remembrance*.”

The Emperor felt displeased at this letter, and, wounded by the sarcasms of that ungovernable woman, from thenceforward, he forbade her return to Paris. She com-

* Unconscious that the secrecy of correspondence had been violated in his case, M. de Narbonne replied to Madame de Staël by the following letter:—

“Madame,

“Your imagination leads you astray in what you write to me, with some degree of anger, against the Emperor, and of injustice towards us, who are rallying round his throne. I cannot see why the *historical* names of France, since your fondness for equality makes you repudiate the nobility, should remain behind hand in the general movement. Every thing must have a beginning: accordingly, when a dynasty is about to be established, whether the name be Pepin, Hugues, or Napoleon, whether it derive its ancestry from *r* Clovis, a butcher(a) or a *greffier*, these accidental circumstances do not derogate from a

(a) Dante, in his fearful poem, assigns to a butcher of Paris, upon what data I know not, the primitive origin of the house of Bourbon. The Family of France, besides being the most ancient in the world in point of greatness, has a royal origin; its first ancestor was a Duke of France. History records the name of no upstart who, at that period, rose in France to such high dignity; the prejudices of the times would have opposed it. I believe Robert the Bold to have been both a Merovingian and a Carolingian. Dante's may perhaps have been nothing more than an emblematical epithet, and have had reference to the ferociousness of the early Capets. The latter have reigned, in France, in England, Ireland and Scotland, in Spain and Portugal, in Navarre: in the Brazils, Peru and Mexico, in India, in Poland and Hungary; on the imperial throne of Constantinople, in Sicily, &c. in Naples, in Tuscany, Genoa, Parma, Lucca, &c. And I cannot repress a smile when I behold petty kings, monarchs of yesterday, lordlings in the XIIIth century pretending to vie with the Bourbons.

promised her best friends by bestowing her confidence upon every bird of passage that lighted in her saloons. The greater part only sought to reap there a harvest which they might turn to account in another place. She would fain have transformed the dreams of her brilliant fancy into realities, have beheld, every month, the counter-revolution brought about, and loudly proclaimed it, without disguising

great man who claims our admiration or our services, without disgrace, I will add, without debasement on our parts. *Historical names* are to be found in the list of valets who have served Louis XI. Charles IX. Henry III. and Louis XV. Do you conceive that it was a noble office to be servants in those days? Were you to assert it, I should be under the necessity of requesting you would permit me to disbelieve the assertion. There was assuredly far less honour in cringing before Cardinal Dubois than in exercising functions in our imperial household.

"Are you conscious that, whilst you have a predilection for equality, you are the champion of hereditary pride? Do the distinctions of citizens, of common people or of noblemen exist in the eyes of a true philosopher? All are equal in his estimation; and unquestionably the Emperor is worth those of former days; the difference is in the greater splendour of his crown, as it sparkles with the lustre of victory and of genius.

"I admit a great fault in him, that of not having appreciated your merit. Ah! if he had but danced with you(a), you might perhaps have been more just in his regard. When I say *danced*, I mean, had he taken your advice; it could have been no other than sound advice, but he dreaded your ascendancy. The great man was frightened at the celebrated woman. Be proud of the grounds of his aversion, for you know him as well as I do. Dismiss your unjust prepossessions. Be not harsh towards your friends, because they wish to have their own way, and are sufficiently free from prejudices to acknowledge that a throne founded upon heroic deeds may well vie with those whose kingly occupants have only had the trouble of coming into the world.

"Should the war continue between the Emperor and you, nothing can be more honorable to yourself. Be assured that hostilities will cease on your first application for a truce: there is no disgrace in imitating the example of every sovereign in Europe, by consenting to a peace with Napoleon. Dedicate *Corinne* to him; he will be flattered by your so doing. Acknowledge, at least, that if you dispute his right

(a) An allusion to Bussy-Rabutin's joke. In the ball-room at the palace of Versailles, Madame de Sévigné came up to him saying: "Really, cousin, our King is the greatest of Monarchs."—"Who doubts it, fair Marchioness; has he not just been dancing with you?"

the names of those who laboured at the object. These names, being repeated to the Emperor, excited his anger, and led him to acts of severity against individuals whom Madame de Staël was thus sacrificing to her love of talking.

She was exceedingly changeable in her affections, and had come round, from a degree of hostility against Marie-Antoinette, (which was even highly ridiculous on the part of the Swedish ambassadress,) to a kind of veneration, most natural in itself, for that sainted and unhappy Queen. Who were they, nevertheless, who aimed the first attacks at her? Madame de Staël and her mother. Those two ladies had spent whole years in disseminating falsehoods and calumnies, which were the engines wielded to assail the fame of that august princess, so perfectly spotless, notwithstanding the wickedness of her detractors.

I was told by the Marquis d'Escouloubre, a nobleman of Languedoc, who had been deputed from the nobility to the States General, a man gifted with the highest qualities, that, in spite of his royalist opinions, he often saw Madame de Staël. This was the time when the usurping

to gird his brows with Charlemagne's diadem, he has proved himself worthy to wield the sword of that monarch.

"For my part, though you hurl your thunder bolts at your friend, I aspire to serve Napoleon; I wish to lead a life of comfort in France. I have paid court to so many kings; allow me to court a hero; heroes are so rarely to be found!

"Will you soon finish *Corinne*? You owe us a master-piece every year, and yet you allow many to elapse without acquitting your debt. Ah! were you to torment yourself less, and consent to write more—but, no; agitation, restlessness, anguish, tears, such are your elements; you speak of happiness, but would repel it, were it to appear in the company of calm repose. My dear friend, (permit me still to call you by that name) it depends more upon ourselves to be happy or otherwise, than is generally imagined; the will alone is wanting. Why accuse others of what is only the effect of our own obstinacy? I have a perfect conviction of this truth; I desire to remain quiet in Paris. In furtherance of this end, it behoves me to be prudent. You, on the contrary, desire to be persecuted; you must needs, then, wander over the solitude of Europe. Determine otherwise, and the paradise you sigh for will be thrown open to you.

"I am, &c."

third estate was about to constitute itself a National Assembly. The court, justly alarmed, accused Necker of having promoted this rebellious spirit. His Royal Highness, the Count d'Artois, sharply reproached him with the deed. The family of the Comptroller General was highly incensed at the imputation.

"I went," said M. de d'Escouloubre, "to pay a visit to the Baroness de Staël pending these transactions. I had passed through the first apartments; but, on reaching the saloon, a waiting-maid, who stood there like a sentinel on duty, told me with an embarrassed countenance that she knew me, and that her mistress was too ill to receive me. I desired her to give my compliments and express my regret at her illness. As I was about to retire, Madame de Staël, who had heard the sound of my voice from the adjoining apartment, cried out:

"Come in, Marquis, come in; I am not sorry you should see the state in which I have been thrown."

I obeyed her invitation. She was half stretched on an ottoman, negligently dressed, and with dishevelled hair. She had a handkerchief in her hand, with which she wiped away her tears. She had neither grace nor beauty, to make amends for this figure: her face was red, and her eyes sparkled with rage.

"Are you aware," said she, "how we are treated, with what insolence my father is outraged, what mortifications he is made to endure? Such odious conduct demands an exemplary revenge; it shall come upon them; they shall see what we can do."

She continued to utter, in my presence, the bitterest complaints, the most ridiculous threats. She accused the Queen; she arranged the Count d'Artois, whom she designated as her father's chief enemy, and one who evinced the least moderation in persecuting him. I endeavored to soothe her; it was like throwing oil upon the fire; she seemed to be possessed with frenzy; her extravagant and vehement expressions electrified me.

"Ah!" she continued, "they trifle with the people's friend! They shall see how the people can take revenge. I pray that to you all, gentlemen of the court, and to the

circumstances of the moment, the verses of Aman may be applied :

" Il fut des grands . . . il fut une insolente race ;
Un seul osa de Necker affronter le courroux :
Aussitôt de terre ils disparurent tous."*

The parody appeared to me to be a very bold one ; I hinted this to her, as gently as I could, and endeavoured to lead her into a more correct estimate of the virtues and noble bearing of the Count d'Artois, whom her personal animosity selected as the especial object of her attacks ; she replied :

" Princes only exist when the people consent that there should be any ; when they choose so to will it, princes disappear. Ere long, the Count d'Artois will no longer be thought of ; he will be led farther than he dreams of going : so far, indeed, that he will be for ever got rid of. Because of his elevation, he imagines that he may brave those of plebeian origin ; but a day comes to pass when, undermined at the root, the trunk falls, and all are thenceforward on a level."

Such was Madame de Staël in 1789 ; and Napoleon, in the nineteenth century, was revenging the royal family. I have never commiserated that lady, whose intermeddling and restless spirit, whose domineering mania, and ridiculous pretension of influencing government, have injured her literary fame. Nothing in Napoleon could satisfy her ; she would not even allow him the talent of animating his soldiers, and of working wonders by their means. I recollect that when listening, after 1814, to a narrative of traits which reflected honour upon Napoleon, she pouted like any little girl who might have heard the praises of *croquemitaine*. Nevertheless, quite enough had been said to electrify all present except her herself.

At Austerlitz, and in the hottest of the action, the Emperor, who attended to everything, heard a charge sounded in a shallow ground on his right, and too near him to

* Racine's Tragedy of Esther, Act II. Scene I.

admit the possibility of any separate general engagement having taken place without his knowledge. Nevertheless, as he allowed no circumstance however trifling to escape him, he called M. de Quatsbourg, one of his aid-de-camps, ordered him to proceed in that direction, and bring him back word what was taking place. The officer started off in all haste; the distance was short, what did he behold on reaching the spot? Four infantry soldiers, with a well mounted chasseur for their leader, and a drummer, about fourteen years old, beating the charge like a madman.—The six were advancing, with measured steps, in the direction of a cannon, the remnant of a dismounted battery, but which was still available, and was, moreover, defended by twelve or fourteen men.

The aid-de-camp rubbed his eyes, wept with delight, and laughed, at one and the same moment, at sight of that *formidable column*, which was hastening, with fixed bayonets, towards the Austrian redoubt. Forgetting what our valiant soldiers were capable of achieving, he fancied himself in a dream, retraced his steps, returned to the Emperor, at full gallop, and made his report.

"Zounds!" exclaimed Napoleon, "I shall lose these strange fellows. Return, desire them, from me, to desist from the attack, and take down their names. They are mad. What are not these Frenchmen capable of!"

M. de Quatsbourg, who was animated by a kindred feeling of enthusiasm, tarried not a moment, but put spurs to his horse, and overtook *the column* just as it was about to make the attack.

"Halt! in the Emperor's name!" he exclaimed; "*commander*, and you soldiers, I desire you to *take up a position*, and be satisfied with keeping the enemy in check."

At these words, such magic was there in the name of their sovereign, the drummer ceased to sound the charge, the chasseur in command alighted from his horse, tearing off his hair in handfuls, and one of the foot soldiers, addressing the aid-de-camp, said to him:

"God bless the Emperor! He is robbing us of a cannon. It is as much as if he were picking our pockets! Officer, just look; there are only ten men," (There were twelve or fifteen.)

M. de Quatsbourg led those men back in utter despair, and related to the Emperor the grumbler's expression. Napoleon said, with a smile, to the numerous retinue that surrounded him :

"This is the very indecorum of courage."

All those heroes were rewarded. This is what excited Madame de Staël's anger. True it is, she was not a Frenchwoman.

We were much affected at so wonderful a trait of courage. Some one of the company attempted to restore her to cheerfulness, and said to us with that view :

"The Grand Chamberlain, M. de Remusat, an excellent man in all other respects, was rather of a parsimonious character. He made reductions in the accounts of contractors, right or wrong, often without any just grounds. It appears that his fiscal genius assailed, in a more especial manner, the accounts of tailors and robemakers, and that, in the end, he kept them out of their money. These tradesmen applied to the Count de T——, who already aimed at wresting from the first chamberlain the functions of master of the wardrobe, and brought their petition under the notice of the Emperor, who expressed, on the instant, his displeasure. The next day, at the grand levee, Count Remusat no sooner appeared, than he said to him :

"Well, Sir, fine doings these! I wear my clothes; my servants pounce upon and sell them, and they are not yet paid for! You thus place me in that foolish and awkward position, in which tradesmen have a right to say to me : *The Emperor of the French should pay for his clothes previously to wearing them.*"

The Grand Chamberlain was silent. A few days afterwards, he was deprived of that part of his privileges, and Count de Turenne was appointed master of the wardrobe. It was in the hands of the latter that I once saw an account of an old pair of slippers newly repaired for the use of His Majesty the Emperor and King!

"The Emperor possessed the art of appearing splendid without prodigality; he was remarkably munificent in his gifts. The pensions, in his time, were usually six thousand francs; it was his wish that a man who proved deserving of his bounty, might be able to subsist upon it,

Where is the advantage of granting an income of six or twelve hundred francs to a man of distinguished talent or merit? This is ridiculous parsimony; such a sum is barely sufficient to defray the expense of economical dress and lodging. All the other necessities of life remain unprovided for, so much so, that since the days of Napoleon a pensioner, upon the civil list, might be compelled to beg in the public streets.

"Napoleon was bountiful in his gifts, because he well knew upon whom he bestowed them. His presents were never conferred on male or female intriguers. He was apprized beforehand of every circumstance connected with the individual he designed to reward, and paid no regard to obscure services; but, when lofty fame, renowned works, or brilliant actions came under his notice, he then showered gold by handfuls.

"At the solemn epoch of his reign, when an appeal was made to literary men, all works which revealed poetical beauties were honourably rewarded. Six hundred, twelve hundred, two, three, and four thousand francs were prizes assigned to an ode, a poem of about two hundred lines.

Cambacérès was not eager to reward this species of merit; nevertheless, as often as an author dedicated to him his work, he received a handsome present at his hands, whether a gold snuff box with his portrait, a diamond ring, or a valuable brooch.

There was something truly royal in the customs of the Emperor's court, a theatrical, perhaps, but yet a real display. It was brightened by that crowd of foreign kings and princes who repaired to the feet of Napoleon. I forget what dignitary of the Empire, finding himself a few minutes behind hand, said to him, in his defence—

"Ah! Sire, excuse me if I have not been punctual to the time, but, at the gate of the Tuileries my coach became entangled in the crowd of royal carriages, from which I feared it would never be extricated."

The Prince Arch-chancellor once said to me :—

"I was applied to, on behalf of all the sovereigns of Europe, after the birth of His Majesty the King of Rome, to request I would ascertain from the Emperor, in a positive answer, what were his intentions regarding the future

organization of the continent. They had resolved to come to an understanding with him, to acquiesce in every thing, provided that, when the arrangement was once agreed to, and decreed, he should not at a future time entertain thoughts of again unsettling it. In truth, I had no fancy to undertake what I deemed to be a perilous mission. I declined it, and observed that it was hardly to be expected that a mighty nation should be irrevocably chained down in its policy.

"The answer made to me was as follows:—In such a case, we shall be in perpetual alarm, since we can have no guarantee of our existence. The Emperor, therefore, cannot find fault with our entering into a reciprocal engagement to maintain each other in our respective dominions. This will be a perpetual germ of uneasiness and war.

"I was struck with the observation, and determined one morning to relate to Napoleon what I have just stated to you. He listened to me with profound attention, and then spoke as follows :

"They are in the right, and you were also right in the answer you gave them. Why, good Heavens! do we know what may to-morrow happen to us, what combinations I may be forced to adopt? Circumstances, time, men, bring all things about, and compel us to alter what we had at first determined should be everlasting. . . This fear, however, will always make them look to England; they will enter into a covenant with her, Monsieur l'Archi . . . ; yes, it is a point determined on. My dynasty must become the oldest in Europe. The peace of the world requires it, and the interest of a dozen families cannot supersede that of the whole human race.

"Confounded at all that this gigantic plan made me anticipate.

"Sire, said I, the family ties which connect you with the house of Lorraine will oppose, in your heart, a portion of the vast plan you have formed.

"I know it but too well, Prince. I never cease dreaming of it; but every thing on earth is a sacrifice; and, since Abraham had the courage to meditate the immolation of Isaac, his only son, the Emperor of the French may

perhaps have the courage to reduce his father-in-law and relatives to the condition of private individuals.

This expression still increased my astonishment. Napoleon uttered it in a hypocritical tone which filled me with surprise. He then made a calculation of the royal families to be dispossessed. They were, according to him, less numerous than might be imagined. He could have no occasion to lay hands upon Spain, Portugal, or the whole of Italy; the Low Countries were annexed to France; Holland was equally so; Poland no longer existed; and, when Bernadotte should ascend the Swedish throne, he would be the Emperor's junior.

"Consequently," continued the Emperor, "the families of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Denmark are nearly the only ones to be removed; for the thrones of Saxony, Westphalia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Sweden, Holland, (if I raise the latter again into a kingdom,) Naples, Piedmont, Lombardy, Parma, Tuscany, Spain, and Naples, are also either juniors of mine, or have disappeared for ever. I have breathed upon the Pope, and he has vanished. England alone braves me; but London is within my reach. Europe once subdued, it will be seen whether I may not find a moment for crushing England in its turn."

"I had not reflected upon this scheme; and, in fact, reckoning England and Turkey, which had escaped his notice, there were only six sovereigns in the civilized world which still offered resistance, for it was hardly possible to class amongst them the King of Piedmont, who had taken shelter in Sardinia, or the King of Naples, who would be driven to Sicily as soon as he should cease to receive the protection of England. It must be owned, that the French revolution had encroached upon all its neighbours."

"Truly," said I to Prince Cambacères, "it has not proved favourable to kings. Allow me to enumerate to you all the evils it has entailed. Beginning with France, you will find two kings:—the one Louis XVI, assassinated; the other Louis XVII, poisoned; a queen, a princess, (Madame Elizabeth;) the first prince of the blood, (the Duke of Orleans,) likewise put to death. The two younger sons of the latter died in a foreign land. Prince de Conti died in exile; (the Duke d'Enghien) was shot; Prince

Penthievre died of grief; a queen, (the consort of His Majesty Louis XVIII) died in exile; as did also three princesses, (Mesdames de France, daughters of Louis XV, and the consort of the Count d'Artois. In Spain, three kings, Charles IV, Ferdinand VII, Joseph Bonaparte, were successively dethroned: in Portugal, a queen, Donna Maria, was driven into exile.

Two Turkish emperors, Selim III, and Mustapha IV, were in turn put to death by their soldiers. A King of Piedmont was at first expelled, and afterwards died of grief; two other brothers who ascended the throne, fell from it, and were compelled to abdicate. Twice, also, the King of Naples, a Bourbon, lost his dominions. Murat, who seized upon them, did more than the Bourbons; he attempted to return unaided; his enterprise failed of success, and he was shot. In Rome, two popes were dragged into captivity; one of them died a prisoner. At Venice, the doge, degraded by the force of events, was compelled to proclaim his own abdication, and the annihilation of the republic. A grand duke, a king, a queen, a grand duchess, ascended the throne of Tuscany, and fell from it. The Dukes of Modena and Parma were deprived of their sovereign power. The same happened with the republics of Lucca, Genoa, and Venice. The Emperor of Austria found himself dispossessed of a third part of his dominions. The whole nobility of Germany forfeited their independence, and the ecclesiastical electors disappeared. Bowed down with humiliations, the King of Prussia was reduced to a condition below that of non-existence.* The Stadtholder of Holland beheld that power wrested from his grasp, which had been established by his ancestors at so great a cost; he escaped only to swell the number of dethroned sovereigns.

The King of Denmark lost his fleet, and his capital was set on fire.† The Prince of Mecklenburg shared the com-

* A Prince of his family, H. S. H. Prince Louis of Prussia, was killed on the field of battle. This gave rise to the observation of Napoleon: "Princes are wounded, and taken prisoners, but not put to death." He had not adopted this maxim at the time of the Duke d'Enghien's death.

† By the English in 1809. The Prince of Augustenburg, of the house of Holstein, the first adopted son of Charles XIII. King of Sweden, died in prison.

mon lot. A propos of Holland, I am forgetting to draw your attention to the reign of Louis Bonaparte, who abdicated through a virtuous feeling, and for the incorporation of his kingdom in the vast French empire. A King of Sweden, Gustavus III, was assassinated, His successor, dispossessed of the crown, is still a wanderer in Europe, a melancholy instance of the vicissitudes of fortune.* A King unhappily become insane, occupied the English throne. The mighty Catharine died of grief; and her son was assassinated, as her husband had been before him. The order of Malta was annihilated; the clergy, nobility and magistracy, were deprived, in every country, of their privileges; torrents of blood flowed in France, Spain, Naples, in Portugal, and Poland. The revolutionary principles set every country in a blaze, and dealt in wholesale murders. Behold all the crimes they provoked in Africa and India: the massacre of the nobility at St. Domingo! Both Americas, the southern portion in particular, as well as Mexico, were torn by the revolt of factions—the schemes of ambitious generals. The brothers of Napoleon were hurled from every throne which his genius had raised. He was himself twice hunted down, and finally died in banishment. It would be no easy matter to determine whether the progress of industry, that redeeming feature of success in our revolution, can indemnify us for all its horrors.†

* He was, moreover, deprived of the whole of Norway, which the coalition has ceded to Sweden,

† The following is a general summary of this picture, and includes all events which have subsequently occurred:

KINGS OR PRINCES WHO HAVE DIED A VIOLENT DEATH, &c.

Pius VI—died of grief.	Madame de Lamballe, murdered.
Louis XVI—died on the scaffold.	Gustavus III—assassinated.
Louis XVII—poisoned.	Selim III—strangled.
Duke d'Enghien—shot.	Mustapha IV—strangled.
Duke de Berri—assassinated.	George III—wounded, died mad.
Duke of Orleans—died on the scaffold.	Catherine—poisoned.
Marie Antoinette—ditto.	Paul I—strangled.
Madame Elizabeth—ditto.	Alexander I—death doubtful.
	Constantine—death doubtful.

This rapid sketch made a forcible impression upon the mind of Prince Cambacérés. He hid his face in his hands, long before I had completed it. What would he have done had I possessed the gift of prophecy, and could have continued the picture down to the period at which I am writing? I should then have added, as regards France, the atrocious

Joaquim Murat—shot.

Joseph II—poisoned.

Leopold II—poisoned.

Queen of Prussia—died of grief.

Queen of Naples—died of grief.

Duke of Leuchtenburg—poisoned in Portugal.

Prince of Augustenberg—poisoned in Sweden.

MONARCHS DETHRONED.

Louis XVI.

Louis XVII.

Joseph XVIII, twice

Napoleon, twice.

Charles X.

Louis XIX.

Henry V.

The Stadtholder.

Louis Bonaparte.

The King of the Netherlands
deprived of two-thirds of his
dominions.

Charles IV, twice.

Ferdinand VII.

Charles V.

The Queen of Portugal.

Don Juan.

Don Pedro.

Don Miguel.

Donna Maria.

Don Pedro, in the Brazils.

Christophe.

Iturbide.

Presidents of American Republics
without number.

Sovereign order of Malta.

United Hans towns.

Norway wrested from Denmark.

Electorate of Hanover.

Pius VI.

Pius VII, twice.

Ferdinand III, twice.

Murat.

Joseph Bonaparte.

Jerome Bonaparte.

Elisa, in Tuscany and Lucca.

Prince Eugene.

The Prince Primate.

Three Ecclesiastical Electors.

All Princes abbots.

All mediatised German Princes.

King of Prussia.

King of Saxony, as Duke of
Warsaw, dispossessed of some
of his dominions.

Duke of Brunswick, twice.

Elector of Hesse, twice.

Duke of Mechlenberg.

Doge of Genoa.

Doge of Venice.

Standard-bearer of Lucca.

Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Duke of Modena.

Duke of Parma.

King of Etruria.

Four Kings of Sardinia, expelled,
or have abdicated.

Switzerland changed in the form
of her government.

Selim III.

Mustapha III.

Besides those who have escaped my memory.

immolation of the Duke of Berri, the death, by suicide, of the Duke of Bourbon. In Portugal, a King, Don Miguel, has been exiled; the monarch who took his place, Don Pedro, previously expelled from the Brazils, has died a premature death. The husband of a queen, the Prince Duke of Leuchtenberg, has been assassinated. In Russia, a mysterious veil is yet thrown over Alexander's untimely end. Nicholas has been compelled to defend himself against guilty conspirators, and Constantine has fallen a victim to the effects of the Polish revolution. In Germany, a King of Saxony, and a Duke of Brunswick have been dethroned; an emperor, Iturbide, has been shot in Mexico.* A negro sovereign, Henry I, has perished in Hayti!

Prince Cambacérés, when I had concluded, remained for a time silent, and then said to me :

Your memory serves you well. Alas ! had we, in 1789, foreseen those various results, I would fain hope that all would have shrunk from proceeding any further on our

* Not the Brazils, as erroneously stated by the author.

KINGS CREATED BY NAPOLEON.

*A * designates the kingdoms created.*

Himself as Emperor of the French.	*Kingdom of Illyria.
*King of Italy.	*Kingdom of Dalmatia.
King of Rome.	King of Naples—Joseph.
King of Spain.	*King of Bavaria.
*King of Portugal.	*King of Saxony.
*King of Holland.	*King of Westphalia.
*Kingdom of Etruria.	*Kingdom of Poland, under the
*Duchy of Lucca.	title of Grand Duchy of Warsaw.
Protectorate of the Rhine.	*King of Wurtemberg.
Mediator of the Swiss.	*Kingdom of Algarves.
Prince of Elba.	*Kingdom of Estremadura.
King of Holland—Louis.	Grand Duchy of Cleves.
King of Spain—Joseph.	&c. &c. &c.
Crown restored to Ferdinand.	

KINGDOMS CREATED THROUGH THE EFFECTS OF REVOLUTIONS.

Kingdom of the Netherlands.	Lombardo Venetian Kingdom.
Kingdom of Belgium.	Kingdom of Etruria, suspended.
Kingdom of Hanover.	

course : I certainly should, even could I have anticipated the fortune that awaited me. None of us, assuredly, not excepting Robespierre, (Marat I cannot answer for, as he was a madman) would have incurred so awful a responsibility. I am not a regicide ; I hope I am free from such an imputation ; and yet how often is not my night's rest disturbed by a species of remorse. I am clear and unstained ; errors I have committed ; who is free from them ? What an epoch ! an eye-witness and actor in it could alone have understood or appreciated its character. Those who so loudly sound their own praises at the present day were either concealed in their cellars, or howled when others yelled. I have fallen in with good company at the club of my own section and have heard atrocious motions made or seconded by men of real worth . . . , fear, however, my dear friend, *Sainte Peur* operates irresistibly : few hearts are proof against her power. Thanks be to Heaven ! I have not done harm to any one. I should assuredly not have been spared during these few past months could any thing serious have been laid to my charge ; I am not aware of having to dread a single accuser. Yet I admit that both in language and in writing I participated in the criminal follies of the revolution. This will ever be imputed to me. Heaven forgive me those follies ; the reproaches of my conscience are a sufficient punishment for them."

I listened, with deep respect, to this remarkable admission of Prince Cambacérés ; I treasured up every word in my mind, in order to preserve the recollection of them. They so perfectly accorded with what had dropped from Louis David, in my own hearing, on the same subject, that I cannot but be of opinion that men are what opportunity makes them. The Prince resumed as follows :

"I wish to make you a present. You are writing for publication : you may perhaps avail yourself of what I am about to lay open to your view. A young man, urged on by false friends, formed the design of putting an end to Napoleon ; with this strange idea in his mind, he went to consult one of those friends, modern Romans all, most of whom are still of this world ; for

"Il en fut jusqu'à sept que je pourrais citer."

and had with him a conversation worthy of being related.

I was intimately acquainted with his family. The subject had been hinted to me by the minister of police, the Duke of Otranto. I sent for the parents of the foolish lad, who was not more than nineteen years of age. We agreed that without any *éclat* and as a mere measure of prudence he should be confined for two years. This *act of despotism* saved the life of the young madman, and rescued his parents from worse than death, since they would have had to bewail their loss over a premature grave. I dare to assert, as a fact, what men of exaggerated opinions will deem a wild paradox, that every thing considered, the *lettres de cachet* have been productive of more good than evil. The young man, who was on his way to become a Ravallac, being separated from his treacherous friends, and seeing none but his parents, came round to better sentiments. He conceived a horror of his meditated crime, and was ever afterwards of exemplary conduct. He became an excellent subject, grateful towards me and towards Napoleon who, on learning what we had done, thanked me with an earnestness which proved his genuine goodness of heart; he could find no better language of praise, on the occasion, than the following:

"Prince, you have acted, like the father of a family. Ah! if all had used me as you have done, I should not be represented with the foolish physiognomy of an ogre. But weak minded people would fain prove their zeal by calling me ferocious, sanguinary and cruel! An act of violence has ever been painful to my feelings; rest assured I never inflicted a blow that necessity did not call for."

Great, indeed, was that man, I exclaimed.

The Prince added as follows:

"Our giddy youth, on quitting the prison, withdrew into the country, where he married. From thence it was that, when he heard that Carnot was persecuted in consequence of his pamphlet, he sent to me an account of the very singular conversation which he had with the ex-director, authorizing me to publish it, if it appeared calculated to do good. I was unwilling to divulge a narrative which would have been displeasing to many, and to Carnot himself: nevertheless, I give you the manuscript, and, if you should survive Carnot you may do with it as you think proper."

So saying, he handed to me, under cover, what I am about to transcribe. M. de M——, whose career has reflected so much honor upon him, and who did not betray his oaths in 1830, will excuse me if I avail myself of his production; it does him no discredit. His conduct, subsequently to the period to which it relates, proves how, with the growth of years, he abhorred republicanism, and its sanguinary principles. I abstain from raising the veil which conceals his name, in order to leave him at full liberty to remove it or not, as best he may think proper. Previously, however, to divulging the contents of the manuscript, so full of ardour and enthusiasm, I must omit no part of the Prince's conversation on the evening in question.

After returning suitable thanks, I added :

"Monseigneur, you find in France seven Romans, two of whom have died since 1789; you have named one of them; would you disguise the rest from my knowledge?"

"Why should I refuse to name them; they are worthy of your highest homage; the differences in their opinions will prove my impartiality. These wise men are Malesherbes"

"Ah ! I involuntarily exclaimed; and Romain de Séze?"

"As for De Séze, his christian name stands as a record of his origin! . . . Carnot, Lanjuinais, Jacques Dedille, Boissy-d'Anglas and Lainé."

"All no doubt men of singular merit, such as are not to be met with in the whole history of a nation, still less at one and the same time. Three titled ecclesiastics, Messrs. D'Aviau, Dubois de Sanzay, de Chevenus, and de Belley; together with Ducis, and the eloquent de Cazalès, might, I think, have been added to them*."

"They no doubt are entitled to distinction, though not that sort of distinction which ought to be reserved for

* Further extension may be given to this list. A host of deserving men have honoured the scaffold by their virtues; but those who are designated by the Prince Arch-chancellor fully bear, in my opinion, the impress of an antique character. Messrs. T——, C——, and G——, can assuredly claim no pretension to it. There would seem to be less difficulty in translating Plato, than in resembling him, and above all in treading in his footsteps.

those who have acted a part in politics. Your three prelates have faintly appeared upon the stage. Ducis was in some degree a weathercock ; nevertheless, I assign to him the eighth place ; and Cazales, whom I have frequented, admired, and esteemed, shall be our ninth muse on that Parnassus . . . But you uttered an exclamation at the mention of Malesherbes that excited my surprise ?”

“ Unfortunately, Monseigneur, I replied, that wonderful man, so firm, so spotless, so generous, so worthy of our respectful admiration, fell, nevertheless, into great error. He retained for many years the controul over all publications ; he, in concert with the philosophers, suffered France to be inundated with a swarm of productions alike impious, anti-monarchical, revolutionary, obscene, calculated to pervert the heart and the understanding ; he was a disciple of Voltaire, and of weak faith. He acted, I am aware, under a conscientious conviction ; his error was that of a virtuous soul ; in his search after light, he left us a prey to the flames of an all-consuming violence. In this, Monseigneur, originates my doubt of the propriety of assigning to Malasherbes the most prominent place. I admit, however, his truly magnanimous conduct ; the dignity of his expiring moments, should blot out his past errors. That man assuredly deserves the monument which sooner or later, the gratitude of the Bourbons will erect to his memory.*”

I now subjoin the promised copy of M. de M——’s letter to Cambacérès.

“ To you, Prince, I am indebted for my life, for the happiness I enjoy, for that, in short of all my family. I beg pardon of that childish old man who boasts of his *liberalism*, a system which is, in reality, no better than jacobinism reversed ; but my gratitude for your favours has constituted me your *liege-man*. Be not alarmed at this feudality of

* The bar have supplied what royalty unhappily left undone ; they have raised a monument to Malesherbes in the grand hall of the Palace of Justice. This order should place in the same hall statues, busts, medals, and even inscriptions as records to the memory of such of its departed members as they might deem worthy of such distinction.

feeling ; neither the charter nor the severest pamphlets can find fault with it.

“ In my retreat which I have succeeded in turning into a terrestrial paradise, since I have been rescued from the sanguinary agitations of republicanism, I have become a servant of God and of my King. I learn that M. C—— is on the eve of being brought to trial ; he has committed the error of sending forth a pamphlet in which he attempts to justify his crime. This attests his conviction of having acted rightly ; nevertheless, I am satisfied that his heart, unsullied as it is by crime, tacitly deplores the odious act in which he had a share. I have been a witness to his repentance.

It is needless to recall to your mind the fatal affair I was engaged in, when, led astray by some wretches, I joined for a moment in one of the conspiracies formed against the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Uneasy at my premeditated attempt, apprehensive of plunging into the last degree of criminality, whilst anxious to tread in the path of virtue, it occurred to me to seek advice from a man who was, assuredly the most upright of all the regicides. I addressed myself to C——. I might have called upon Barrère, or even Barras ; I was also acquainted with Vadier, Amar, and two or three more, David the artist for instance. They did not, however, afford me that guarantee of good conduct, that austerity of principles which could alone satisfy me in the individual who should fix my wavering mind. I abstained, likewise, from applying to Thibeaudeau, Quinette, or any of those who held places under the imperial government. I felt too well assured of their answers : they would have recoiled at acting the part of apostates.

“ C—— was as much esteemed in his own country as he was formidable to foreign monarchs : he commanded universal admiration, by his extraordinary talents, by an ardent love of his country, by the signal services he had rendered her, and by a combination of every public and private virtue. He had filled the highest functions during the republic, had obtained his share in a species of royalty, had held the seals of office, without effecting any increase in his private fortune, without the slightest suspi-

cion ever sullyng him. He was one of those lofty characters of antiquity reproduced in modern times, the type of which has wholly disappeared :—one of those pure and incorruptible statesmen who overawe traitors and public disturbers ; and of whom despotism itself stands in fear. Those many and brilliant qualities had, however, their weak side, for none of us can wholly shake off the infirmities of human nature. This superior man had deemed himself warranted in condemning a King ; and Louis XVI was that King !

“ When, at a later period, C—— saved his country by skilful military combinations, he met with ingratitude for his reward : when recalled to the exercise of official duties on the 18th Brumaire, he did not long remain in place, so impossible was it for him to truckle to tyranny. Though surrounded with grandeur and glory, he selected a modest retreat for his future abode. Like another Cincinnatus, he offered up his ashes for the welfare of that country which he could no longer save in a more effectual manner ; and thus keeping himself aloof, was prepared to answer the first summons he might receive to aid in promoting the interests of his beloved France.

“ It was from him, Monseigneur, that I sought the advice of which I stood so much in need. Fully relying in his discretion and his virtue, I felt no doubt of his candid reply to my frank interrogations. I found him alone in his study, revising a work on mathematics, and superintending at the same time the studies of his youthful son : he exhibited the two-fold example of an excellent citizen and of a worthy parent. So solitary was his retreat, that none but remarkable events ever came to his knowledge. He was scarcely aware of the change in my position, but complimented me with great cordiality, and received me, in short, with an affability which was natural to him.

“ So great was his penetration that, as soon as the customary forms of society had been gone through, he perceived that my inmost soul was a prey to some painful emotion, to something alike important and perplexing. He had no difficulty in guessing that I did not come to pay a mere visit ; but rather to seek the aid of his experience, and to clear up with him an arduous political problem, the

solution of which escaped my grasp. He combined too much good nature with his social superiority to refuse affording relief to an unexperienced reason, which stood in need of a guide. He was, accordingly, the first to advert to this topic, and urged me to speak without disguise.

"My mind, I replied, is disturbed by strange thoughts; I am pursuing an object the most difficult to attain, namely, liberty."

"What liberty?" inquired the statesman.

"Is there more than one kind of liberty? I rejoined, in great astonishment at his question."

"Yes, absolute and relative liberty."

"I desire it unfettered."

"Where will you find it?"

"Where you formerly sought it."

"Have we long preserved it? Was it not wrested from us by the force of hideous passions? Yet it had been achieved at a costly price."

"Was, then, the price at which you purchased it, one of so great value?"

"He answered the question by a sigh."

"If that price were again required of you, would you grant it?"

"No."

"Was it, then, too great a price?"

"It was."

"And yet, you once consented to give it?"

"This would require an answer which would lead us too far; rest satisfied with knowing, that at the time I assented, I deemed it indispensable to do so. My conscience was at peace; it reproached me with nothing."

"Since then, however . . ."

"Why should a boy like you discuss with me this gigantic theme? It is said that a brilliant career is opening to you; pursue it like an honest man, and renounce all curiosity to inquire into acts, the remembrance of which is far from contributing to my peaceful slumbers."

"Sir, I replied, with firmness, I am less captivated by the fortune which it is attempted to lay in my way, than influenced by the wish to restore to my country her lost independence. I have expressly come to you with a view

of maintaining this thesis, which your scorn would withhold from my knowledge ; but, I beseech you, in the name of all that is most sacred, to honour me with a positive answer."

" Surprise was portrayed on his countenance at hearing me utter this language, and he thus replied to it :

" ' Ere I grant you the right to interrogate me on this point, ere I promise you a full solution of it, I must at least know what you desire of me, and require that you should speak to me without disguise.'

" I desire to tread in the path you have followed, to take your conduct for the rule of mine, and to endeavour to procure for France that liberty, the attainment of which has hitherto baffled your efforts."

" ' This will be a severe task, and the times are unpropitious to you. The nation is still far from ripe for the great work. There is a strange propensity among us to be perpetually endeavouring to lower those above us to our own level, but never to raise an inferior to that level. We call this singular mode of proceeding the assertion of *equality*; the result will be, that true equality will not, for a long time, be naturalized in France.'

" Do you doubt, then, the possibility of a republic ?"

" ' Of what elements would you form it? Shall it be, as I have just pointed out, composed of those classes, each of which holds in such disdain the class which it considers so much beneath itself;—that love of feudal distinctions which alike intoxicates the manufacturer and the citizen ;—that never dying respect for ancient families, a connection with which is so eagerly sought by the most outrageous jacobins :—that ever growing ambition for what are called genteel pursuits ; that insatiable thirst for gold :—or those military men so prone to mould themselves into servants of the court, and who, on the other hand, have each their individual and their complete code of despotism ? Where do we find, in the midst of that eager, proud and grovelling throng, the fit elements of a system of liberty ? Some, I admit, dream of it ; but, I warrant them, when called upon to act, they will do as others have done before them. Every Brutus aimed to become a tyrant, and you have

doubtless heard how they treated me, because I would enter into no compact with tyranny.'

"Thus, Sir, if a generous hand should pull down the colossus"

"It would be acting for the benefit of a dwarf; besides which, would a single hand be sufficient to overthrow what the whole of Europe was unable to move? I am aware,' continued C, in a dignified tone, 'how the representatives of a nation, invested with the public confidence, pronounce sentence, after mature deliberation, upon an attainted man accused by a whole people; but I am quite ignorant of the mode in which an assassination is committed. This is a point upon which I cannot give an answer.'

"I acknowledge, Monseigneur, that on receiving this unhesitating reply, in which the guilty act was assumed to be just and right, and which repelled all idea of a murder, my countenance lost its wonted assurance; I bent my head, and said:

"Brutus murdered Cæsar."

"Yes, and I have condemned Louis XVI. Well, although I then acted in fulfilment of a duty; although my firm conviction was also that of the majority of my colleagues; although France and Paris seemed, with one accord, to join with us, since the forty-four thousand communes of the Republic, forwarded to us a solemn act of approbation, I do not hesitate in avowing to you, that the greatest of all sacrifices I could make for my country, would be that of giving a second vote for the same sentence.'

"C ceased to speak: he did not attempt to disguise from me, through false shame or self love, the agitation of his feelings, for he suffered me to read, in his expressive countenance, the painful sensation it had created. I was struck with it; a crowd of new ideas sprung up in my heart, which became still more violently agitated when that great statesman resumed the subject in the following words:

"I have said enough to make you understand to what dreadful anguish I should have fallen a prey, had I, under any impulse of fanaticism struck the King with a deadly poignard. Woe be to him who would assume to himself the right of taking the law in his own hands, and set aside human justice, however pure may be his intentions. There

is not one of his fellow citizens—not a single man upon earth, who has not a right to call him to account for the blood he has spilt, and the attempt he has made to solve, in his own way, the arduous question of government legitimacy. Can he, in fact, flatter himself that he is sufficiently enlightened to foresee all the consequences of his deed? Now, for instance, when we are crushed by an iron yoke, is not the existence of France, as a nation, for some time at least, dependent upon Napoleon's existence? Were he suddenly to disappear, what sudden commotion would not be the consequence? Who could replace him? What authority could supply his place? Has any promise been obtained from each ambitious man, that he would keep within bounds? Assuredly not. They would all rush forward with their claims, their pretensions and their partizans. You would suddenly behold them starting up like the thirty Roman tyrants, after the death of Pertinax. They would be the successors of the modern Alexander. We should once more have the wild and sanguinary republic, the old monarchy with its feudality, its priests, its emigration, the federalists and the Bonapartists; for Napoleon's brothers would also have their partizans. You would be threatened with a Prince of Orange or a Duke of Brunswick; and would not Bernadotte throw the weight of his sword into the scale? * Moreau might likewise hasten back from America; whilst a thousand other competitors would labour, in concert, to ruin our common country, and would link to their cause those hypocrites who pretend to have the public welfare at heart. Such would be the consequences of your murderous blow. Have you duly weighed them? Have you a ready and full solution to prepare for this great problem? You have not even thought of it. The reproach will assuredly never be imputed to me, of desiring to uphold tyranny or the tyrant. Well, I who am constituted an umpire in this hypothesis, do not hesitate to pronounce that man attainted of high treason who should deprive France of her sovereign;—for, whether legitimate or not, he is a sovereign of whom she at present stands in need. As for you,' continued

* He was not then Prince Royal of Sweden; but his distinguished qualities inclined towards him the hearts of Frenchmen who dared not indulge the hope of ever seeing the Bourbons, our legitimate kings.

C , with still greater warmth, and taking me by the hand, 'reflect well, ere you commit an act for which you would be punished by the remorse of a whole life. Never conspire but in an open manner, with the assurance of the future full in view ; and, should the progress of events prove adverse to your wishes, withdraw yourself from the scene, and let Providence and time operate a change.'

"I will acknowledge, Monseigneur, that I listened, with religious awe, to the voice which conveyed so vivid a light to my indecision. I perceived the abyss on the brink of which I was treading, although no change was wrought at that moment upon what I deemed my settled principles. Nevertheless, I felt relieved from an oppressive weight, my youthful reason having penetrated the real sentiments of the man I had consulted.

On his part, he went further, and, without urging any indiscreet questions, without attempting to search more deeply into my secret, above all without manifesting the slightest wish to be made acquainted with my associates, he advised me to act with the utmost reserve, and with an intimate knowledge of the real views of those with whom I was connected. He ended by saying that conversations such as these were no sooner concluded, than they should be dismissed from the recollection. It was his intention to forget it, and he advised me to imitate his example. I thanked him, and we parted. Such was the solution of the meditated attempt at an assassination in the name of liberty, a solution afforded me by the most virtuous of regicides.

"I think I have recorded, nearly word for word, all that passed between us; for, on my return home, whilst what I had heard was still fresh in my memory, I hastened to commit the whole conversation to paper, taking the requisite precautions, in order that this historical episode should appear, to those who might give it attention, a chapter of modern romance. These are the sentiments of a man, who having once wandered from the right path, has soon returned to it. You are at liberty, Monseigneur, to make such use of it as you think proper."

* * * * *

I felt much interest in this written narrative, and have

avail myself of it. Turning now to the wise counsel of Boileau,

Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère,

I will bring upon the scene men of equal note, whom, however, I shall exhibit in a position of less difficulty.

Towards the close of Louis XVI's reign, public morals had grown more and more corrupt. The clergy were not remarkable for much austerity of manners. Those abbés, at least, who had taken part in the revolution were far from exhibiting themselves in the light of true fathers of the church. They evinced a predilection for, and courted, the fair sex, enjoying in their company a relaxation from their political labours.

These preliminary observations led me to the story I have now to relate. I conceal the name of its hero, whom I have already had occasion to mention; and, by using his own language, shall adopt a more natural and more varied style of narrative. The scene occurred in 1789. The States-General were assembled. The struggle had commenced between the Court and the Third Estate. The oath of the Tennis Court had been taken; the revolution was, therefore, in full career.

"I was in Paris," said my hero, "and seated in front of the first tier of boxes at the Comédie Française, when I perceived, in the second tier, an extremely handsome young lady, who was alone, for I do not take into account a kind of female companion who attended her. She was evidently none of our society. Great was the distance, at that time, between a lady of quality, and one of inferior degree. But a certain freedom of deportment, a prepossessing air, expressive eyes, a smile which nothing could disturb, made me augur that whosoever might succeed in pleasing her, need not waste much time in useless sighs. I felt, therefore, a kind of sympathy for this lovely creature, and a desire to approach without, however, betraying myself into giddy advances. I perceived in front of me, at the very moment, Count Alexander de Tilly.* I knew

* The Queen's page, a man of doubtful birth, of assumed bravery, wholly devoid of character, but of noble bearing, witty and a favourite

him to be acquainted with all the world, with the worst, as well as the best company, the former in preference to the latter, which he accordingly forfeited. I had of late withdrawn myself from his intimacy, which had been made a subject of reproach to me. Each of us insensibly followed his own course; nevertheless the rupture was not an open one; and, when we met, we were lavish in expressions of friendship. On this occasion, I went up to him, and asked him at once, whether the brilliant star before us had a place in his catalogue of beauties. He raised his opera glass to his eye, and carefully watched her.

"That lady," said he, "has been these fifteen months in the gay world; she now goes by the name of Madame Dubreuil, and is very intimate with the Abbé Siéyes."

"Mercy on me!" I exclaimed, "what, with a priest!"

"Yes, and also with Genlis."*

"She really is a very pretty woman."

"Shall I introduce you to her. You will be the third on her list?"

"I do not desire it."

"But you did so once. Well, then; you must indulge her, and dismiss all reserve. Heaven knows what a bitter cup we may not have to quaff ere six months shall have passed!"

Tilly never dreamt that he was prophesying truly; and I, without guide or compass, allowed myself at that moment to be led to Madame Dubreuil. My introducer had once been in favour. I was well received, for his sake at first, next, on my own account. This was said to me

of the fair sex. In 1815, he committed suicide, on account of the last forgery he had committed. He has written his Memoirs, which will repay curiosity; they load Marie Antoinette with obloquy; the act was a vile one, but the book is entertaining.

* Count de Genlis, or marquis de Sillery, the husband of the celebrated authoress, and a Captain of the Duke of Orleans' guards. He kept the Duke company in his excesses, and perished along with him. He might justly have said with Figaro, "What if I am better than my reputation?" In forming an estimate of character, the public, who hated his master and his wife the governess, has been guided by the antipathy which it felt for them.

with a charming frankness. I had allowed myself, when at a distance, to be captivated by her beauty; now that I was in her company, I felt attracted by something which I am more at a loss to explain. Madame Dubreuil's voice, her glance, her smiles, her conversation were bewitching. She was witty, seemed unconscious that she was speaking, talked nonsense in a playful manner, and laughed at others without sparing herself. By these attractions she captivated more than by her personal charms, which did not, at a nearer approach, appear to advantage. But what was wanting in positive beauty was amply compensated by her pretty manners, her lively expressions—those artifices which, by dazzling, withdraw the attention from too searching inquiry.

Tilly left us. I wished to pass the evening with her. This could not be; she expected some particular friends, and Genlis was to come on the following day; but an appointment was made for the third night. I was true to the engagement, and had no cause to regret it; I returned again, and a kind of intimacy grew up between us. The lady anxiously aimed at converting it into a serious passion. I felt satisfied, on my part, with the delight and familiarity of her company; the individual and the occasion could lay claim to no more. This intrigue had a peculiar attraction for me. It flattered my vanity, for the lady has had several admirers. All went on well, and the secret was kept for a few days. On the 22nd June 1789, I repaired to her dwelling at a late hour; we felt assured that political occurrences would detain, at Versailles, the representatives of the nation.

I was one evening engaged in a very pleasant tête-à-tête with my new female acquaintance, when Pauline, the waiting maid, came to us in all haste; she felt an interest in me; nothing could be more natural. I occasionally gave her a kiss, and had already made her several presents.

"Madam," she said, "here is the Abbé."

I rose up in haste; but whither could I fly?

"To the bedside," replied Dubreuil. She was so much inured to difficulties, that she was always calm in a moment of danger. "Come, lie down; I take the rest upon myself."

The bed, the bedside were both in an immense alcove lined with dark heavy curtains, which the Abbé had received over and above the quantity of stuff supplied for the episcopal throne of his bishopric. I jumped into bed. The Abbé arrived, sat down in an arm chair, and began to groan at the day's toil. He related what had occurred at Versailles, how a royal sitting was expected to have taken place there on that day, when at two in the morning the King had sent a herald to call up Sylvain Bailly, the President of the Third Estate, and caused the undermentioned *lettre de cachet* to be delivered to him at the same moment :

"I give you notice, Sir, that the sitting fixed for Tuesday will only take place at ten in the morning, and that the hall will only be opened for that hour. I commission the grand master of the ceremonies to convey to you this letter.

Signed "Louis."

Siéyes then related how the master of the Tennis Court, alarmed at the threats he had received on the preceding night, had refused that morning to lend the hall to the National Assembly.

"We were much embarrassed," he added, "to find a suitable place, and yet had resolved to hold our sitting. The church of the Récollets was proposed to us ; but, being too small, we preferred that of the parish of St. Louis, which the rector offered. We were scarcely installed in it, when an extraordinary noise and cries of rejoicing reached our ears. The dense crowd opened its ranks ; we beheld coming towards us the venerable archbishops of Vienne and Bordeaux, the bishops of Roden, Constance, and Chartres, accompanied by a hundred and sixty clergymen. What a glorious reinforcement ! Conceive our joy ; we opened a concert of acclamation, embraced, and congratulated each other. The majority of the clergy had now joined that of the Third Estate ; the nobility will now become isolated ; we flattered ourselves it would ere long fall to pieces. In fact, so it shortly came to pass. Two gentlemen of noble descent, deputies from Dauphiny, to represent their order, came forward at the same time. We burst into fresh transports of joy. The victory is ours, and the

court is—" The Abbé uttered an ugly word which I abstain from repeating.

"Oh, what an oath!" said the lady, "is it not a sin?"

I did not overhear the Abbé's answer, but the lady's rejoinder:

"No more of this; I am very ill; you could not come at a worse moment."

In the meanwhile, a ring was heard at the outer door, which was soon afterwards opened with a master-key; and, ere Dubreuil could reflect or resort to parrying measures, Genlis entered the apartment. The Abbé was not a man of courage; he started up in affright from his seat; the damsel did the same; and, on beholding this comical picture, Genlis burst into a loud fit of laughter.

He was witty, well versed in the usages of high life, of graceful manners, which he retained even in the worst company. He was fond of gambling, and partial to every woman except his wife; he even indulged in jokes at her expense, calling her 'Madame Livre.' He was ambitious without an object, an enemy of the court, because he was closely allied to the Duke of Orleans. He possessed excellent qualities, but was in the very worst reputation; he has been too harshly judged, for he was a loyal, sincere, faithful, and devoted friend. He bestowed alms on the poor, was an excellent master, never varied in his sentiments and opinions; was foolishly fond of affecting the airs of a giddy, frivolous, and licentious man. His very intercourse with the Palais Royal made it a law for him to renew the profligacy of the regency. In a word, he was a reprobate, but possessed withal excellent qualities.

"The Abbé Siéyes was greatly his inferior in worth. He was a consummate egotist, and utterly devoid of any trace of generosity. There was an affected display of feeling in his conversation, but no loftiness of soul. His whole conduct was the result of calculation, his patriotism a speculation by means of which he hoped to make his fortune; his first impulse had reference to his personal interest, and the first object he beheld was himself, in all his combinations. Though he never departed from this form of principle, yet he varied it as often as it answered his end to do so. A clergyman, without any of the virtues of his order,

he declared against the court, because the court made no advances towards him. An obscure priest, he wandered in the maze of theories which could never be reduced to practice. He drew up plans of constitutions with the sole view of bringing himself into notice ; he claimed to be the pivot around which France must necessarily turn. To his pamphlet, *What is the Third Estate ?* he was indebted for his fame. It was then an easy task to compose such pamphlets ; talkers were scarce ; the Bastille, arbitrary power, and *lettres de cachet* lessened their number. Siéyes never went beyond that first production, and it is not known that any other pamphlet ever emanated from his pen. Nevertheless, he has written much, but the subjects were wild dreams,—political speculations, which it would be impossible to realize. He pursued his career, aided in compassing the King's death, and the man who was so fond of idle prating, plunged into that crime without any apologetic remark. Appointed director at a later period, he evinced, in that elevated station, his incapacity and the little reliance that could be placed on his fine language. He encouraged a frightful depravity of morals, gave free scope to speculators, and equally failed in securing internal peace or success against foreign enemies. The administration was not indebted to him for the slightest improvement. He conspired against the republic as he had conspired against royalty ; and when, in spite of his deep genius and experience, he allowed himself to be overreached by a young officer, he consoled himself with his money, with his splendid estate of Crosne, and with honours for the loss of his power, and the overthrow of his fame.

“ Genlis was necessarily beloved by all who knew him ; Siéyes could only be so by those who knew him not. No two men could form a greater contrast ; they were, accordingly, much astonished at meeting together in Madame Dubreuil's apartments, with every appearance of equal right of possession. Genlis, as I have already said, burst into a loud fit of laughter ; this was a cheerful way of opening the attack, and he continued it in the same strain.

“ ‘ Good night to you, Abbé ; do not disturb yourself ; you are very properly at your ease. This is an encouragement for me to follow your example. My dear,’ said he,

turning round to the astonished chamber-maid, 'give me my dressing gown; I am dreadfully tired.'

"He threw himself on the nearest ottoman, without further ceremony, laid aside his coat, put on the light garment he had called for, and seeing that every one remained silent:

" 'Pauline,' he continued, 'order super for three; I had hoped it would only have been for two.'

"On perceiving this freedom of manner, Siéyes ceased to feel any apprehension. He began to compliment Genlis, with an affected air of cheerfulness. It could easily be seen how much he was piqued at being imposed upon by the damsel. He could scarcely conceal his mortification; for egotists, who are utter strangers to affectionate feelings, lay claim to be loved; they wish others to cherish for them a feeling which they entertain for no one. Combining with this defect an exaggerated opinion of himself, he felt doubly annoyed; nevertheless, he smothered his vexation through dread of the ridicule, the sarcasms and the derision of Genlis. As to Madame Dubreuil, she was in utter consternation. This meeting, which she had hitherto prevented by dint of good management, cunning, and falsehood, presaged to her the loss of a useful lover, perhaps, even of both lovers. Genlis read her thoughts, and calmed her with perfect good nature.

" 'Abbé, is not Madame a delightful woman?'

" 'Yes, but a faithless one,' replied Siéyes, with a forced smile.

" 'Faithless!' said Genlis, 'why should we reproach her with a breach of promised faith? What else do we see at the present day? You, for instance, worthy Abbé, are you faithful? Do you infringe none of the canons of your faith? Come, dear shepherd, have some indulgence for this pretty sheep; she feeds at two mangers. Let us deem ourselves fortunate that she is content with two. Say that you are willing to make it up with her.'

"The Abbé complied, but with a bad grace, which indicated a revengeful spirit, an ill-disguised hatred.

" 'Abbé, let her be the bond of our fraternal concord. Are you not sensible that we are hunting the same hare, and may we not say with La Fontaine:

Alcyonchus avec Alcibiade,
En même nid furent pondre tous deux ?

“ ‘We have a different aim,’ replied the Abbé, ‘you merely labour to effect a change in the species of tyranny; whereas, I desire to rescue France from every tyranny that preys upon her vitals.’

“ ‘Ah! this is wrong of you; you are a republican, and yet no later than yesterday, you were heard to cry : *Long live the King!* What! are you guilty of dissimulation?’

“ ‘I am what I ought to be, and what, ere long, you will become.’

“ ‘Not I, indeed! I am a supporter of monarchy.’

“ ‘But you separate it from the monarch. Thenceforward, hurried along unconsciously, by the force of events, you will relapse into a republic, since at every step, you will have armed men at your heels, who will compel you to move on.’

“ ‘I do not admit such notions. Let us avert our eyes from the future, into which neither of us can penetrate, and speak of the present. What is your opinion of recent occurrences?’

“ ‘That the clergy have had the start of you; they have joined us, while you have fallen back.’

“ ‘It is an act of prudence on our part; we wish to bring the multitude round. Another attempt will be made; should we fail, you may, after to-morrow, number us of your party. To-morrow will be a busy day.’

“ ‘I think so,’ said Siéyes, ‘it will not be free from danger.’

“ ‘Attend to me,’ replied Genlis. ‘I can inspire you with courage at an easy rate. The Polignacs, the Queen, and the Count d’Artois have urged on the King, contrary to his own conviction. He puts on a bold front in order to rid himself of those who harrass him by their importunities; but, when this first ardour shall have subsided, he will relapse into his wonted indifference.’

“ ‘I know better,’ replied Siéyes, ‘M. Necker will not appear to-morrow at the royal sitting; so mortified is he at not having dictated every word which the king is to ut-

ter. The poor man is as awkward as he is vain; this giddy act will prove his ruin; and we shall avail ourselves of it without any advantage accruing to himself for his pains.'

" 'Long live the church! it knows every thing, and has so many sources of *espionnage* at its command. Nevertheless, my dear Abbé, we are going to pare your nails. An attack will be directed against incumbents.'

" 'What matters it to me; I am prepared to sacrifice every thing to my country,' said the Abbé.

" He uttered these words in so hypocritical a tone that he made me shudder.

" 'But, my worthy pontiff, how will you manage, in case of need, to support pretty women?'

" 'There are other resources.'

" 'I understand you; the country will provide for them; you will contrive, by some means or other, to fleece it.'

" The conversation was kept up in the same spirit.—Genlis ordered supper to be brought into his room, demolished his full share of it, and, on coming to the last morsel, he thus addressed the Abbé—

" 'Now, then, as we are friends, let us bring the sitting to a close with the cordiality of friendship. I neither wish to assert *my own* nor to contest *your* rights; but, as one of us must provide his quarters elsewhere, let us draw lots as to who shall do the honours of the house.'

" Surprised at this mad proposal, Siéyes muttered an answer which did not reach my ears.

" 'Oh! no,' said Genlis, 'all etiquette is banished from this place. Were any to prevail, it should be compelled to give way to you in your character as a member of the clergy: as the church claims supremacy of rank, you would be entitled to preference. But we have both a leaning for equality; let us then be on an equal footing and draw lots; such will be our rule for the future, and we will only sup together at Madame's apartments, when we shall have mutually invited each other before hand.'

" Madame Dubreuil, seeing that Genlis was obstinate, now came in for a share of the conversation.

" 'Gentlemen,' she said, 'I have allowed you to laugh

VOL. II.—I

at my expense, and I must have appeared very blamable; but appearances were deceitful. I did not in the least expect the pleasure of seeing you. One of my friends, a forlorn woman, came to request I would afford her a night's shelter; she is reposing here, and you would, surely, not attempt to disturb her.'

" 'Well,' exclaimed Genlis, in another fit of mirth, 'I bet it is the Bishop of Autun, or some other holy prelate. The three orders will thus be represented by mere accident—the Abbé for the third estate, myself for the nobility, and Monseigneur for the clergy.'

" 'No Sir; I tell you again, it is one of my female acquaintances.'

" 'In good faith,' said Genlis, 'if this is the case, matters may be arranged. Your friend will not be more austere than you are; I shall take the Abbé's procuration, or give him mine.'

" So saying, the hair-brained fellow rose, took a candle and came up to the bed. No part of the conversation had escaped me. I was prepared for his visit, and, without feigning surprise, sat up and said:

" 'Good night, Count de Genlis; it is late, and, with your leave, I shall again compose myself to sleep.'

" Would it were possible to paint or express his astonishment, that of the Abbé Siéyes, or the lady's countenance; the group formed a perfect picture. Genlis recognised me.

" 'It is the Marquis de ———,' said he to Siéyes, 'a gentleman of excellent family. My service to you, Sir,' he continued addressing himself to me; 'you have chosen the best place; it shall not be disputed with you. I certainly did not suppose that my prediction would be so soon realized.'

" After uttering this sally, he bowed to La Dubreuil, quietly took off his dressing gown, and went away.

" 'Sir,' I called out to him, 'shall we meet to-morrow?'

" He turned back.

" To what purpose,' he said; 'you appear to have the best claim to the lady's affections. I endured a friend, (pointing to Siéyes;) I am delighted to meet an acquaintance. Farewell, Marquis, I beg you not to disturb your-

self. As for the Abbé, you must look to yourself; those Abbés are never immaculate. Now, my dear Siéyes, let us retire together.

“Siéyes, who was bursting with rage, allowed himself to be led away like a child, without uttering a word. I watched his looks, and had no difficulty in perceiving that he would bear me a grudge.”

CHAPTER III.

The important mission, a story of 1814—Biography of an honest man—Pauline—A statue—Napoleon in the island of Elba—Singular conversation between a hero and a young man—Autograph opinion of Napoleon respecting Barras—Colonel de Ribes and General Sabatier—Officers in the island of Elba—The emperor's opinion of Talleyrand, Fouché, and other personages of the Imperial court—Napoleon's return from the island of Elba—Mademoiselle Raucourt the actress—Her funeral—Anecdote of a parish of Paris—Napoleon's sign of the cross—Fouché wishes to discover my secret—Marchangy—Fouché in a third story—Marchangy again—The 21st January of the year 1815—The regal crown buried in the vaults of St. Denis—A singular omen—Cardinal de Beausset and Cambacérès—The perfect Desmousseaux—The criminal bearings—A female sleep-walker—A physician—M. Mialhe—Human pride—The island of St. Louis and the gambling house, an anecdote—The two quadruples, an anecdote.

THE year 1814 was drawing to a close. We had reached the 31st of December: I was invited by note, to attend an ex-functionary of high rank, and was there informed that an intelligent person was wanted who would consent to undertake a journey to Italy, and that I had been fixed upon for that mission. Circumstances of a personal nature led me to give, on the instant, a positive refusal. Accordingly, I heard no more of it; such indeed, was my wish, apprehensive as I was that if, after being entrusted with the secret, the project should miscarry, its failure might be laid to my charge.

The first individual who spoke to me felt thwarted at my answer, for he had been long acquainted with me, and knew how much I could be relied on. I observed his disappointment and said to him:

"I greatly regret my inability to meet your wishes; but I have many motives for remaining in France. Though unacquainted with the particulars of this mission, I can well understand its importance, and, if you felt inclined to repose the same confidence in the person I could propose to you as you would in myself, be assured you would not be disappointed."

"This is no child's play," was the reply.

"Therefore, I would not substitute a mere page in my stead, but a man of about twenty-five years old, of obscure birth, but of a lofty character, who has risen by his own merit, and like us both, is an enthusiastic admirer of our Emperor."

I passed such encomiums on our friend, that ——— consented to receive him: men of superior abilities do not long escape notice. The great personage perceived how much might be expected from one of his stamp, and no longer hesitated to confide in him. I had laid down as a condition that nothing should be imparted to me until after the event, and I perseveringly insisted on the performance of this engagement. But, as every thing was related to me at a subsequent period, I feel at liberty to make the reader acquainted with what naturally falls within the scope of the *Evenings of Cambacérés*.

Although it has been denied that there ever existed, in Paris, a general council actively engaged in effecting the return of Napoleon Bonaparte from his banishment in the island of Elba, I am enabled to affirm, that such a council was organized almost immediately after the Emperor's departure from France. I knew, and have conversed, with all its members. I could name them, but I abstain from doing so. They have been unwilling to remove the veil which conceals them from view; I therefore respect my oath. I may, however, state that this committee actively exerted itself during all the latter part of 1814 and the two first months of 1815. It extended its communications to the provinces, instituted in every district inferior committees, distinct one from another, and having no cognizance of what was doing in higher quarters.

The superior council had occasion to open a direct communication with Napoleon Bonaparte in December 1814.

Since I must state the fact, — who was a member of it, and with whom I was well acquainted, and for many years on terms of the most friendly intercourse, cast his eyes upon me. The other members, who knew in what manner my connexion with the Empire had terminated, deemed the choice a most suitable one, and my former chief was authorized to sound my intentions. He felt disappointed at my decisive and prompt refusal, and expressed the deepest concern, which I partly removed by presenting — to my noble friend; for a plebeian born may be a man of noble bearing; and I am one of those who deem nobility to consist in honourable feelings rather than in parchment records.

At the early age of eighteen, my friend had been appointed to an inferior post, in which he demeaned himself in so courageous and disinterested a manner, that his superiors gave him an appointment in one of the public offices where he continued to rise. At twenty-five years of age, he was offered by M. de Polignac, who had just effected his escape, an appointment to a prefecture, provided he would betray the imperial government, by forwarding to the Allies the despatches of Napoleon that might pass through his hands; and another agent offered, besides that high bribe, a sum of three hundred thousand francs. My friend stamped his reply on the face of the dastardly tempter.

No sooner did the restoration take place, than this upright man was discharged. He was left with his young family, poor, virtuous and with unsullied honour. I no sooner stated what was required of him, than he comprehended my meaning. His wife and children presented themselves to *** to whom I introduced them. He received his instructions, departed, traversed Lyons, crossed the Alps, journeyed on by land, and reached Leghorn. There resided in that town a poor young man to whom I had been of some service during my residence there; he had requested I would afford him an opportunity of testifying his gratitude, when an opportunity should offer. I sent Theodore to him, whom he received as he would myself, procured him the means of crossing over to the Island of Elba, unknown to the spies of the French police, who were

stationed at Leghorn, notwithstanding what has been asserted to the contrary.

Thanks to Angelo Giovanni, Theodore felt no apprehension of being discovered. He landed at Porto Ferrajo, under the name of an Englishman going to visit the great man. He had been previously announced; his arrival was, therefore, expected. The Princess Borghese, who was at that moment with her brother, came to receive him. He appeared before her with a graceful, lively, but reserved deportment; and, in spite of all her endeavours, never would consent to deliver his despatches or utter a single word, until he had seen the Emperor.

The lovely Princess took a pride in attempting to answer him. She resorted to the artifices of her fascinating coquetry, though without forfeiting her dignity. Her address was all in vain; she was baffled by the unshaken fidelity of the young diplomatist. Accordingly she said, when speaking of him to the Emperor—

“He is not a man, but a marble statue.”

Napoleon's curiosity being excited, he fixed upon the hour of midnight for the secret audience. “Oh! my dear friend,” said Theodore, as he related to me this important episode of his diplomatic life,* how can I describe to you my sensations when I found myself on the point of appearing in the presence of my sovereign in misfortune? My heart beat with a violent pulsation, my eyes filled with tears, I was suffocated by the contending feelings which agitated my soul!

“At last, Count Bertrand, Grand Marshal of the palace, made his appearance, and led me to the saloon where I was to meet Napoleon.

“A few lights illumined a moderately-sized apartment, where a display of gorgeousness had been attempted, that formed a poor substitute for the immense galleries of the Tuileries. Nevertheless, the palace, where Napoleon resided, became a sanctuary, so adequate was the majesty of that terrestrial god to fill it; he engrossed the attention of all. I entered in a perfect tremor; a feeling of awe overpowered me. He was standing bareheaded, and was dressed

* First fragment of my friend's Memoirs

in a green frock, with no other ornament than two epaulettes surmounted with an imperial crown above the initial letter N; he was decorated with the plain cross and plate of the legion. I could discover no grand ribands which were perhaps concealed under his close buttoned frock. He wore white small clothes, white silk stockings, and shoes with gold buckles. This was a kind of evening dress, as he had just returned from a party given by his sister.

I noticed, upon some chairs, his hat and grey surtout, both possessing historical renown, and henceforward inseparable from Napoleon. Ah, I was forgetting his goodly sword, which threw Joyeuse and Durandel into the shade.* It hung at his side, and was supported by a plain belt fastened by a costly clasp, a choice present of the Empress-mother, which he had taken that night from its casket, in honour of his august parent. I contemplated, with respect, akin to fear, that broad forehead, those fine eyes which by turns darted the thunderbolt, or drew tears of joy from those on whom they serenely rested, the pure outlines of his admirably shaped mouth, his rosy lips, displaying his white, small, and well formed teeth; his paleness, the effect of anxiety, fatigue, and study. He was trifling with a pair of gloves, of a dark colour, which enhanced the whiteness of hands, the theme of so much praise, so often described, and which a lady might have been proud to own.

There was in his whole appearance something attractive and fascinating, a simple and unaffected dignity, an absolute superiority so manifest to all, that envy itself was fain to acknowledge it. It was obvious that ridicule must overwhelm any one who could ever pretend to be jealous of Napoleon. He had assumed so lofty a station, as to leave between him and the rest of mankind a distance which no glory, no virtue, no renown, could ever fill up or overleap.

He was motionless when I appeared before him. I longed to fall at his feet; and, whilst making the three customary obeisances, I was inclined to violate the etiquette which forbade my kneeling in the presence of Napoleon.

He observed my embarrassment, and it appeared to gratify him. Great men are not averse to manifestations of the

* Joyeuse, the name of Charlemagne's sword; Durandel, the sword of Orlando, that emperor's nephew.

enthusiasm they inspire. He smiled, and I was happy ; his harmonious voice then broke upon my ear.

" You come from France ?"

" Yes, Sire."

" By sea, or land ?

" I came by the way of St. Bernard, where every thing is replete with recollections of the Emperor."

" Those were glorious days !"

" Ah, Sire, come amongst us to renew them. Your people anxiously look for ; your soldiers await with impatience the signal to win fresh victories."

He smiled, and said :

" Everything in its proper time. Well, what is thought in France of the Bourbons ?"

" They do not understand us ; and those who serve them multiply their errors. They are not hated ; they do no harm. They desire the welfare of all ; but the remembrance of you has spread so dazzling a light, that it obscures them from our view, and no doubt prevents our appreciating their value."

" Yes, I comprehend you ; they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. . . And the Chambers, what is said of them ? The peerage, what opinion is entertained of it ?"

" It is composed of names mostly unknown, though ancient. But they have lost their primitive lustre, and which have not been tempered anew by modern glory : for the rest—the most conspicuous portion appertains to the senate."

" They will serve the King, as they served me, faithfully, devotedly, until his downfall."

The motion of my lips indicated that I understood the bitterness of the remark. Napoleon's countenance brightened up.

" You are young ; you only believe in heroism. A day may come when, like the rest, you will calculate the price for which well earned fame may be bartered."

" Ah, Sire."

" Yes, I knew your reply to the English general. It will be commemorated in history ; and, if ever I return, a painting shall perpetuate its remembrance—men of your stamp are scarce."

"They are not courtiers."

"In this they are in fault. Why, if so devoted to their prince, do they keep aloof instead of sympathizing with his errors and failings? Virtue is austere and intractable; it is the only beauty we behold with repugnance."

"Oh that I could have ventured to praise in his hearing, this beautiful expression!"

"Have you seen the Arch-Chancellor?"

"Every day, Sir."

"And d'Aigrefeuille? I hear he has put even his knife and fork in mourning."

"Sir, the joke is unmerited. M. d'Aigrefeuille is an honourable, inoffensive, amiable man. The prince is gifted with distinguished qualities. Your confidence constituted his glory; he is sincerely attached to you."

"Sir, you compliment others without seeking praise for yourself; this is unusual. Are you candid? what is thought of me?"

"The ungrateful, the selfish, and the imbecile, heap insults upon you; the royalists fear you; the rest entertain for your Majesty a feeling beyond admiration."

The Emperor, eagerly, "Pray, what may it be?"

"Affection."

"How! The French regard me as they would a mistress! Well, be it so. I have certainly been as a father to them; calumniators alone have called me their tyrant. Let the nation in a body be questioned; does it hate me?"

"Sir, the people are clamorous for the return of their Emperor."

"The nobility is not in my favour."

"Not the majority, Sir; but some nobles, and those the most active of all."

"Then am I the monarch of the rabble?"

This was not uttered without a degree of bitterness; the question was an embarrassing one.

"The whole army and a host of heroes will not easily be mistaken for a rabble in the eyes of posterity. The majority of learned and literary men, of artists, nearly the whole of the commercial and manufacturing population, the citizens of long standing, the agricultural and labouring classes, who maintain their families by the sweat

of their brows—classes in which deceit and meanness are unknown : they, I apprehend, do not deserve the name of rabble. Lastly, again, the talented and powerful portion of the nobility, the members of the clergy ; all these compose the rabble of which the Emperor is the monarch.”

I happily succeeded in escaping the difficulty that stood in my way. I could read it in the animated expression of his fine and majestic countenance. How proud did I not feel at my good fortune in pouring a balm into one of the wounds of his noble heart !

“ With such a people,” he rejoined, “ I may well dispense with the rest. Sir, I am partial to the nobility, and can affirm that I have found, under the weight of my misfortunes, most fidelity and consolation from its members. I have done nothing for you ; you would derive advantage from betraying me. You have resolved, then, not to be a military man ?”

“ A man may serve his sovereign and his country in any profession. But, Sire, my weakness of sight—I pointed to my spectacles.

“ They caused you to have a contest with my son.”

“ Has your majesty heard of that ?”

“ Madame de Montesquieu related the story, to our great merriment, on the occasion. The people are as devoted to us, as they are uncourteous.”

He then inquired after the Count and Countess Regnaud, several members of the Council of State, Counts Gessendi, Berthier, Quinette, Pelet de la Lozère, de Ferment-Boullay, de Gessac, Daru, and Merlin ; the senators Laplace, Monge, Berthollet, Lanjuinais, Fabre de l’Aude, Pontécoulant, Boissy-d’Anglas, d’Ambarrère, Desmeuniers, Grégoire, (the latter he named with a smile) Chaptel, and de Brissac, whose open defection seemed to have made a deep impression upon him. On this occasion, he did not mention the names of the Prince of Benevento, nor of the Duke of Otranto ; but he added :

“ So Barras, *the Director*, has turned royalist ?”

I mark the word upon which he laid particular emphasis.

“ Yes, Sire.”

“ How becoming in a regicide ! what does he expect to obtain ? Office ? His crime has interposed a river of

blood between him and court favour; he never can leap over it! I understand that he now deals in denunciations against me . . . This is enacting a sorry part . . . I am glad he does so; for France will now learn that *my* enemies were *her* enemies; they only hated me because they foresaw that France and I were one . . . for the rest, I can forgive Barras, his boasting calumnies, his odious falsehoods; but that in order to revenge himself on the man who well knows him, he should assail the honour of a woman, he would deserve to be strangled, if contempt . . .”

“Napoleon paused; he seemed to regret having dwelt so much upon the subject; but a warmth of feeling often gets the better of our prudence. He said no more, but dismissed me with a nod, a kind of brief and haughty salute. I withdrew. As I descended the staircase, one of his attendants ran after me saying, that His Majesty requested I would return at eight the next morning.

It had struck two when I retired to rest. As early as six o'clock, the officers of Napoleon's old guard of *grog-nards* called to awaken me from the slumbers in which I had been indulging. To one of them I was too well known; he might by his babbling disposition have deprived me of the benefit of my incognito, had not his vanity preserved me from that danger. He did not accompany his comrades, alleging that he would not make the first advances to a petty fellow. On my part, bearing in mind his presence in the Island of Elba, I wrote a line to General Cambrone to procure his removal. He was accordingly soon afterwards sent away, I know not where. I thus escaped meeting him. He has since made a brilliant fortune which he contrived to acquire by very petty means.

“The officers of the old guard questioned me on the state of France; they all wished I had been acquainted with their families, that I might have satisfied their inquiries respecting them; they almost wondered I had not applied for letters from their affectionate relatives. The French are really a singular people. They were heartily tired of the Island of Elba. One of them said to me:

“‘What a country, Sir! we can engage in quarrels with nobody; they are forbidden between us; and there is not an inhabitant that would cope with us, so much are we liked by

them. Could the Emperor but lead us into a war with all the world, time would not hang heavy upon our hands.'

"This strange language was uttered with a degree of simplicity as remarkable as the language itself. It appeared quite natural to this officer that he should be led to face the whole world. Napoleon's soldiers admitted the possibility of what was utterly impossible. Time, however, flowed on with its usual rapidity; and I saw the moment drawing near when I was to present myself to His Majesty. I, therefore, requested these gentlemen to excuse my quitting them. They knew whither I was bending my steps, and did not take umbrage at my reluctant rudeness.

"At the appointed moment, I ascended to the palace. It was a modest pavilion, of indifferent appearance, which nevertheless contained a gigantic being. Napoleon no longer wore his costume of the previous night. He was dressed in a purple coloured silk morning gown, loose trousers, furred slippers (it was winter); a handkerchief, evidently of English manufacture, was wrapped round his head; and apparently great care had been bestowed on his head dress. When I entered, he was sipping a cup of coffee. He greeted me with his fascinating smile.

"I was questioned respecting the island, as if I had had leisure to examine it; and, as I knew what he aimed at, I answered as if I had inspected it in all its details. Nothing was easier for me. One of your uncles, M. de Ribes, a Colonel of artillery and director of fortifications, who died a commander of the legion of honour, had resided many years in the island. He it was who placed it in a state of defence, assuredly without suspecting that he was at work for the Emperor. That worthy officer, one of whose nephews, the lieutenant-general of artillery Baron Sabatin, justly ranks, at the present day, amongst our modern renowned characters, had often spoken to me of *Porte Ferrajo* and *Porte Leghorn*. The proximity of *Leghorn*, moreover, where I had sojourned, had supplied me with such information as prevented my being at a loss to answer the Emperor's questions. He was so much pre-occupied that he had forgotten the lateness of the hour at which I had left him on the preceding night. This subject, however, hav-

ing been soon exhausted, he abruptly changed it, and, fixing upon me his eagle eyes :

“ ‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ in what estimation is the Prince de Benevento held ?

“ ‘ His name will henceforward be deemed unlucky. The people, who only judge by appearances, connect with it the idea of a traitor, an apostate.’

“ ‘ He is indebted to me for his life, on three occasions, I ought to have had him hanged, but could not obliterate from my memory the services he formerly rendered me. The Bourbons owe him a fine oblation. Marmont’s guilty defection no doubt did me much harm ; but I have been destroyed by the intrigues of that vile priest. I ought, in my judgment of him, to have been guided by his previous conduct. No priest, who forsakes his order, is entitled to confidence or credit. Licentiousness alone impels him. No man relinquishes the service of the altar to lead an anchorite’s life ; he does so for the exclusive purpose of indulging his worldly passions. That man has laid hold of my crown, which was still firmly fixed upon my head, and transferred it to the Bourbons. I advise them to treat him well, for should he be set aside, he will not fail to revert to his intrigues, and negotiate with me or with any other who may first present himself.’

“ I listened to this angry philippic, of which I am softening the expressions, and which I should have suppressed altogether but that I wish to render a faithful account of the Emperor’s conversation. I listened, I repeat, with emotion. Napoleon’s voice was at that moment a voice of thunder. He paused, and then, by a sudden transition, thus continued :—

“ ‘ The King pursued an unwise policy. Is it prudent in him to prevent the residence of the Duke of Orleans in France ? All discontented people will go over to him ; the wreck of my party will be the first to do so. Silly republicans will flatter themselves that he will re-enact his father’s part ; but he will do his best to deceive them all, and very justly so. You will see that if Benevento becomes dissatisfied he will ere long court that Prince, and some fine morning . . . but I am at hand ; I shall find out and unmask the cunning fox. I am acquainted with all his tricks,

his plots, the characters he has assumed. Should I ever return to France, I will deprive him of all means of subsistence, and, if he conspires, it will be at a distance What of Fouché ?

"He remains quiet.

"That man has surprised me. I expected that, as soon as the Bourbons returned, he would make a bustle, boast of his numberless acts of treachery towards me, his correspondence with Hartwell, which was carried on for years, take credit for the protection he granted to the Faubourg St. Germain, to my prejudice for my persecutions :—that he would cast obloquy upon me, and calumniate me, in order to screen himself. Nothing of this occurred. The wretch has demeaned himself well, with at least apparent reserve, moderation, and generosity. Nevertheless, I perceive where he inflicts a wound. Well ! I cannot punish him, and, to complete the deception, he compels me to speak his praise in your hearing.

"The Emperor here indulged in a hearty laugh. Assuredly, kindness predominated in his character. He then inquired of me if I had seen Fouché.

"Yes, Sire, at the residence of Prince Cambacérès, and in company with Carnot, amongst others.

"Oh ! Carnot !" said he with a thrill. The Philopœmen, the Cincinnatus of the revolution, with his word too much !*—a bar of iron which breaks, but never bends. He has a capacious but a stern mind. He has all the qualities which supply the want of genius, and which even shrewd men often mistake for talent. His conduct of late has been admirable. He assuredly will not keep aloof if fortune takes me by the hand, and the French people recall me. Mark me, Sir, my wishes would be gratified if the nation, dismissing the Bourbons, without hurting a hair of their heads, should, through its deputation, desire my return, and if, on landing for the second time on the shores of Provence, I were greeted by the general applause of a population eager to receive me.

"Every thing," observed I, "convinces me that the Emperor's wishes would be realized, were he spontaneously

* The Regicide vote.

to show himself to the people. The circumstance most fatal to the cause of the Bourbons, during the revolution, was that their emissaries and not themselves were seen. Had one of the princes of that house landed in La Vendée, he might have overturned the Directory."

"Very true; Henry IV conquered, because he attended to his interests in person. Yes, the master's hand and eye . . . We shall see."

The Emperor then commissioned me to convey expressions of kindness to Count Regnaud in particular, adding that he would have felt gratified at seeing him.

I took upon myself to apologize for Count Regnaud, and observed to the Emperor, that he was too closely watched to withdraw himself from Paris without attracting the vigilance of the police; that, on his return, he would have to expect every species of persecution and insult, and imprisonment itself. Napoleon's reserve gave way, on this occasion, to a burst of imprudent language.

"Be it so, then; let Regnaud remain quiet; it shall not be long."

I feigned to be absorbed in thought, and pretended not to notice this remark. Napoleon told me to hold myself in readiness for my departure at the approach of night. I was to embark on board a Sardinian vessel, which would land me at Genoa. Having contemplated returning by land, this interfered with my plans; but I was silent, and took my leave. Napoleon condescended, at the moment of my departure, to convey to me through Count Bertrand a gold snuff box with his initials set in diamonds. This present was never brought to France; and I shall have to relate under what circumstances I was compelled to part with it.

I proceeded to take the commands of the Princess Borghese for Paris. Her anger was not yet allayed; and I could not but reflect on my unlucky star, which, after the lapse of a year, and nearly in the same spot, had embroiled me with the two eldest sisters of Napoleon, those who were most beloved by him.

Giovanni insisted upon following me to Genoa. We had scarcely got on board the slender felucca, and reached the open sea, when a sudden storm, a perfect hurricane,

drove us to the coast of Italy, and we were reluctantly compelled to put into Leghorn. I took advantage of this accident, and of the week's delay, which the master of the vessel solicited, to resume the project I had first had in view. I saw, for the second time, the singular town of Pisa, with her magnificent quays on the Arno, her marble bridges, her small but elegant palaces. I again satisfied myself that the reclining tower is a caprice of the architect, an object to annoy the eye, which was at that time considered as a proof of genius, but which pure taste will always condemn.

I revisited the admirable Campo Santo, with its old and singular paintings by Giotto, Bufalmaco, Orgagna or Arcagno, and all those masters who flourished at the revival of art, so sublime in their simplicity. How great is the distance between those poetical works so pure, so full of thought, and the ridiculous imitations of modern incapacity, which aspires at promoting art, whilst checking its progress. Could the old masters have studied the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Raphael, of Leonardo, and of Correggio, they would have smiled at the folly of those who, instead of imitating such great masters, could rest satisfied with Cimabue's imperfect productions.

I always experience fresh delight at beholding the cathedral, with its architectural style of three or four different epochs, as well as the Baptistery, and the square of the Knights of St. Stephen, their church and pale. Tower of Ugolino, as I contemplated thee by moonlight, methought I heard the expiring yells of that father still breathing amidst the corpses of his children, the victims of hunger. Oh, Dante! how absurd and insipid, in comparison with thy Inferno, does every romantic production appear!

As I passed over the Serchio, I recalled to mind the time when you crossed it wounded, downcast, suffering, and absorbed by heart-rending thoughts. The name of Viareggio, that obscure suburb, henceforward joined to the escutcheon of your arms, will remain with that of Leghorn; the war-cry of your descendants. I saw Pietra-Santa (which reminded me of the foolish and mean revenge taken of you by the Grand Duchess Eliza), Sarzanne, Lerichi, la Magra, which the spell of the Emperor's name made you break through, in 1813, as if by magic.

I went round the Gulf of Spezzia, which we had formerly seen occupied by the imperial troops, who defended the approaches to it, and which was now covered with vessels from England, whose cabinet was endeavouring to procure the important grant of it in full sovereignty from the Congress of Vienna.

That Congress gave great uneasiness to Napoleon; he apprehended that some despotic measure encroaching upon his liberty, would emanate from it. He had named the subject to me in this point of view, and inquired of me what was the public opinion respecting it. I only knew what could be learned through the newspapers, whilst he had before him the letter of Prince Eugene, whose correspondence was of far greater value than the scanty knowledge I possessed.

A propos of Prince Eugene, I was the first who made known to Europe his heroic letter to the Emperor Alexander. I procured from the Arch-Chancellor, during the hundred days, a copy of it. From that copy many others were afterwards transcribed; that amongst the rest which the Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro, so gracefully enclosed in one of the two vases of Sevres porcelain, ornamented with portraits of Prince Eugene, and of ———, which he presented to his noble and virtuous consort, the daughter of that Prince, who has conferred immortal honour upon the French name.

From Spezzia, I descended into the delightful and perfumed plain of Chiavari, a perfect Eden, a favoured corner of nature, and which, in default of his own country, the wise man would select for his abode. At last I entered Genoa, that city of marble and gold, ever brilliant, ever decked out as for a festival, the pride of the Mediterranean, one of the gems of Italy, the favoured abode of mirth and pleasure. Go where I may, I shall ever remember the impression which Genoa made upon my mind, and which death alone can efface. I here parted from Angelo with the deepest regret; each of us has since pursued his career, not without recalling respectively to mind the friend we should no longer meet with. Life is a perpetual scene of taking leave of those we love. The road then led me to Sestri di Penente, and to Savona, where you had been sent on a mission to

the Holy Father, Pius VII. I sighed at the retrospect of that period when every thing smiled around me, and continued my journey by Albenga, Final, Villefranche, Menton, Monaco, and Nice.

Having re-entered France by the Var, without experiencing any obstacle in crossing the Frontier, I felt eager to revisit Cannes, Lesterelle, Fréjus-leduc, Toulon, the defiles of Ollioueles, Aubagne, Marseilles, Avignon, Orange; Valence, Vienne and Lyons; then, passing through upper Burgundy, I returned to Paris one month after I had left it.

It was three o'clock in the morning, when I entered that former capital of Europe. I could not but feel impatient to go home, but I wished first to relieve myself of the despatches of which I was the bearer. I accordingly hurried to ———, whom I awoke in affright from a peaceful slumber. The sybarite reproached me for my over eagerness, I chid him in return. He begged my pardon, and was lavish in such expressions of thanks as I hoped to have well earned; I then left him to enjoy his repose, and received an appointment from him for the following day, the 9th or 10th of January. I cannot but retain a vivid recollection of it. I have adopted a strange mnemonic arrangement, to assist my memory, which, were I to make it known, would provoke laughter; but experience now tells me how impossible it is to disguise any thing where we affix our name to an historical production.* * * * *

The month of January 1815 was fruitful in remarkable events. The first was an occurrence consequent upon the death of a woman notorious by her ill conduct, from her earliest youth. The Memoirs of Bachaumont, the Secret Correspondence, the Correspondence of Grimm, and of La Harpe, the *Nouvelles à la main*, the English spy, all publications, in short, which record the scandalous adventures of the latter half of the XVIIIth century, exhibit a frightful picture of Mademoiselle Raucourt. Her character is stamped with the most shameless profligacy. Her tall and handsome figure called to mind, when on the stage, the traditional descriptions of some of our most celebrated actresses.

* Here ends the first fragment of my friend's unpublished memoirs.

She usually performed in tragedy, but, at the same time, possessed consummate talent for comedy ; she was, however, wanting in genius.

Mademoiselle Raucourt pretended to be a royalist, which proved no bar to her serving the members of the imperial family. She directed, for a long time, the Milanese and Neapolitan theatres, and hastened to Paris at the restoration. She performed at the Comédie Française, but age, ill-health, and the trials inseparable from an adventurous career, terminated her life, at the close of 1814.

She expired in the parish of St. Roch, adjoining the Tuileries, on the 16th of January 1815. M. Marduel, the vicar, who had fallen into the error, in her life time of presenting to her the consecrated bread, which, as his parishioner, she requested, refused to render the last honours to her remains. He had apprized the inferior authorities of the circumstance ; and the hearse, on leaving the abode of the deceased, took the road to Père La Chaise. A party of actors, who were on the spot, together with a multitude of half-pay officers, resisted its passing the church. They resorted to violent means, and the coffin was carried into St. Roch.

An order was given to shut the doors, the principal entrance was closed, but the side doors escaped notice.—Through these the crowd obtained admittance ; after profaning the sacred edifice by every impious and sacrilegious act, their fury increased, and they threatened to resort to still greater violence. Some more turbulent than the rest recommended that the mob should proceed in a body to the Tuileries. Never was a revolution nearer at hand.—The ministers being assembled at the palace, spoke at first of adopting energetic measures, and ended, according to custom, by truckling. I beg pardon of my reader for the vulgarity of a term, which, however, well describes the state of things. The men of the restoration, whose incapacity exceeded all bounds, were so apprehensive of preventing the King from enjoying undisturbed repose (*dormir sur l'une et l'autre oreille*, according to Abbé de Montesquiou's expression), that they brought royalty into discredit, and rendered it despicable to men, in whose eyes it was merely a temporary prop.

One individual only recommended resistance. This

was the chief secretary of the home department. He spoke of nothing but hanging, shooting, and firing grape shot. The gallows, imprisonment, or the galleys, were words constantly in his mouth. He even considered these as inadequate assistants to a government. But he stood alone in his opinion. The trifling Dandr , director of the general police, the Abb  de Montesquiou who was frightened at a fly, the Count de Blacas, (well aware at that time, of his incapacity, though apprehensive lest an opportunity should present itself for manifesting it) agreed upon the plan of inducing the King to yield to the wishes of the mob.

Instead, therefore, of sending troops to drive from St. Roch the rioters whose impieties were reviving the most disgraceful saturnalia, an officer of the King's household brought to the rector, M. Marduel, a peremptory order to comply with the wishes of the populace. When the rector found himself thus deserted, he was panic struck, and caused a solemn service to be performed amidst the obscene songs and frightful blasphemies which echoed through the sacred building.

I reached the residence of Prince Cambac r s at an early hour. The commotion had not yet subsided; the neighbourhood of the Rue St. Honor  was filled with animated groups, intermingled with a few patrols of the national guard who silently moved in the midst of them.

"What news do you bring?" said the Prince when he saw me.

Nothing very material, Monseigneur, except that the people have attempted to try their strength with the court.

"Well!"

The people may, when they please, excite a commotion; they have no obstacle to apprehend from the court.

"Do you think so?"

Every thing proves it. Oh! if they had seen this morning a marshal of France, even a lieutenant-general coming amongst them, with five or six aides-de-camp, they would have placed themselves under his command, and, happen what may, would have marched forward. Would you believe, Monseigneur, that your name was pronounced in my hearing?

"Heavens! and with what view?"

As a banner round which the people would rally.

"Sir," replied the Prince with trepidation far too sincere to have been assumed, "I neither can nor will figure in a riot. This ill becomes me. I will instantly write to Count de Blacas in order to clear myself of suspicion."

I had great difficulty in removing the impression which my language had created. I assured him at last that a young man alone had said, addressing himself to me:—

"We should send for Prince Cambacérès, and be guided by his advice."

"What did you reply?" inquired the Prince with intense anxiety.

That Your Serene Highness was a martyr to the gout and to bodily infirmities, and no longer resided in Paris: that, in short, you were travelling abroad.

"You are a valuable friend," said the Prince; "you managed admirably well."

Monseigneur, another name was far more generally mentioned.

"Which name?"

That of the Duke of Orleans.

"Oh! Oh! . . . he is a worthy, prudent, regular, economic Prince, who took a share in the revolution, and is willing to give pledges to all parties. Do you pay him your court?"

No, Monseigneur. The Bourbons rejected my services; I have resolved to keep aloof.

Familiar friends now dropped in. Each one brought his own anecdote. We concluded, from all we could collect, that, could the ardent Bonapartists have foreseen the result of the imprudent conduct of the rector of St. Roch, they would have turned it to better advantage.

"What then?" said the Prince addressing himself to each by turns, "are we standing on a volcano that is undermining us? is the ground giving way beneath us?"

Fouché likewise made his appearance: he was taciturn, had seen nothing, heard nothing; but he questioned the whole company. He enacted his part admirably well, affected astonishment at all he heard, and reminded us that

this rector and his uncle bore the same name, which led pious unenlightened women to say :—

“The parish is fortunate; the Marduels have been officiating in it from father to son, for upwards of eighty years.”

Now, the former Marduel, almost immediately after the concordate, had deemed it his duty to refuse christian burial to Chameroy the opera dancer. The First Consul, by means of the archbishop of Paris, the venerable Cardinal du Belley, caused the rector of St. Roch to be sent into retirement at the seminary for three months; and he remained suspended for that space of time from all rectorial functions. The archbishop even wrote, with his own hand, a note which was inserted in all the public papers, and in which, whilst he severely condemned the conduct of the Abbé Marduel, he extolled the wise tolerance of the minister of St. Thomas d'Aquin, who had consented to undertake the task of interring the opera dancer.

“I recollect,” said the Prince, “that the day after that singular occurrence, Monge ventured to say it was a quarrel between one set of players and another. I must own I would not have been in Monge's place at that moment. Bonaparte treated him with unparalleled harshness and acrimony. He levelled him with the dust, and for two or three years gave him indications of his displeasure. He was unbending on this subject, and has repeatedly said, in my hearing :—

“He is a bad citizen who undermines the religious faith of his country. All religions may, perhaps, be substantially good; but certain it is, that all come in aid of the governing power, and are the essential basis of morality. In the absence of religion, I can discover no inducement to be virtuous. I desire to live and die in mine; nothing is more painful to me than the hideous spectacle of an old man dying like a dog.

“The Emperor is sincerely religious. Desmarests, one of my subordinate agents, has assured me, that at the moment when he was informed of the conspiracies which Pichegru, Georges, and Moreau, were hatching, and finding his life preserved, owing to their unexpected discovery, he returned thanks to Heaven, by a rapid and very signifi-

cant sign of the cross. Desmarets, who is still alive, may be questioned on the subject, and will confirm my assertion.*

The Duke of Otranto's statement struck us with astonishment. The conversation was kept up on the same subject. Other visitors came in; our meeting bore the appearance of an evening assembly; and, whether owing to instinct, to anticipation, or to mere chance, although Prince Cambacérès was not in any degree carried away by the affected zeal of those who were thus courting the rising sun, he might occasionally have fancied himself restored to the glorious days of his former splendour.

†I was in a corner of the apartment with Marchangy, whom I have until now delayed introducing upon the scene, when I heard my name pronounced by the Duke of Otranto. I quickly turned round, when, coming up to me, he made some unmeaning inquiries respecting a resident of Toulouse, who would assuredly feel surprised were I to mention him; but, as he has done me some injury, and as Fouché's question proved beyond a doubt that this petty provincial nobleman had belonged to the imperial police, a circumstance which may have escaped his recollection, I abstain from fixing upon him so odious a stigma.

For the rest, this was but a prelude to what was to follow, as I found on a moment's reflection, for the Duke almost immediately added:

"You are just come from Toulouse?"

I saw what he aimed at, and, keeping on my guard, replied in the affirmative.

"How is my friend the Primate? Has he given you no token of remembrance for me?"

"The Lord Primate, a count, a senator, and Archbishop of Toulouse, was a worthy venerable prelate. His episcopal conduct since 1800 made amends for his past errors. The attachment of his flock, his unbounded charity, his modesty, gentleness, and affability, proved what would be

* M. Desmarets has recorded in his *Memoirs* this decisive and characteristic fact.

† I here insert a second fragment of my friend's *Memoirs*. Its reference to Fouché renders it appropriate in this place.

the extent of our loss when he might be removed from us. He was succeeded by the former Bishop of Chalons, M. de Clermont-Tonnerre, the very type of self-sufficiency, of ridiculous pride. A man who affected to retain the manners of certain prelates of the old régime.

"As I had not come from Toulouse, I could not have seen my lord the Primate. The official falsehood hesitatingly escaped my lips, when the Duke of Otranto said with a smile :

"You must needs, then, although just arrived from Toulouse, be content to receive news of your Archbishop from me."

I was put out of countenance, and silenced by this remark, and Fouché continued :

"Everything is known, and to more persons than myself; you have been seen at Lyons, Turin, Bologna, Florence, Leghorn, *in the Island*, at Pisa, Genoa, Nice, Toulon, and Marseilles."

There was not a word of truth in this allegation; but Fouché was such an adept in the functions of minister of police, that he thought proper to throw dust in the eyes of so insignificant a person as I was, by attempting to make me believe that he still had numerous, active, well-informed agents in the principal towns of Italy, and likewise in the other cities of Europe. He might, possibly, have been apprized of my mission. * * * was at that time guilty of indiscretion, as I shall presently have occasion to show by relating an anecdote, which will reveal by what strange means chance had brought us into contact. Instead, therefore, of expressing my surprise, admiring the Duke's penetration, or his talent in detecting what was carefully kept from his knowledge, I coldly replied :

"Monsieur le Duc will allow me to assure him that I am no Œdipus, and am accordingly at a loss to unravel enigmas."

"Fouché fixed upon me a look of surprise, rather than of displeasure, and said :

"Where do you reside ?"

"In the rue Chabannais."

"Would it, also, be indiscreet on my part to inquire what is the earliest hour of your leaving home ?"

VOL. II.—I.

"About noon."

"Would you, then, be at home at seven?"

"Yes, and probably the only one up at that hour, for it would not be daylight; and I go to work without disturbing my servants or my family."

"Agreed, then; I shall be with you to-morrow morning at seven."

Had any one else intimated such an intention considering his age, his rank, and his functions, I should have requested permission to wait upon him; but we all have our antipathies—the Duke of Otranto ever was mine. I could state the cause, and reveal a frightful, atrocious fact. But I am pledged to silence, and, however prejudicial to myself may be my reserve, my pen shall never raise the veil which conceals the knowledge of the appalling secret.

Persons of weak memories may possibly have forgotten the deep impression made upon penetrating minds by the commotion which broke out around the coffin of an old actress. If I may borrow a comparison adapted to the subject, I should say the affair resembled those whistlings, which in dramatic representations denote some sudden and striking change of scene. The spectators bend forward, and, with staring eyes, with breathless anxiety and impatience, anticipate an enchanted palace, a rose bower, the infernal regions, or even the celestial abode! Well, then, on this rebellious outbreak so unexpectedly occurring in the very face of Europe in arms, and amidst the loud echo of protestations of fidelity and attachment, all looked at one another, and equivocally exclaimed with anxious inquiring looks:

Good Heavens! is the edifice so recently reared up already on the verge of destruction? It appears, even now, to be tottering to its foundation!

All this I witnessed in the aspect of the various circles of Parisian society. We were prepared, from that moment, for an impending catastrophe; that of the 20th March accordingly took us less by surprise than would otherwise have been the case. The charm was broken.—The Bourbons were as vulnerable as others; it thus became an easy task to dethrone them.

To revert, then, to what occurred on that evening. Mar-

changy drew nearer to me; he also had something to communicate. He was dissatisfied; they undervalue his talent, and his eloquence, which were really of a superior order, when he did not aim at singularity. That error, led him into neologism and affectation, which rendered his prose somewhat ridiculous. With this exception, his style was harmonious, elegant, profound, and at time picturesque. He could adapt his language to his subject, soften it at pleasure, and he would doubtless have reached the highest eminence, had he not been bewildered by that inordinate ambition, which ultimately caused his death. I shall have to return to him when publishing my *Memoirs*, in which he will act a conspicuous part. It will be painful to me to have to exhibit him as a far less disinterested royalist than he affected to be, at the close of his life; for I shall have to represent him in his real character.

He followed me when I quitted Prince Cambacérès' party, and, when we both reached the street, he addressed me in these words:

"I was not aware of your being on terms of intimacy with the Duke of Otranto. You are a fortunate man; you know all the world."

"Can you," I replied, "mean this language for me, stranger as I am to every one, whilst you are in habits of intercourse with the old and new régimes?"

"Alas, I have much to contend with ere the new régime will adopt me, wanting as I am in what levels all difficulties; I am not a noble."

"Why, good Heavens! of what use can nobility be?"

"Of none, when we possess it; of every use when we have it not."

"The meaning of which is—"

"That a nobleman is on a level with the greatest and wealthiest, and, although he makes no boast of it, his name, as soon as it is known, is sufficient to ensure to him a welcome reception. We, on the contrary, must give proofs of our merit, our talents, and our acquirements; this can only be the work of time and exertions. Should you happen to name me, you will be asked who I am? Mention, on the contrary, the silliest of the M..., it will not be inquired whether he be clever or stupid; his name will secure to

him the first rank, and in defiance of utter nonentity he will never altogether forfeit it. How useful for instance, has it not been to you all, during Napoleon's reign, to have been men of birth. Often have I read these words, after names inserted in degrees of appointment : 'son of an old magistrate, of an old general officer.' This was often the only recommendation of the person chosen ; and Napoleon himself consented to acknowledge its value. What may we not expect at the present day ? We shall be crushed by every noble lion. I am an advocate for the old régime, meaning that of Napoleon ; for alas ! his must now be called so."

"So much the better ; we will march under the same banner."

"What, you likewise ! I wonder at it ; for the rest, our friendship claims of us that we should stand by each other. I know that endeavours are making to bring back the Emperor."

"I have heard something of the matter."

"Well, then, let us try to ascertain the fact ; and, if we are called upon, what are your intentions ?"

"To wait the coming events."

"You are insincere, I am quite sure of it ; . . . but with the aid of the Arch Chancellor, and of the Duke of Otranto . . ."

"The latter appears to haunt you, for you always return to the subject ; I give you my honour that I hold no intercourse with him."

"Nevertheless, he is to be with you at the early hour of seven in the morning."

"You must have been listening ?"

"Attentively. It is the only way of learning what is going forward."

"Ambitious man !"

"Yes."

"I can assure you, my friend, that I have not the least idea of what he wants with me."

"I shall be with you at nine ; you will tell me—"

"Nothing, or else untruth. His secret, once imparted to me, can no longer become yours."

"Promise to name me to him."

"But you never stirred from his presence in the days of his power. I am quite sure he could describe your inmost sentiments, whilst he can barely spell my name."

We now parted company; he displeased with my reserve, and I lamenting that such splendid, genuine, and brilliant talents should be obscured by his fatal ambition, which, like a canker, slowly preyed upon his mind, and at length utterly destroyed it.

Sleep was almost banished from my couch since I had become a diplomatic courier; my peace of mind had fled; I was apprehensive of informers, of and of the police. I entertained fears for my poor wife, so pure, so virtuous, so prudent, so much a stranger to those frightful politics. She was indisposed, being in an advanced state of pregnancy. Having no greater object of adoration upon earth than her beloved Bourbons, she was ignorant of the cause of my uneasiness, and had imagined my journey to have been connected with private matters. . . . Avoid, my son, whatever may chance to embitter your life, or the happiness of those you love! The wise man, when the storm is raging, contemplates it without plunging into the midst of contending elements. Those to whom we sacrifice ourselves, are seldom grateful to us for the act. Heroism, in a word, is a virtue of dupes; in such a case, however, it is better for you, my son, to be a dupe than a knave.

As the clock struck six, I arose, lighted the candles, and began to write. I wondered at the punctuality of an old ambitious man: the Duke of Otranto made his appearance at seven precisely. The frost, the snow, the piercing chill of the morning, did not deter a personage of his great wealth, and distinguished rank, who already numbered upwards of fifty years, from leaving his home and ascending a fourth story, in order to tear from a young man the secret upon which his fortune and future existence might depend. What could be his object in resorting to this step? I felt perfectly assured he would not impart it to me. But thought I, Monsieur le Duc, we are a match for one another, and I will endeavour to prove to you, that cunning and treachery are frequently outwitted by rectitude and good faith.

The Duke remained standing; I followed his example. Perhaps it was the effect of pride on his part; it proceeded

on mine from politeness. He came at once to the point. He had been informed of the journey I had just performed, of the persons I had seen. He well knew who had given me my instructions, to whom I had brought back despatches on my return, neither was he unacquainted with the contents of those despatches, though they were unknown to me. But he was further anxious to be apprized of what he did not know. He attached great importance to my disclosure. He did not disguise this, and he tempted me by every means calculated to make an impression. He held out as a bait, far greater wealth than I could reasonably expect from the bounty of Providence, thus inflicting a moral torture upon me, for I was no better after all than my fellow-creatures. God, however, supported me, and I extricated myself unsullied from the struggle in which my honour was engaged with so formidable an adversary. Neither did he disguise from me that I might thenceforward consider him in that character.

"Beware," said he, "of the fault you are about to commit. You might have secured to yourself a splendid, I hesitate not in adding, an honourable career. I desire to serve the Emperor; it depends upon you whether I shall do so with advantage. You deny me your confidence; I will punish you for it, and place myself as an obstacle between you and fortune. I am better informed than you are; reflect well."

"Were it possible for me, answered I, to act the part of a traitor, it would be in the cause of the Bourbon family. My father sacrificed his life in their service, and my personal feelings would have led me to follow his example. They rejected me. I return to the cause of Napoleon: so long as he may be in existence, he may henceforward rely upon me. But I am not a barterer of my sentiments. I do not make a traffic of the important interests which it has been thought proper to confide to me; for I divulge nothing. My heart is a closed sepulchre, as you have now proved by the test of experience. I sincerely regret having to deny your request; but you would not fail to praise me, were it your own secret that I was thus strenuously preserving."

"Enact the part of generosity to your heart's content;

you will in six months hence let me know the result.— You are blind to your position, are utterly ignorant of its value, and will at a later period have to regret—”

“Never that I did my duty.”

“How useless is my attempt to bring a young man to the dictates of reason! How can I convey a proper notion of it to one who indulges in idle illusions! Farewell, Sir; let us mutually forget each other. I made a silent bow. He withdrew; I accompanied him, against his will, half way down the stairs, and slowly retraced my steps, happy at having succeeded in resisting him; but in reality almost dead with fright at the treacherous blows this man might inflict upon me. Nevertheless, I composed myself with the reflection, “He will forget me.”

Marchangy arrived at nine.

“Well,” said he, “what news?”

I recollected the epitaph of *La Fontaine*, and replied by this verse :

Jean s'en alla comme il était venu.

“You have displeased the Duke of Otranto?”

“Yes, my dear friend.”

“What folly! Allow me to reconcile you with him. Leave me, with this view, at full liberty to act.”

“Assuredly not; you cannot excuse me. But I find my wife is up; let us to breakfast.”

He eat sparingly, spoke little, and soon left us. He returned the same evening, and proposed that I should take a walk with him to the Palais Royal. I did so, but made my wife accompany us, which was not what he desired. He found me alone next day, took me to task, pointed out to me the great benefit my family would derive from my consenting to confide in the most discreet of men. I am bound to do Marchangy full justice; he was impelled in this business by no other consideration than his attachment for me. As soon as he found that I was inflexible, he also broke off all intercourse with the Duke of Otranto.*

* * * * *

* End of the second fragment of my friend's Memoirs.

We were now entering upon a solemn week. The hallowed remains of King Louis XVI, and Queen Marie-Antoinette, which, after their tragical death, had been deposited in a garden near the Madeleine, were to be removed from that honourable resting place to the vaults of the ancient and sacred abbey of St. Denis. This ceremony interested not the royalists only, but all those who, holding the regicide act in abhorrence, eagerly seized the opportunity of protesting against it, in the face of all Europe.—Our provinces were participating in this religious act, which we were all awaiting with gloomy melancholy. In my mind, it revived the most painful recollections, for, as I have already said, my father was executed on the same scaffold. Such a ceremony had the effect of expiating a host of crimes!

Those, however, who, abusing a negative mandate had self-constituted themselves judges and plaintiffs, in the question, they, as well as their adherents and families, foamed with rage, despair, and pride. They went about vociferating in all directions that the present retribution, gentle as it was in comparison with the crime, was an insult to the whole French nation. They appealed against it to the last will and testament of that monarch whom they had put to death; as if the act of exhuming the dead, a privilege which every child is at liberty to exercise in reference to the remains of his parent, and which is, under no circumstances forbidden by law, should, in this instance, be regarded as a crime.

M. de Châteaubriand has already, in two articles inserted in the *Journal des Débats*, tranquillized timid minds, by pointing out the real motives of the ceremony. A numerous concourse of people, from all parts of the kingdom, came to protest by tears, sobs, and doleful wailings, against that tacit consent to which the judges of the sainted King attached so much importance.

The weather, on the 21st of January, 1815, was extremely cold. The severe frost which had prevailed for several days previously, fully realized the description given by M. de Lormain, who possesses, in a great degree, the harmonious, elegant, and energetic language of Racine and Voltaire:

Et le givre en cristaux, en festons lumineux,
Se suspendait au front des arbres sans feuillages.

A double file of troops, of different corps, extended from the Tuileries to the gates of St. Denis. The national guard, too, was anxious to prove, by its imposing numbers, its abhorrence of a deed which France now stamped with well-merited reprobation.

The populace were peaceable, which is as much as could be expected; the higher classes, dressed in morning, presented a gloomy contrast to the whiteness of the snow, and the trees covered with hoar frost. From the windows were suspended white flags interspersed with sable spots, with black silk or crape draperies, which nearly covered them. An immense drapery hung from the summit of the dome of the Invalides, over one half of the gilded cupola, and waved with the wind. It was a sight at once gloomy and awful, when the breeze agitated this colossal standard, and undulated its numberless folds; it seemed a hideous spectre of death, rising above the lofty pile to contemplate the gloomy and pious ceremony. All the constituted authorities, the members of the courts of law, and of the chambers of peers and deputies, were present in full costume; for the first time, the dignitaries of the King's household were seen in all the splendour of purple and gold.

A numerous body of the clergy, intermingled with the poor, the blind, the infirm, the grandees of the kingdom, the officers of His Majesty's household, the Princes and Princesses, all moved in admirable order: all absorbed in one sublime idea, preceded and followed the hearse.

This hearse, which was a triumphal car, was the realization of all that a brilliant and poetic imagination could conceive; it was at once majestic and mournful, and presented a combination of the pomp of life with the nothingness of death. A regal crown of extraordinary size rose on the top of the moving monument. Each one said, as he beheld its approach. 'Alas! how frail are those proud diadems!'

On a sudden, and as if to admonish the King, the ministers, and the household of the plot which was preparing

in the dark, by the partizans of another legitimacy, (for Napoleon Bonaparte had also his legitimacy,) the rope of a lamp between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue Montmartre, which had not been removed, came in contact with the highest point of the hearse. It became entangled in the crown, shook it, raised it up, and held it suspended for some moments. At length, it fell on the ground, where it was dashed to pieces.

My wife, though indisposed, had insisted upon rendering, by her presence a last homage to a King and Queen so dear to her heart. She was the first to see the fatal and ill-omened accident, and drew my attention to it.

"Oh Heavens!" she exclaimed, "the Bourbons—the poor Bourbons—will once more lose their throne! God preserve the King!" She fainted in my arms. All who were near us participated, more or less, in this emotion. The superstition of forebodings exercises a powerful influence over the sternest hearts. Mournful and silent, uncertain of what I was to think, I was lavishing my attentions upon the royalist so dear to my heart, whilst the procession, detained for a moment in its imposing march, resumed its progress at the shrill and fearful sounds of the doleful tam-tam. The crown was raised from the ground, placed on the hearse, and carried to St. Denis. Owing to some strange inattention, which made a deep impression even on the philosophic mind of Louis XVIII, the crown was lowered into the vault along with the coffin, as if the tomb of Louis XVI, was destined to be the grave of the Bourbon monarchy.

I paid a visit that evening to Prince Cambacérès, who had repaired to St. Denis and assisted at the funeral ceremony. Madame Royale was much affected at this mark of respect, and conveyed her thanks to him through M. de Beausset, the bishop of Alaix, but who was afterwards raised to the rank of Cardinal. He was a man of well-deserved celebrity: a pure, elegant, profound writer, full of tolerance and good nature, austere towards himself, and indulgent to others. His lives of Fénélon and of Bossuet will remain as monuments raised to the glory of the mighty ages. Such prelates reflect credit on the church and the

monarchy; they are an honour to their families and fellow countrymen.

I avail myself of this opportunity of mentioning his eminence Cardinal de Cambacérés, the Prince arch-chancellor's brother, a senator, a peer of France, archbishop of Rouen, grand cross of the legion of honour. He was uncompromising in his resistance to the revolutionary clergy, and he asserted the cause of true religion with all the energy of an Ambrose and an Athanasius; a pious almoner, ever seeking an opportunity of doing good by stealth, and excluding all pomp and display beyond what the dignity of a cardinal required.

Few persons felt themselves sufficiently powerful to hold an argument with Cardinal Cambacérés. I recollect that one evening, at his brother's residence, Baron Desmousseaux, then prefect of Toulouse, a man who possessed no talent, save that of making enemies of all who approached him, having attempted to rally Cardinal de Cambacérés, without a shadow of a motive, was roughly handled by him, and with a degree of bitterness, which I regretted on the poor prefect's account, who was for some time cured of the mania of enacting his accustomed part, that of an ox who plunges headlong into the midst of a procession.

Setting aside this endeavour to displease every one, Baron Desmousseaux was gifted with excellent qualities. He was a worthy parent, an upright man, fond of work though unsuccessful in his efforts. He was, moreover, a rigid moralist, and never permitted the establishment of gaming houses in his prefectures. He who disputed with every body aimed at conciliating the general good will; but he carried such extremes to his propensity for contention that I boldly declared to Count de Montalivet, in 1812, and without fear of being taken at my word, that if there could be found throughout the department of the upper Garonne a single public functionary to whom he had not rendered himself obnoxious, I should consent to acknowledge myself wholly in the wrong.

M. de Montalivet, who was then minister of the interior, was a man possessed of every good quality, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him,—praise the more disinterested on my part, as I had much to complain of him. He

merely replied with a smile that such an inquiry as that above alluded to, should never be instituted at his bidding.

When M. Desmousseaux, on becoming a baron was under the necessity of adopting a coat of arms, he formed it of the component parts of the arms of those provinces in which he had served as a public functionary—the ship of Paris, on the ground of his having been Attorney-General Syndic of that commune in 1792, the *péron* of Liege and the cross of Toulouse, in Upper Garonne. His eldest son, now *maître des requêtes*, and formerly a secretary of embassy at Rome, has fulfilled all the promises he held out in his earlier days. Clever, active, industrious, he will prosper in his career, if true merit meet its due reward.

Can it be possible I should have wandered so far from the evening of the 21st January, and from the Prince Arch-Chancellor's saloon, to which I now return? The company there assembled were deeply imbued with the gloom occasioned by that day's impressions. No voter for the King's death was present. This circumstance was remarked, although in a whisper, and with the courteous forms which are in vogue in high life. Circumstantial details were inquired into, and those who were ignorant of the old court etiquette wondered that Louis XVIII did not attend the funeral of Louis XVI. They were told that the reigning King was never present at a funeral ceremony.

One of the company informed us, that at the moment when His Serene Highness the Duke of Orleans was entering the church, an aged woman, who was standing close to him, exclaimed :—

“ Oh! there is the King.”

She was told of her error.

“ What,” she replied, “ has he not the crown on his head and the sceptre in his hand?”

This strange remark, proceeding from a person very decently dressed, and whose deportment gave no indication of her being mad, led to close scrutiny, and it was observed that her eyes were wide open but fixed and motionless. At this moment, a young man and woman came forward and said :—

“ Gentlemen, this is our aunt, she came here in her sleep ; she is a somnambulist.”

The lady in fact, who was subject to that awful infirmity, was then under the influence of magnetic sleep. She was removed without making the slightest resistance, but the vision, under which she laboured, created great surprise in those who surrounded her.

One of us exclaimed :—

“Where can M. Deleuze be ?”

Another promised to communicate the circumstance to M. de Puységur. For my part, I will acquaint my worthy friend, Mialhe, with a fact which for a considerable time escaped my recollection. Mialhe is an adept in the art of mnemonics. His shrewd spirit of investigation has led him to pursue the most arduous inquiries into the mechanism of our language. He is a physiologist of the first order, whose mind, at once elegant and profound, affords him astonishing power in discussing or explaining. He is a grammarian in the style of those of Port Royal, author of several methods of instruction, and the extensive work he is preparing on the various forms of words will secure to him a reputation which such exalted merit, virtue and modesty always deserve, though occasionally fail to attain.

It were incorrect to say that he merely relaxes into the study of magnetism from his arduous and endless researches ; since he likewise brings a rigid attention to that still unknown branch of science, It is to his pen, his studies and his observations that M. Latour Foissat, a physician, owes all that he has scattered throughout his works respecting somnambulism and magnetism. M. Mialhe handed over the subject to him after having fully prepared it. M. Foissat appears to have lost the recollection of this aid of which it is proper that the public should be apprized. *Suum cuique.*

This affection, this malady of the soul, is singular in its character ; though well worthy of being seriously inquired into, it is deemed more convenient to turn it into ridicule. How are we to admit that so many persons of genuine piety, of rigid morals, of acknowledged scientific acquirements,—men of profound learning, many of them holding an exalted rank in society, and whose superior qualities are admitted by all, should on a sudden, by a strange fatality, become either knaves or blockheads, blind and void of sense, on a

single subject? This cannot be. Now, then, since they have seen and actually believe, what they have described, are we lightly to reject their conviction, and consider their statements under no other aspect than as brilliant inventions with which their religion and gravity contrive to impose upon the public? How can such an assertion be maintained? What! those extraordinary and learned men, so pure, so unaffected, are either madmen or impostors? I am to adopt as positive truths what Haüy, Ampère, or Arago may designate as such; and when Deleuze, Mialhe, or Puységur, men with whose friendship or relationship I am honoured, shall come in their turn to teach me the result of their assiduous labours, of their reiterated experiments, am I to shrug up my shoulders and greet them with a smile of contemptuous pity?

Man is, generally speaking, a strange being in his unbounded pride; whether in the character of a philosopher, a christian, he no sooner fails to understand than he denies. He only admits that of which he can satisfy himself of the accuracy by means of academical calculation. There are, nevertheless, certain evidences to which he must yield assent, though he cannot account for them. He cannot, for instance, comprehend the essence of the Deity; God is, therefore, a chimera. Magnetism to him only appears surrounded with vapours, which conceal its origin; he goes in quest of the latter; but it eludes his grasp. Mesmer is accordingly pronounced to be an imposter, and somnambulism quackery. But man is daily ushered into life; let me be afforded an exact solution of the manner in which he is created. I am powerless to do so; it escapes my search. Say, then, of God and of magnetism in like manner,—they have no existence. Not so; for I witness man's birth.

Proud diminutive man! you admit what strikes your senses, you deny what is hidden from them. Why not act with more caution, and suspend your judgment until you are better informed? This is the course of an upright judge in a matter beset with difficulties; whereas, in the most serious of all, in that which stamps your rebellion as an act of ingratitude towards the Creator, because the latter is elevated above the reach of your weak intellect, you reduce him to nonentity, rather than humble yourself by ac-

knowledging your ignorance. It is painful, I am aware, to avow to one's disciples: 'This exceeds the reach of the master's science;' nevertheless, how much greater weight will attach to the master's words, after so modest an admission!

The science of Mesmer is of recent growth; it is not yet exempt from the attacks of satire and ridicule; nor has it been attempted gravely to deal with it. Each doctor has his prejudices, his scholastic dogmas, which it is difficult to remove. It is alleged that Mesmer and his followers are not in search of truth, but are merely anxious to be considered wonder-workers, and to constitute a sect. Now, what another has said is injurious; let us disregard it. Genius brought us a torch to illumine a newly-opened career: extinguish it; let us feel our way. I will guide your steps.

Such is the secret, but real cause of the obstacles which magnetism has to encounter; but those obstacles must have an end. If the science be a true one, it cannot fail of success. There exist enactments of the parliament of Paris, decrees of the Sorbonne theses of the faculty against the circulation of the blood, and inoculation. Electricity has been turned into a jest; galvanism every way misrepresented; yet time has pursued its onward course. The attacks of the envious, the doubts of the imbecile, have passed away; and we now see the important station which those discoveries hold in the history of science.

But I am wandering very far from the task of a narrator, and presuming to be a professor *ex-cathedra*. I must hasten to doff the doctor's cap, and resign the chair which friendship and a love of truth induced me, for a few moments, to occupy. I return to Prince Cambacérès' saloon, where I met on the same evening, a man of solid merit, whom I had long lost sight of.

After the customary salutations, he said to me;

"I am almost a stranger in the world, for I may say I have but just returned to it."

"Where, then, do you come from?"

"From a distant region, named the Island of St. Louis, at the extremity of the Island of the city."

"In fact," I replied, "you were at no great distance

from the antipodes. How could you dream of taking up your abode in that quarter? None but lovers, who, in order to get rid of each other, have resolved to lead an exclusively domestic life; or some trades-people, the nature of whose business compels them to reside in the Island of St. Louis, or on the St. Bernard's quay."

"Be that as it may," said M. G——, "I have engaged apartments in that delightful quarter, where the air is pure, the view delightful, and householders moderate in their charges."

"Very true; but you are uncommonly distant from your friend."

"It may not perhaps be far enough from a certain house in the Palais Royal."

"What house?"

"Number 113."

"Can you possibly be a gamester?"

"I had become so. One of my friends, who by no means resembles you, for he passes his life at the gaming table, owed me the sum of three thousand francs, which in the present state of my finances was of great consequence to me. As he was anxious to reimburse me, but would not expose himself to run short on a sudden, he offered to pay me by instalments, a proposal which I accepted. He often appointed to meet me at his banker's, (the gaming house.) I went there, and by degrees was led to follow his example. For eight months I indulged in that fatal mania, which threatened to ruin my future prospects. My whole existence was passed at the *roulette* table, and I awaited every morning, with baneful impatience in the gardens of the Palais Royal, until the hour of mid-day, when the den was thrown open.

"Chance was neither propitious nor adverse to me; what I lost on one occasion, I won on another. The last week I played, I think the balance was in my favour. On arriving one day for the afternoon's sitting, I was struck with the appearance of a knight of St. Louis, a man about sixty years old. I am an artist, and readily attracted by a fine countenance; his features were noble, expressive, and engaging; and bespoke him to be a man of high honour, virtue and talent. He quietly took his seat, first emptied his purse, and then his pockets of the gold they

contained, and drew from a pocket book a quantity of bank notes, which I calculated might amount to about two hundred thousand francs.

"At sight of this majestic looking personage, who seemed determined to carry on a battle of extermination, I suspended my game, and took as great an interest in what he was doing as if I had a share in the stake. No chance could ever be more unlucky. Gold and paper disappeared in less than two hours. Some fatality seemed to attend all his calculations. Everything turned against him, and the table was shortly cleared of his money.

"I can but faintly describe to you the interest I took in this persevering run of ill luck, an interest much heightened by the calm composure of the person who sustained these reverses, and who appeared to be quite unmoved by them. Would he not at last withdraw from the spot? I desired it as anxiously as if he had been my own father. The idea, in fact, occurred to his mind, for a moment; he showed a disposition to rise; my heart expanded with delight! He paused, sat down again, and filled me with disappointment. This apparent indifference soon vanished; he dived into one of his pockets, and his features became contracted on drawing out two or three notes of five hundred francs each, one of which he laid, with a trembling hand, on the table, to make a stake. He lost! He had previously been playing at double or quits on this occasion he was more cautious; four times he tried his luck; but it still proved adverse to him.

"How frightful was the glance which he silently cast at us! That glance, meeting mine, made me shudder, for I fancied I beheld death pictured in his looks. By a sudden resolution, he tore himself away from the fatal table, and retired with a faltering step, overpowered by his excited feelings. He will, no doubt, I said, put an end to his existence. The desire of rescuing him from despair compelled me to follow him; but he had the start of me by some seconds. I lost a few more in putting on my great coat and hat. At last, I rushed to the staircase. Alas! my promptitude proved more tardy than the impatience of his despair. I had reached the last flight when the report of a pistol, proceeding from the Rue de Valois,

made me start. A loud outcry was heard, and several persons, who rushed forward, beheld the lifeless remains of Count de ———, a man of eminent qualities as a father, a husband, a military officer, or a citizen, but a gambler. He left behind him a widow and a numerous family, to deplore his loss.

"I was horror-stricken, my dear friend, at this appalling catastrophe, and the hideous indifference of the persons employed in the hellish mansion, who complained that too much attention was bestowed upon this act of madness. 'Gentlemen,' said they, 'let us go back; we are losing time!'" This sad event inflicted upon me a moral wound. I raised my hands to Heaven, and pledged to my young family a solemn oath that I never would lay my hands upon a card for the remainder of my days; and, as I dreaded the vicinity of that gulph, I formed the resolution of immediately removing to a distance from the frequented quarters of Paris. It was fortunate I did so; for, as I was led yesterday by private business to the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, the nearer I approached number 113, the more I felt ill at ease. I suffered mental agony; an involuntary impulse drove me reluctantly forward, and, at the moment when I found myself in front of the door, the tempting influence was such, that all I could do was to cling to the iron grating of the gallery, and to advance step by step, until I found myself fairly beyond the sphere of attraction.

I listened with a deep interest to the narrative given by the artist with the most vivid and brilliant colouring. To the force of language, he united a power of description which brought to view the unhappy man's transition from a state of calm to that of death, and the struggles of the narrator himself against the fascinations of a hideous passion. He has since quitted the Island of St. Louis, and followed a glorious career, having completely subdued his passion for gambling, whilst he regretted that it should have required so frightful a lesson to cure him of it.

We had been overheard by one of the company, who said to M. G——

"You have just recalled to my mind the recollection of one of my youthful adventures. It happened in 1794,

when I had reached my twentieth year. The conscription had sent me to join at the frontiers, the army successively commanded by Dugommier and Perignon. I was shortly afterwards wounded, and removed to an hospital, when, having purchased my discharge, I hastened to the baths of Sylvanes, in the department of the Aveyron, with a view to restore my once flourishing health. I was in indifferent circumstances, took my meals at the second table, and had no companion to join in my walks. I fell in, on a certain occasion, with one of those fascinating nymphs of Montpellier, so justly extolled by Rousseau, and who are favoured by the god of love, because they multiply his votaries.

"The fair one in question, who was lively, genteel, and open hearted, had come to the waters with her uncle or tutor, no matter which, who was engaged in one of those infernal banks intended to involve invalids in utter ruin. Being much engaged in this odious traffic, he allowed his niece more leisure than she ought to have enjoyed. The women of Montpellier are not less remarkable for the freedom of their manners, than for their personal beauty. We appeared, at our first interview, to suit one another, and she said to me :

"Remove me from this place, which I hold in aversion ; take me back to my family at Montpellier. I regret alike that fine city and my relatives. Besides, I am naturally disposed to industry ; idleness ruins and destroys me."

"Alas !" I replied, "I am without money."

"Is that all ? I have scraped together a couple of Spanish quadruples ; go and gamble with them."

"I acceded to this proposition, went up to the gaming table, and selected, by a singular chance, the uncle or tutor as my adversary. I plunged, like a madman, into the game, doubled, trebled my stakes, and was so fortunate as to quit the table with seven thousand francs and a few gold pieces, besides the two lucky quadruples, each worth from fifty to eighty-five francs. We took the road to Montpellier on the following morning, and only quitted that city when nothing more was left in my purse except the price of the diligence, and the means of supporting myself upon the road."

CHAPTER IV.

Approach of the 20th of March—The confessor of Louis XVIII.—Unpublished letter of Barras to the King—Its importance—Slight value attached to it—Incapacity of the royal council in 1814—Fright of the Duke of Parma—M. de Sèze—M. de Chazet—M. Dantre—The long-sighted become blind—Letter from Napoleon in 1815—Scene at the Tuileries in 1809—Detailed account of the Duke of Otranto's disgrace—The ambassador and the fish, or another veil removed, an anecdote of 1810—The hammer, female assassin, and the opium, a tragic anecdote.

THE errors arising out of the policy pursued by the government were, meanwhile, on the increase. Count Fabre de l'Aude communicated to me a letter which Barras thought it his duty to write to the King on the eve of his departure for Provence. I am aware that those who feel a political interest in presenting the ex-director under new colours, as certain writers have attempted with regard to Napoleon, will doubt the authenticity of this letter; but it was handed to me by a man of upright character, as soon as he heard that I was preparing to write a cotemporary history. He assured me that he had copied it from the original, which had passed through Cambacérès hands.—This attestation possesses, in my mind, every requisite value.

Barras was quitting Paris highly incensed against Count de Blacas, who had manœuvred to prevent his coming to the King's presence. This anecdote will be found related in full detail in the Memoirs of Louis XVIII. Now, the ex-director, eager to level a mortal blow at his cousin, had long sought in vain for a person of sufficient standing to approach the King without being intercepted by the fa-

avourite. He mistrusted all who tendered their services; chance, however, brought in his way the King's confessor, the Abbé La Roche or Rocher, an old almoner of a regiment of musketeers, a cheerful and indulgent priest, who could enjoy a laugh at a suitable moment, was free from ambition and little dazzled with his office.

Louis XVIII was pleased with the frank though somewhat coarse manners of his confessor. Barras being informed of the character of this worthy ecclesiastic, and knowing besides that he considered Count de Blacas as the scourge of France, owing to his utter incapacity, did not hesitate a moment in confiding to him the diplomatic note which he wished should be laid before the eyes of the King. The Abbé Rocher went at once to his penitent, and presented the paper with the forms which etiquette required, adding these words :

"Sire, I have been requested to deliver this into Your Majesty's own hands. I have accepted the mission. The King has it in his power to affirm that I have faithfully acquitted myself of it."

The King took the letter, broke the seal, and read the contents. He was much displeased with the writer, and scarcely less so with the Abbé. Those who ventured to assail M. de Blacas failed to perceive that the favor lavished upon him by the King was directed by blind prepossession, and that to attempt to thwart it was like pouring oil upon the fire. The letter ran as follows :

"Sire,

"I have a heavy fault to atone for, and this circumstance urges me to address Your Majesty, on the eve of my quitting Paris. You are led to an abyss; the ground is represented to you as solid and strewed with flowers; whereas, it is an undermined consuming volcano. A conspiracy is hatching. Fouché is the main spring of it, although he keeps in the back ground. For the rest, he will betray it to you, if you consent to give the price he sets upon it. He will bring it to the desired issue, should you spurn him from you.

"My position is beset with difficulties ; my advice cannot fail to appear in your sight as being self-interested, for I am compelled unceasingly to repeat to you :—Change your ministers. Appoint in their stead, men who know the revolution ; but, above all, come to an understanding with the men of the revolution. I am aware that this language bears the following interpretation :—Here I am, and at the King's service. Such, however, is not the fact—others would serve you quite as well as I ; Messrs. de Cambacérès, Regnaud in particular, Pontécoulant, Soult, Davoust, Pérignon, Cuvier, Lanjuinais, Laplace, Boissy d'Anglas, Fabre de l'Aude, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, and twenty more would adapt themselves to circumstances and save your crown.

"I well know that the King will not renounce any of his rights, this would be highly proper in a time of security and tranquillity. But the King must be aware how requisite it is, during a storm, to throw some of the cargo overboard in order to save the vessel. Vain would be any illusion ; when the storm is at its height, such sacrifices are necessary to resist it with effect. One of our southern poets has said, and I can have no occasion to explain to the King a dialect with which he is perfectly familiar.

Adroitement cal cambier de canzon
Embé lou lioe, las gens et la sason.*

"Fouché has thrown the grapple at Carnot ; they move in concert. Carnot rallies round the party all the upright men of the revolution, who are not few in number. He desired to see me ; we met on the Boulevards, between the Porte St. Martin and the Temple ; but we could not agree. Whilst I aimed at bringing him over to you without any conditions, he sought to win me over to himself. I should

* Fabre d'Olivat, in the epigraph to one of the chapters of his delightful romance of "Azalaï and the Gentil Aïmar." The French translation of the above two lines which I believe to be by the same author, is as follows :

Adroitement variez vos chansons,
Selon les lieux, les gens et les saisons.

have preferred plunging into the Seine. This would have been a far more honourable course. I can affirm, with a full knowledge of facts, that a conspiracy is preparing. I defy any one to allege that I have been imposed upon.

“Let the King leisurely consider the importance of the disclosure I make to him. I am not an adventurer seeking the reward of imaginary services. I will enable the King to follow up the intrigue through all its ramifications, will point out to him the chief agents. I know where are deposited the documents, the treasure, and the scanty supply of arms which has been provided; for they are plundering Bonaparte, as they plundered Your Majesty, during the emigration. But I can admit of no intervening person between the King and his subject. My cousin, M. de Blacas, has not the capacity requisite for directing so vast an enterprise. He falls into numberless errors, displeases every one, and his neglect in keeping a vigilant watch over those who surround him raises a doubt of his own integrity. Cæsar’s wife should not even be suspected.

“It would, therefore, be of no avail for him or any one else to call upon me in the King’s name; I have no confidence in them. The army is worked upon, the Marshals are tampered with. Let the King be pleased to inquire of the Duke of Ragusa whether an offer was not last week made to him of a full and unreserved pardon, together with payment of his debts, if he would come round to Bonaparte. A similar question was put, a month ago, to the other Marshals, to Soult, Macdonald, Brune, Davoust, and especially to Augereau who has neither given affirmative nor a negative answer. The wife of Ney has pledged herself for her husband’s acquiescence. I was assured of the fact which might easily be ascertained. Certain it is, that the Princess of the Moskawa, the beautiful Countess Regnauld, and a few others complain bitterly of the cool reception they met with at the Tuileries. The remarks made to them in answer to this complaint were—Why do you go, then? Can that be your place? remain at home; let your husbands do the same; form a society within your own circle; and that court, which affects to despise you, will take alarm, and come to terms. This was sound advice. With respect to the soldiery, they are Bonapartists to a man; the new recruits still more so

than the rest, with no other motive than the fear of being treated as novices. The soldiers of the conscription, who do not exceed the age of twenty, are ambitious to be considered as veterans.

"The peasantry are in dread of priests, of tithes, of the nobility, of the restitution of national estates; the fear of encroachment on their property renders them intractable whenever they are threatened. Now, the country squires and seminarists preach or argue day after day on the necessity of restoring what has been legally sold. And some men even dream of a return to the feudal system.

"Send to Provence all the military commanders upon whom you can rely; let Vendean regiments be despatched to that quarter. The country is sound, but it can soon be traversed, and the territories of Dauphiné and of Lyons are good for nothing. Should Bonaparte land, he would only make the attempt at Rouen, owing to the proximity of the fortresses to the frontier and to Grenoble, an all-important town. In that place, as a make-weight for the loyalty of Provence, ten of the inhabitants are Bonapartists, and I would not place too much reliance upon the tenth man.

"These are sad truths; I am aware of it; but, Sire, it is the truth and not falsehood that the King should wish to hear. Flattery and deception will never be wanting. Your Council relies upon the Congress of Vienna; what, if that congress be broken up? If Austria be gained over, if . . . but the field of combinations is as vast as the field of conjectures; in either, one may chance to go astray.

"Let the King summon to his presence a few of the individuals, or all whom I have mentioned; their language will accord with mine. All will, as a preliminary to future negotiations, require the dismissal of M. de Blacas. Should the King have occasion for me, I am at his orders. As to the Duke of Otranto, it were better to buy him off than to have him arrested. He is cunning enough to effect his escape; should he once be driven to extremities, he is a man which no consideration will keep in check. He has so effectually alarmed Bonaparte, that the latter, who cannot be denied great talents, and a consummate knowledge of the human heart, has ended by giving him full liberty to act. Should the counter-revolution be brought about, Fouché

will unquestionably be the principal agent of the new imperial government.

"I conclude, Sire, by beseeching the King not to adjourn important matters till to-morrow, for the catastrophe is so near at hand that the morrow may never be in our power. Matters have come to this pass—I have done my duty, it rests with the King to perform his . . .

It was by this energetic and menacing phrase that Viscount de Barras terminated his note, which was, in fact, an absolute impeachment of his relative Blacas. On no other occasion was the part of Cassandra, the despised prophetess, more effectually enacted. I was told by M. Fabre de l'Aude, that having met the ex-director two days previously to his leaving Paris, the latter nearly affected to tears, said to him :

"Sir, I am on the eve of my departure with a heart oppressed with sorrow; and the 18th Brumaire is at hand. I am on my way to Provence, and shall always have a thousand gold louis at command to promote my escape, in case of need. As for the Bourbons, the plot against them is so well arranged that if they be allowed to quit the kingdom, it will only be by Bonaparte's express consent."

Count Fabre, who was on his part no less harrassed with sinister forebodings, repaired to Languedoc.

The King, who was all impatience to communicate Barras' letter to his favourite, said to him :

"Whatever you have done to that citizen-director, he bears you a mortal hatred."

The rejoinder soon followed. It operated as an additional veil to obscure the King's sight. Nevertheless, a council was held for the purpose of determining the measures to be adopted, and what persons it might be prudent to arrest. Now, as they were all tacticians, I leave my readers to guess upon whom this decision fell. Fouché was the first, and next to him the very persons designated by Barras, as competent to be seated at the council table in arduous times. It is difficult to account for such folly. But, could any act of stupidity excite surprise when emanating from a meeting where such men as Messrs. Dambrey, de Blacas, and Dandré were to be found? Not

that I entertain any doubt of their sincere but fantastical zeal, I only speak of their diplomatic skill, which was utterly at fault.

Two or three days after this letter had been presented, read, and discussed, the Duke of Otranto called on Cambacérés at an early hour, and said to him, with a smile,

"I am come to recommend your laying in a stock of linen, of nightcaps, of warm morning gowns, of every thing, in short, which a man of chilly disposition may stand in need of in a prison."

The Prince, who had an aversion to jokes, especially on such a subject, seriously requested the Duke of Otranto to explain his meaning without further circumlocution.

"Learn, then, that you stand foremost on a list of persons who are destined to be consigned to a prison, where I shall keep you company; and this, Sir, is to be by way of atonement for the wrong done to you by Barras. He pointed you out to the King, along with Messrs. Boissy d'Anglas, Pontécoulant, Fabre de L'Aude, Lanjuinais, Cuvier, Pérignon, Davoust, Laplace, and a few others, as conscientious, wise, talented, prudent, sagacious men, and, above all, more competent to manage public affairs than that puppet Blacas and the rest of the cabinet, who are alike strangers to revolutions, and unskilled in the means of turning them to account. This circumstance, which does you honour, becomes your sentence of proscription. No folly ever reached such a height. The subject was actually debated and proposed yesterday in the King's council. Well! what do you think of it?"

Whilst the Duke was speaking, Prince Cambacérés paced up and down the apartment, openly vented his anger, and was utterly at a loss to conceive through what perversion of every rational idea they had reached such consummate absurdity. Fouché attempted in vain to calm him. The Prince ordered horses to be put to his carriage, and went off to M. de Séze, to whom he related the case in all its details, and showed him the note or letter which had subjected him to this threat.

M. de Séze was an enemy of the conventionalists. He was one of those who did not deem Cambacérés' vote so wholly pardonable as it was pretended to be, and who could

not, at least, forgive the motion by which he had appeared, unconsciously perhaps, desirous of hastening the sentence upon Louis XVI. But, he was nevertheless struck with amazement at the effect produced by the honourable designation contained in Barras' letter. He calmed the Prince's apprehensions, promised to see the King and the ministry, and endeavour to clear up a matter in which he could only discover, as yet, a jest of the Duke of Otranto, and dismissed him, if not altogether free from apprehension, at least comparatively more composed in mind.

I dined on that day with the Prince, at whose house I met the amiable M. Alissan de Chazet, whom the Abbé de Félitz wrongfully called the *unavoidable* man, because, as he composed many pretty verses and lively vaudevilles, the latter were every day performed, and the latter inserted in all the compilations of the time. M. de Chazet had often sung the praises of Prince Cambacérès in the days of his power; he had remained true to him after his downfall, and was greeted as a welcome visitor. It was made occasionally a matter of joke at his expense, that, having been the bard of Napoleon, he had become the poet laureat of the Restoration; he would reply to us good humouredly: Whilst praising the one, I learned to compose verses; now that I have acquired the art, I shall break my lyre if the Bourbons fail me."

What is more to his praise is, that he has kept his word; his verses are now exclusively dedicated to misfortune.

I perceived, by the Prince's anxious look, that something had vexed him. On my hinting it, he condescended to draw me aside, and related his incredible adventure, which also filled me with astonishment.

"Ah! Monseigneur, we must pray that Heaven may forgive them; for they know not what they are doing."

"Know not what they are doing!" repeated the Prince, "they know but too well what they are about, since they would attempt to arrest me."

"This is a trick of the Duke of Otranto, who wishes to take advantage of your alarm, in order to draw you into some desperate undertaking."

"If he succeed, he will be a very clever man; I will

henceforward close my door against every one ; I will seclude myself from the world."

"What! deprive yourself of the society of your friends, and thus draw attention to you! Ah! if you would condescend to take advice from one so ill-qualified to give it, I would recommend your going to speak to the King; he is a prudent monarch, will allay your apprehension, and impose silence on that zealous simpleton."

"The imbecility of M. d'André will be best exemplified by the following incident. Being consulted, when Bonaparte was ill, as to whether it would be proper to grant him permission to come to France, and take the waters, he replied, with canonical gravity of aspect :

"Assuredly the permission should be granted if he can produce certificates signed by three French medical men."

The Abbé de Montesquiou was a man of the same stamp. M. de L—— P—— being apprized, by indirect means, of the chief details of the imperial conspiracy, and of a certain council, in particular, which was held for the last time at M. de Barras' residence, resolved to communicate to the minister what had come to his knowledge. He was to dine with Count de Blacas on the following day. This appeared to him a favourable opportunity for unburdening his conscience of the weight that oppressed it.

He went to the dinner, at which all the ministers were present. During coffee, M. de L—— P——, whilst the guests were scattered in all directions, drew the Abbé de Montesquiou aside, and, in spite of the minister's seeming reluctance, was opening the subject. M. de Montesquiou did not allow him time to conclude, but struck him familiarly on the shoulder, and said, with a smile.

"Are you also, Count, one of the timorous; what have we to fear? what real danger can threaten us? Whilst France is quiet, and keeps up a good understanding with Europe, any one who should attempt to disturb her would be the victim of his folly."

"Such, however, is the case; and you are wrong not to attach more importance to my words; are you well aware of what is going on?"

"What a question! to be sure we know all; you had better ask d'André, who is here."

The poor creature was immediately called, and the Abbé told him that M. L—— P—— was alarmed. Their excellencies both indulged in a laugh at his expense, and endeavoured to satisfy him that they kept a strict watch, that nothing escaped them; these well-skilled statesmen were nevertheless ignorant of every thing. The conspiracy was progressing with rapid strides, and without disguise; Napoleon wrote, in the meanwhile, to one of his former ministers the following letter. It is scarcely known; I even doubt of its having ever been published.

“My dear Mont—, You are one of my trusty friends; one of those on whom I most rely. I have ever known you to be a worthy man, faithful to your duties, and firm in principle. There are very few of your stamp, especially in France, where friendship and attachment endure but a day; where every thing, even heroism, becomes wearisome; when inanimate objects are criticised for their unchanging aspect, and for their want of novelty. None are more forgetful, more like weathercocks, than the French people. Such as they are, however, their lofty qualities blot out the memory of their defects; nevertheless, I think it right not to allow them time to become accustomed to another order of things. Should they take a fancy for the Bourbons, should a caprice bring that into favor, all will be at an end; I shall be set aside, as out of date. That is a fact which admits of no doubt.

“Another, and a no less weighty consideration urges me to hasten my return; are you well satisfied that the remnant of the republicans, who join our ranks, are sincere? I have no confidence in them; methinks they cannot act with cordiality. There is something constrained in their protestations, which I mistrust. Those men never liked me; they greedily accepted my gifts, without feeling gratitude in return. They have ever regretted the power, which they were unable to wield to good account, and were obliged to resign into my hands. I could wish they were watched, in order to ascertain whether they do not indulge the hope of restoring the republic, whilst pretending to promote the restoration of the Empire. Either I

am much mistaken, or it will at last be discovered that such is their real intention.

“ You, as well as others of my party, cannot keep too vigilant a watch over those intrigues. It would be a grievous error to assist in promoting their views, whilst fancying that they are rendered subservient to us. Do you imagine that Carnot, for instance, is sincere in professing to desire my return? Is not his past conduct a sufficient proof that he dreams of a chimerical equality? He is a stern republican, whom we must convert, by some solid feudal title, into a partizan of the Empire. I take upon myself, on my first resumption of power, to unpopulize him by a diploma emanating from the manufactory of the council of the seal of titles. Merlin, Réal, Barriere, Thibaudeau, Ramel, are in reality no better than he is; were they allowed to have their own way, they would revert to their first errors. Do not, therefore, trust those people who have grown old without improving; make use of them, but not in too conspicuous a manner. Endeavor especially to render an agreement unnecessary; it would be painful to me to have to afford guarantees to them.

“ I have little reliance on Davoust or Suchet; none whatever on the Dukes of Belluno, Treviso, and Dalmatia. Masséna will become my right arm. With respect to Savary, what would you have me do with a man who could resolve to come and see me at Fontainebleau, so apprehensive was he of compromising himself? I know the value of his attachment; Heaven preserve me from the like! (Nevertheless, he restored Savary to his functions.) His conduct, however, does not surprise me; he is devoid of talents, and is only fit to assume the direction of the police.

“ I recommend you to have a right understanding with Madame Na—, whose intentions are excellent. See the Queen of Holland; we cannot avail ourselves of her, since she is allowed to remain in Paris. Beware of neglecting the Countess Regnauld, whose energy of mind is equal to her graceful manner; she is a perfect Eponine, with her heroism and lovely countenance. It needed a revolution to form a correct judgment of her. Tell her that I esteem, as much as I admire her. Her husband shares with you

my full confidence ; I place you both in the foreground. It is for military men to wield the sword ; but civil administrators determine the success of every undertaking. You must also secure literary men to our party. The Restoration treats them in a mean and disdainful manner ; it will lose their support. Its partizans are vain and grasping men, whose power is immense. I believe that by the channel of the public papers, a single pen would, in the end, put the whole world in commotion : whereas, a single sword would never succeed in effecting that object.

“The royalists have won over the most inefficient of our party, Bouilly, Pain, le Prévost d'Iray, Campenon, all the men of obscurity. They have left us Daunou, Tissot, Etienne, Lormian, Jouy, Arnault, and numberless others, who are the pride of France. Tell them not to bend the knee too readily before the new idols, adding, that I shall arrive in time to reward them for the privations they have been made to endure ; encourage also young men to write in my favor. Virgin lyrics are the most honorable.”*

“I am giving you many commissions ; but I know what you are and what you think. The King of Naples has written to me. He acknowledges his atrocious folly, and desires to have it in his power to atone for it. I confide nothing to him ; he is a madman, only fit to march at the head of an advanced guard ; he would make known, in his vain boastings, what it is so much my interest to conceal. Endeavour to prevent his receiving any communications from Paris. Farewell ; you may converse in perfect confidence with the bearer of this letter.”

“Whereupon, Count de Mont —, the present having no other object, I pray that God may have you in his good and holy keeping.

Signed “NAPOLEON.”

Notwithstanding Napoleon's repugnance to form any close connection with the republicans, it appears certain,

* It behoved me to pay respect to the text, but I must record its unfairness. Those literary characters, whom Napoleon designates as living obscurities, are all men of merit, of talents, and virtue.

that with a view to induce the latter in ranging themselves, for a time, under his banners, his agents were compelled to sign a singular treaty, in virtue of which they bound their master to reign at the head of a provisional government only. On the conclusion of a general peace, it was again to revert to a republic, and he should be allowed, as a compensation, the whole of Italy. He was, moreover, to receive Belgium, Holland, and certain portions of the north of Germany, in order to indemnify the House of Naples (Murat,) and the ruler of Florence.

This disgraceful and false course of proceeding is connected with an intrigue, which I am as yet apprehensive of unveiling; but I purpose leaving after me a work in which, banishing all reserve, I shall pourtray men as they are, and events as they actually occurred.

Prince Cambacérès was preparing to write to the King, when Count de Séze, on returning his visit, gave him an assurance that his tranquility should not be disturbed, that he was not thought of, and that what had been related to him was pure fiction.

The Prince was then assured of his own safety, but greatly irritated against Fouché, whom he accused of having deceived him. He cast bitter reproaches upon him, when they next met; the latter calmly allowed the storm to blow over, and then replied:

“Really, Monseigneur, I could not have supposed you would so readily place reliance on what is told you on the part of the court. Those people have deceived M. de Séze, when they have affirmed to you that no harm was meditated. The deliberation of which I apprized you was really brought under discussion; I grant that those artful politicians may have admitted the absurdity of such a step. Rest assured, however, that I would not, without good grounds, have come to tell a mere fiction, and to subject you to imposition.”

On this occasion, the Duke was perfectly correct; but it is ever the fate of a man of the worst reputation, that he cannot be believed, even when he tells the truth. Neither Fouché's protestations nor his oaths, could prevent the Prince from suspecting him of having attempted, in the present instance, to embroil him in some difficulty. The

Duke of Otranto went away ; he had no sooner turned his back, than the Duke of Parma said to us :

" On the return from the celebrated interview at Erfurth, where the Emperors of France and Russia mutually deceived each other, Napoleon, who had not invited the Emperor of Austria to take part in the interview, suspected the latter of preparing for a fresh campaign. Count Regnaud had called to transact business with him ; as soon as it was over, the Emperor spoke of his intercourse with the cabinet of Vienna, and said to his minister :

" The Emperor of Austria appears out of humour, and seems to threaten me. If he but stir a single step, I shall make him disappear for ever from the list of sovereigns. (Ah, had he but kept his word !) He refuses to recognise my brother Joseph as King of Spain ; be it so. I will, in my turn, refuse to recognize him as King of Bohemia. He would have wished to come to Erfurth ; I objected to it ; what part could he have acted there ? He would have obstructed us ; we have negotiated without him."

Fouché came in ; the Emperor said to him in a bantering tone :

" What news have you to tell ?"

" Not much, Sire."

" Ah ! you reply like a man whose portfolio is full of curious notes."

The Duke of Otranto hesitated to speak. Count Regnaud prepared to leave the apartment.

" Remain," said the Emperor. " What the Duke is about to tell me, may, I presume, be heard in your presence. What is it ?"

" Monseigneur de Metternich is prowling about my branch of the administration, and is endeavouring to penetrate into the offices of the war department."

" Yes, he is now in his element. He is a perfect Figaro ; money and intrigue. Who may he have won over ?"

" None that I know of."

" None ! this is affirming a great deal ; I fear, then, when in despair of success, and unable to obtain any information from the clerks in office, he will apply, with better chance of success, to their excellencies themselves."

"This would not surprise me," rejoined Fouché, with a composure which petrified Count Regnaud.

The Emperor maintained greater self-possession. A mere ironical exclamation escaped his lips; he then continued:

"Who would you suspect?"

"Oh, Sire, there are men whom you would never wish to find guilty."

"Prove their crime to me, documents in hand, and you shall see."

"Does any one ever risk his signature, or the impression of his seal?"

"What, then, can you allege but vague groundless charges, such as those very persons may possibly have to urge against you."

"I cannot help their doing so."

"It would, moreover, be an act of injustice," replied the Emperor, in a tone indicative of displeasure, "for you cannot deny their right of revenge."

Fouché was not pleased: he had come to take the Prince of Benevento by surprise, and found himself caught in his own snare. There subsisted between these gentlemen much hatred and ill will. Nevertheless, as he felt himself stung to the quick, he rejoined:

"It is certain, however, that as often as M. de Talleyrand attends a council, or is informed of any matter, the Austrian ambassador immediately receives intimation of it."

"This would be an undeniable proof, were I to impart the secret to him only; but you, Sir, and the other ministers are acquainted with it; why then—"

"If the Emperor does not vouchsafe to us his confidence," said Fouché, trembling with anger, "we ought no longer to serve him."

"Come, do not affect to be angry. Were you not such an enemy of the Grand Chamberlain, I should credit you when you speak against him. Thus it is with the Prince of Benevento; as often as he can edge in a word in your favour, he invariably strips you to the skin; the result of all this is, that were you both to betray me, I should allow you to have your own way, for I could place no confidence in your mutual allegations."

"Be it so ; it is, nevertheless, true that he corresponds with four cabinets : those of Vienna, of St. Petersburg, of London——"

Fouché stopped short : Napoleon was smiling ; but, on observing this reserve, his countenance darkened, and, suddenly taking up the conversation :

"Well," said he, "which is this fourth cabinet that is favoured with the gracious communications of the Prince of Benevento ?"

"That of Hartwell, Sire."

"Never," said Count Regnaud to me, "had I so great a desire to be at a distance from the Tuileries. Such anger, or rather such rage, was depicted in Napoleon's countenance, that Fouché, who had raised the storm, grew pale with apprehension. But his fear was of short duration. The Emperor, taking counsel from prudence, became calm, and continued with a bitterness of tone which he vainly endeavoured to suppress :

"Sir, I have already told you that when you wish to ruin any one in my opinion, you must have sufficient proof of their guilt to avoid incurring the risk of passing sentence upon yourself. I wager, that if I send for M. de Talleyrand, he will have full as much to say to your prejudice."

Fouché, unable to contain himself, promised the Emperor that he would shortly satisfy him, beyond all doubt, of the Bishop of Autun's culpability ; he then withdrew, without apprehending that the blow which he aimed at his adversary would recoil upon himself.

The Emperor had long suspected him of carrying on underhand dealings, and of double-faced intrigue. Determined not to be imposed upon, or taken by surprise, he had him watched by a counter police, under the direction of the Duke of Rovigo. The latter, encouraged by the hope of attaining the rank of minister, kept a vigilant watch, and at length succeeded in discovering that the Duke of Otranto was negotiating a peace in London, without any special authority from his sovereign, and making proposals in his own name, as if France and the will of the Emperor were in his keeping.

Overjoyed at finding himself possessed of this information, Rovigo hastened to communicate it to the Emperor.

The latter sent for me to St. Cloud, where he had also summoned my colleague Prince Lebrun, (the Imperial treasurer), the Prince of Benevento, the Duke of Bassano, and Count Regnauld, to meet in privy council. The Emperor withdrew, and, to my great astonishment, ordered me to preside at this novel ceremony. When we had taken our respective places, Napoleon, assuming the functions of solicitor-general, said to us :

“I have summoned you, to make you acquainted with an extraordinary fact. I have in this port-folio unquestionable proof that I am betrayed by a high dignitary of the Empire, who keeps up a correspondence with England, without any authority from me for so doing. I desire that each of you will give me his advice, and state the degree of punishment I should inflict upon the criminal.”

This speech, uttered in a slow and solemn voice, intimidated the council, all the members of which turned their eyes to Prince Talleyrand, presuming that when it was a question of intrigue, he must be the guilty party. Nevertheless, we soon had to acknowledge that, in this case, he was clear from imputation. He, moreover, maintained an admirable firmness and self-possession. I was requested by all, as with one voice, to speak first, contrary to the usual practice. I therefore inquired of the Emperor whether the documents in his possession were of so decisive a character as to be deemed sufficient to afford grounds of condemnation before the tribunals, and whether, previously to our being called upon to express our opinions, it would not be advisable to acquaint us with the name of the accused. “It is important, I added, “that we should be clearly informed on both points ; no decision can be adopted in the matter whilst we are ignorant of the name of the party and of the nature of his crime.”

Napoleon who, in spite of his bursts of passion, naturally yielded to the dictates of justice, felt that my observation was founded in reason. He accordingly, though with evident reluctance, named the Duke of Otranto, and placed at the same time before us the documents which, in his judgment, established beyond a doubt the minister's treachery. But Fouché, as I anticipated, had acted with consummate caution. Nothing that was to be found in those papers af-

forded means of bringing a direct charge against him. In the negotiations so mysteriously opened with the English cabinet, he seemed to aim at no other object than to pave the way for a treaty of peace, and to discuss its attainable basis. The plot, in a word, was laid with so much art that the council could not discover in it any clear proof of crime. Having myself entered upon a close examination of the documents, I frankly declared, that although this intrigue bore an appearance of criminality, yet these documents if they were published, as they must necessarily be in the event of the minister being put upon his trial, would not only prove harmless to the Duke of Otranto, but might raise him, on the contrary, in the public estimation.

The Prince of Benevento coincided in this opinion, and even went further. This was much to his credit, for he personally detested Fouché, of whom he always had reason to complain. He recommended that the Emperor should maintain the Duke of Otranto in the office of minister of general police, and confine himself to exercising a rigorous watch over him, in order to check him in time if he carried his underhand dealings to greater extremities.

The Emperor had no intention to retain in so high a post a man of whom he had such cause to complain. But, unwilling, to disclose the inward workings of his mind, and perceiving, on the other hand, the privy council unanimous in opinion that the proofs were inadequate to afford grounds of openly prosecuting Fouché, he broke up the sitting, saying that he would reflect upon the subject.

I withdrew with the other grand dignitaries, but had scarcely left the apartment when a verger of the cabinet hastened after me and called me back by command of the Emperor. I retraced my steps, and found His Majesty with the Duke of Bassano who had not left with us, and who had been many days acquainted with the business under consideration. The Emperor said to me that, having resolved to dismiss Fouché, he desired I would, on the instant, mention some person to him as a proper minister of police.

"Sire, I replied, however anxious I feel to comply with your Majesty's wish, I cannot name at this moment a man worthy of an office so wholly confidential in its nature. I require time for reflection, and beseech Your Majesty to let

me take a turn in the garden, and consider more at leisure of the choice it might be most to your advantage to fix upon.

"Napoleon consented; we were in an apartment on the ground floor, from which I stepped upon the lawn.

"The Duke of Bassano, in the meanwhile, was inwardly chuckling at this manœuvre, relying upon his ability to procure, at a moment's notice, the minister whom feeling reluctant to take upon myself the responsibility of proposing, I hoped to find in the suggestions of a solitary ramble in the park. The skilful secretary of state had already named to Napoleon the Count de Sémonville, a senator connected with the old régime, and formerly a counsellor of the parliament of Paris. As the Emperor had neither given an affirmative nor a negative answer, Maret deemed the matter so decidedly settled that he had summoned to his residence at Sèvres the Count de Semonville, who, in his costume of a senator, was waiting in expectation of being called upon to take the oath of office. A carriage and horses were in readiness in the stables to convey in all haste the future minister; and a servant of the Duke of Bassano was at St. Cloud with his horse already saddled and bridled, prepared to start and require M. de Sémonville's attendance.

"I had no sooner retired to the garden than the secretary of state, taking advantage of my absence, renewed his proposal and warmly recommended M. de Sémonville.

"'The choice would be a proper one,' said the Emperor, 'but, previously to deciding, I must have the arch-chancellor's opinion.

"'Sire,' replied the Duke, 'I will go for him.'

"He rang, ordered his servant to start off, then hastened in search of and overtook me, for I was near at hand. He communicated to me the proposition he had made. It did not at first appear to me advisable; but he so earnestly urged it that he won me over, and we returned together to the imperial cabinet.

"Napoleon no sooner saw me than he said:—'Prince, I sent for you because I wish that, conformably to the duty of your office, you should witness the oath about to be taken

by the new minister of police. Duke of Bassano, you will draw up the act accordingly."

"He then rang; on the summons being obeyed he said :—

" ' Shew in the Duke of Rovigo, who is in the adjoining apartment."

" ' But, Sire,' said M. Maret ' I imagined . . . '

"He stopped short; Savary made his appearance, and was informed that he had received the appointment of minister of police; he was already aware of it, and the oath was now administered to him.*

"Disappointed at such an unexpected result, the Duke of Bassano turned away to overtake Sémonville, who on seeing him stopped his carriage, alighted, and was expressing his thanks . . . when he was interrupted . . . They alone could impart to us the tone and tune of their subsequent conversation.

"The Emperor never told me," added Cambacérès, "why he had so gratuitously trifled with the feelings of two men whose attachment was well known to him, and for whom I may venture to assert that he felt a real regard. I

* The following are fragments of the Duke of Rovigo's Memoirs upon the subject. On the 3rd of June, mass was performed according to custom . . . Having been left alone, I fancied myself forgotten by the Emperor, and went to ask a dinner of the Duchess of Bassano, desirous as I felt to be at hand in case I should be sent for, and of not taking my departure until the Emperor should have retired to rest. Madame de Bassano resided at a country house, in the front of the bridge of Sèvres . . . Whilst waiting at Madame de Bassano's the return of her husband, we saw him arrive, bringing the senator Count de S----- in his carriage. Accustomed as I was to see portfolios taken out of the Duke of Bassano's carriage, it escaped my attention that on this occasion the portfolio of the minister of police was amongst them; but I did not fail to notice that there was removed a parcel belonging to Count S-----, which contained a senator's dress, with all its appendages, a sword, and a hat and feathers. Having seen that senator at mass the same morning, I could not understand why he had returned to Paris, since he had to retrace his steps to St. Cloud. I put the question to him, and he replied that he had visits to pay to old dowagers at Versailles, and was only waiting for his carriage.

relate to you a positive fact ; the several actors in the same scene will assuredly never deny it.

"For the rest, pursued Cambacérès, "The Duke of Otranto himself had been summoned on the preceding day ; and the god of Olympus in his anger does not thunder more loudly in a storm than did Napoleon when taking him to task ; he attempted to exculpate himself, but could not edge in a single word.

"On the 3rd of June, 1810, on which day the ministry of police was taken from Fouché, the emperor wrote to him as follows :

"Duke of Otranto,

"The services you have rendered to us in your office, are the inducements for our confiding to you the government of Rome, until we shall have provided for the due execution of the Article VIII of the constitutional act of the 8th February last. We have determined, by a special decree, the extraordinary powers with which it is requisite to invest you, under the particular circumstances in which those departments are placed. We trust you will, in this new

The Duke of Bassano had some business to arrange with the Emperor before dinner, so that we were under the necessity of waiting for him. M. de S——— informed me that the control of the police department had just been taken from Fouché, and that the Duke of Bassano was then returning to the Emperor the minister's portfolio. I now began to comprehend the meaning of the parcel, the sword and cocked hat As we were taking a walk, a servant arrived in quest of me. I reached St. Cloud . . . I was no sooner announced than the Emperor drawing me aside, said with a smile :—

"Well, Savary, great news for you ; I appoint you minister of police. do you feel yourself adequate to the charge ?"

He summoned the Duke of Bassano, who gave me the formula of the oath, which I took . . . I returned with the Duke of Bassano to dine at his house. The senator and the lady of the house inquired of him the news. I heard him reply pointing to me :

"There is the minister of police."

The senator gave up his intended visit to the dowagers of Versailles, and took the parcel back to Paris.

station, continue to afford us proofs of your zeal for our service, and of your attachment for our person.

“(Signed) NAPOLEON.”

Though assured of his downfall, Fouché was not the less overcome on receiving the intelligence of it. He replied to the Emperor in these terms :

“Sire,

“I accept the government of Rome, to which Your Majesty has been pleased to raise me, as a reward for the humble services I may have had it in my power to render you. I cannot, however, disguise the expression of unfeigned regret at absenting myself from Your Majesty. I am at once bereft of happiness, and of the knowledge which I daily derive from my intercourse with you. If any thing can mitigate this regret, it is the thought that my perfect resignation, in the present instance to the Emperor's will, affords the strongest proof of my unbounded attachment to your person.

“I am”

Paris, 3rd June, 1810.

This government of Rome was, however, nothing better than a gilded pill. Fouché never discharged its important functions. His renewed intrigues may, possibly, have filled the measure of Napoleon's resentment against him.

His first juggling trick was aimed at his successor.—Fouché, being taken unawares, had not had leisure to burn or conceal a mass of important papers; and he requested the Duke of Rovigo's permission to remain for a few days at the office of the minister of police. Rovigo acceded to this request, and Fouché employed his time in throwing every thing into utter confusion. He withdrew, burnt, or concealed whatever he could lay his hands on, destroyed all means of information which might have proved useful to Savary; and was particularly careful not to leave with him the secret list of the mysterious agents through whose instrumentality he had conducted the high external and inter-

nal police. This act of deception, which Savary admits with much hesitation in his *Memoirs*, proved a great annoyance to the latter.

The Duke of Otranto, having no further occasion to remain at the hotel of the ministry, left it at last, to prepare for his journey to Rome. He proceeded in the first instance, to his estate of Ferrières, because the Emperor had intimated to him that he need not hurry his departure for Italy.

At this abode, where the secret funds and the gold surreptitiously drawn from the gaming-houses had been metamorphosed into canals, gardens, bowers, and artificial mountains, the Prince of Wagram came to pay him a visit.

"What fair wind blows you to this quarter?"

"By no means a fair one, my dear Duke; the Emperor is inquisitive; the department of the police is searched in vain for a multitude of valuable documents. He considers that you must have kept them in your portfolio, and I am come to demand them."

"I shall feel great regret at not being able to afford the Emperor this fresh proof of my submission to his will; but, as long as I was a minister, I made it a rule to burn all the documents connected with my business, when I had brought it to a close; there would otherwise not have been found heaps but mountains of papers. There are others, indeed, which relate to acts in which I have participated; these I retain in my possession, for I may possibly want them at a future day for my own justification."

"You are wrong to feel any apprehension for the future; the Emperor is in reality attached to you, and will never give you annoyance."

"I believe you, but he is mortal; and, after he is gone—"

He never departed from this ground of argument; and, as Berthier was no match for him, he returned, and related the failure of his mission.

"Very well," said Napoleon, "he wishes to impose upon me, and make me fear him; this shall not be. He is playing at fearful odds."

Berthier inquired if he should return to Ferrières.

"No," replied the Emperor, "you are the dove, and he is the serpent."

He fixed upon me for the negotiation, which I would gladly have declined; but how could I refuse? I took my departure. On reaching Ferrières, I was received with great attention, and returned the courtesy. I was asked to go over the mansion but my business was with its owner. He conducted me to his study, and, as I was about to speak, he opened the conversation by saying:

"Monseigneur, the journey you have been ordered to undertake will not be attended with any result."

"Why do you think so, Duke? You do not know its motive."

"Yes I do! The Emperor wishes me to surrender up documents on which my safety depends, with the view of afterwards bringing me, bound hand and foot, before a special court. That shall not be. I will keep possession of my papers, for an *en cas*, as Louis XIV. used to say."

"But the Emperor insists on having them."

"He shall not have them."

"His displeasure is to be feared."

"My resistance is not less so."

"He is all-powerful."

"He would not surely have another Pichegru affair."

"The Duke d'Enghien was shot, you know that very well."

"Be it so. I cannot defend myself against an act of violence; but, instead of preventing it by surrendering up my papers, I should only accelerate it. The Emperor knows the importance of those documents, and, as long as I possess them, he will not proceed to any extremity; I am well assured of that."

"Well, in the event of your refusal, my orders were to acquaint you that you are dismissed from your post of governor of Rome, and that you must repair to your estate at Aix."

Hitherto, the conversation had been maintained in a tone of dignity suitable to two great functionaries; but, when I communicated the imperial command which I have just now cited, he exclaimed with true republican bluntness,—

"The devil take him! Is he not content with preventing my going to exhibit him in his true colours at Rome? Does he want to bury me in Provence. But let him do his worst; I tell you once again, he shall not thrust his nose into my portfolio."

"You are a prudent man," said I, "therefore I need not caution you to be on your guard. Do not carry your resistance too great a length."

"I will hazard any thing, rather than give up my means of defence. The fact is, I know very well the real cause of his displeasure."

Thereupon, he told me some nonsense not worth repeating; and, finding I could get nothing from him, I returned to the Emperor. I endeavoured to appease him, and, after some difficulty, I succeeded. He was exceedingly anxious to obtain the papers. I know not what they contained; for the Emperor did not make any communication to me on the subject; neither do I know why he did not send Fouché to Aix. He suffered him to remain in France; and, in 1813, he made him governor of the Illyrian provinces. He was there at the period of our late disasters, which prevented him reaping his advantage from them."

When the Prince had concluded these curious details, I related to him an anecdote of the same period and of the same person. It is as follows:

"Chance introduced me to the acquaintance of a young gentleman who described himself to be a Parisian. I never positively knew who he was. But no matter. He was gentlemanly, agreeable, and intelligent, and possessed extraordinary talent for drawing. He led a very retired life; having no acquaintance except myself, and a young man whom he called his cousin. I met him first at the *Comédie Française*; and afterwards I saw him drawing at the Musée on private days, and I used to see him regularly at Lambert's the restaurateur, where I usually dined. We often conversed together—our sentiments coincided, and for the space of two years we saw each other frequently.

One day, about the middle of the year 1810, he called

on me, and told me, with an air of deep regret, that he had come to take leave of me.

"Are you going to quit Paris?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"And when do you return?"

"Heaven only knows! But ask me no questions as to whither I am going, or for what purpose?"

"My discretion precludes any such inquiries. It is for your friendship to determine what you may confide to me."

"I deeply regret that circumstances compel me to withhold my confidence from you. If I return, you shall know all."

"Then I am to understand that you will not write to me?"

"Oh, no! I will write, but I shall not date my letters; and they will be delivered to you by the *petite poste*."

"And how are mine to reach you? I shall be desirous to prove that I have not forgotten you."

"Give your letters to my cousin;—no, on second thoughts, you had better address them to ——— *poste restante*. That will be the best plan."

This mystery displeased me, though I did not say so to Urbain Leroi, for such was the name of my young friend. We bade each other farewell, and he departed. For the space of two months, he wrote to me without intermission every week, and my letters, addressed in the way he had directed, reached him regularly. His cousin positively assured me that he knew not where he was, and that he corresponded with Urbain in the same manner that I did."

About sixty-four or sixty-five days after our separation, the cousin, Onesime Duval, came to me, quite overjoyed, and said, "Leori has returned, but he is greatly fatigued, and very ill, and has been obliged to go to bed. He is exceedingly anxious to see you." I hastened to him. I found him pale and haggard, and breathing with difficulty. He smiled, stretched out his hand to me, and having given his cousin a commission, for the purpose of sending him out of the room, he thus addressed me:

"I am a solitary being; my only protector is the Duke

of Otranto. He provides me with the means of living ; but he has never employed me in his police. I could have been of no use to him, for you see how I shun society. Before I left Paris, which is now something more than two months ago, the Duke called on me in my humble abode, and told me that he wished to send a secret and trustworthy agent to England, and that he had cast his eyes on me. I was not a little surprised at this mark of confidence, and assured my benefactor that it should not be misplaced.

"Very well," resumed the Duke, "I know how to judge of people's merits, and my confidence in you is a proof of this. Know, in the first place," pursued he, placing a packet of papers on the table, "that here are authentic documents which prove you to be the descendant of one of the noblest families in Dauphiny. Do not be afraid that your namesake will dispute your rank and title; he has been dead these dozen years, and his father, mother, and uncles are in their graves. My interests render it necessary that you should be connected with the old noblesse. Those fools, the English, with all their pretensions to philosophy, estimate men only in proportion to the antiquity of their titles. You must repair to Havre, with this passport, which purports to be delivered by me to the Ex-Vicomte de D—. When you get to Havre, read this note, which will direct you in what way you are to proceed to England. On your arrival in London, go immediately to the minister for foreign affairs. As soon as you are in his presence, address to him these two lines :

Bonne ou mauvaise santé,
Fait notre philosophie.*

And then add ; * this couplet is not by Homer, but by M. Dubois.' The minister will then understand that you are my avowed agent, and you will be permitted to remain in London. You will next deliver to the minister a letter and a packet, which will be left for you at No. — Soho Square, where you are to reside.'

"The Duke of Otranto informed me that I should receive in London, the requisite instructions respecting the mission

* These lines are by Chapelle.

I had to execute. He then laid on the table five hundred louis, or, to speak more correctly, one hundred French louis, and four hundred English guineas, adding that I should receive in London, along with his despatches, a letter of credit for twelve thousand francs, which he desired I would accept, even though I should not stand in need of the money.

"I set off, and, as I proceeded on my journey, I could have persuaded myself that my orders were executed by enchantment. My passports had a private mark, which rendered me an object of respect to the gendarmes: indeed I was somewhat embarrassed by the marks of honor they shewed for me. At Havre, I found a vessel in readiness to receive me; and, after a speedy passage, I landed at Portsmouth. From thence, I immediately repaired to London. On arriving at the hotel, at which I had been directed to put up, a packet of letters was presented to me; and it was only then I learned that the Duke, wishing to seek a place of refuge out of France, was anxious to know what reception he was likely to experience in England. But the government of that country, not having, it would appear, much confidence in my patron, maintained a cool reserve, and I was dismissed. In short, my negotiation failed.

"My instructions directed me to return by the way of Hamburg, which I accordingly did. On my arrival in Paris, I immediately waited on the Duke. He received me kindly,—but an enemy, whom I will not name, fearing something which I cannot guess at, has poisoned me."

At this extraordinary disclosure, I uttered an exclamation of horror.

"I am poisoned!" repeated Urbain.

"Impossible!" said I; "but tell me, have you not called in any doctor? Have you revealed the matter to the Duke of Otranto?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because my murderer enjoys his entire friendship."

"I will instantly send for medical aid."

"It is useless, I assure you; nothing can save me."

Without minding what he said, I hastened to Dr. A——, who immediately accompanied me to the lodgings of the

invalid. After examining Urbain, he positively assured him that no poison had been administered to him, but that he was suffering from a severe derangement of the gastric organs."

Urbain Leroi replied solemnly, "I am poisoned."

The doctor, with the view of humouring his fancy, administered some pretended antidotes. However, his illness baffled the aid of medicine. He grew gradually worse, and died at the beginning of December, 1810. His last words were:

"I die of poison."

I know that the Duke was much attached to him, and was deeply grieved at his death. I am unable to throw any light on the mystery. After the Restoration, I said to Dr. A—:

"Well, doctor, now that Fouché and his satellites are no longer to be feared, tell me what was your opinion of the illness of Urbain Leroi?"

"That he was mad. It is my sincere opinion that his death was not caused in the way he imagined, but that it was the result of a disorder of the stomach, which had been improperly treated at its commencement.

Ten years ago, the doctor repeated to me the same assurance. Certainly, he cannot be considered among Fouché's partisans; and yet I should find it difficult to persuade myself that Urbain Leroi died a natural death. I may add that, to my certain knowledge, the Duke of Otranto was of my opinion, but that being unable to avenge the victim, without compromising himself, he preferred letting the crime pass unpunished.

Cambacérès listened to this story with deep attention, and, when I had ceased speaking, he said:

"The number of crimes which are committed and which human justice cannot punish, is unfortunately very considerable. The story I have just heard reminds me of a circumstance which I will relate to you, and which I hope you will bear in mind, if ever, when separated from your wife, you should be inclined to fancy yourself a bachelor.

"About the close of the government of the Directory, the keepers of a *hôtel garni*, in the Rue de l'Université, waited on the minister of police, and in a state of great

agitation, stated that one of his lodgers whom he named, had been murdered on the preceding night. He had engaged the lodging about six o'clock in the evening, describing himself as an inhabitant of Melun, who had come to Paris for a day or two on business. After ordering his chamber to be prepared for him, he went out, saying that he was going to the Odéon, and would return immediately after the performance. About midnight, he returned, but not alone; he was accompanied by a young and beautiful female, dressed in male attire, whom he stated to be his wife, and they were shown to the apartment which had been prepared. In the morning, continued the hotel keeper, the lady went out; she appeared to be fearful that her husband should be disturbed; and she desired that no one should enter the room until her return. Several hours elapsed, and she did not make her appearance; at mid-day, considerable surprise was manifested at her prolonged absence, and the servants of the hotel knocked at the gentleman's door, but without receiving any answer. It was now discovered that the lady had locked the door, and carried the key away with her. The door was broken open, and the unfortunate man was found dead in his bed. A doctor was sent for, and he declared it to be his opinion that the man's death had been caused by a blow of a hammer adroitly inflicted on the left temple. The female never again appeared; she was sought for in vain.

"In about a month after, a similar murder was committed. The victim was likewise a man from the country, and his death was produced in the manner I have above described. The affair excited considerable consternation in Paris. Within another fortnight, a third crime of the same kind was committed; and in all these affairs the mysterious female in man's attire was involved. It is scarcely credible, but nevertheless true, that eighteen or twenty of these extraordinary murders were committed with impunity! In every instance, the little that was seen of the woman rendered it difficult for any one to give a minute description of her person: all the information that could be obtained was, that she was young, very pretty, little, and well formed. This description of course answered that of many women in Paris besides the murderess.

"Meanwhile, Napoleon arrived from Egypt, and possessed himself of the reins of government. Being informed of the atrocities which had been committed in the capital, he directed that active measures should be taken for the detection of the criminal. He spoke to Fouché on the subject. At that time, the capital was filled with Fouché's spies. One of these spies, a fine looking young man about twenty, was one evening accosted in the street by a person, whom he at first supposed to be a very handsome youth. He passed on; but suddenly the thought struck him that the person who had spoken to him was a woman in disguise, and he immediately recollected the female assassin.

" 'It is she !' he exclaimed, 'I have discovered her, and my fortune is made.'

He turned back, and entered into conversation with her. She at first denied her disguise, but finally acknowledged it, and the young man prevailed on the nymph to accompany him home, in the character of a young relation from the country.

" 'Where do you live ?' she inquired.

" He named a hotel in which one of the mysterious murders had been committed.

" 'Oh, no ; I cannot go.'

" 'Why ?'

" 'Because I am known there.'

These words confirmed the suspicions of the police agent. He alluded to his property, and mentioned two hundred louis which his uncle had given him, of which he said he had not spent the twentieth part, adding, " Well, then, if you will not go to my lodgings, where else shall we go ?"

The female mentioned an hotel, to which they immediately repaired. The young man was about to leave the room to order supper, when the woman called him back.

" Will it be safe," said she, " to leave your money all night at your lodgings ? Is it not likely you may be robbed ? Suppose you go and bring it here."

" Ah !" thought the young man, " the veil is now raised ;" and then, without the least appearance of suspicion, he

thanked her for the prudent hint, and went away, under pretext of going to fetch the money.

"He immediately repaired to the office of the police minister, and gave information of the discovery he had made. Furnished with the sum of one hundred and eighty louis, he returned to the house where he had left the woman. He was accompanied by several agents of the police, who stationed themselves at the door of the apartment. The murderess and her pretended lover sat down to supper. She requested him to reach her handkerchief, which she had left on a *console* behind his chair. He rose to get it, and during the instant his back was turned, she poured a powerful narcotic into his glass.

He did not perceive this, and drank off his glass of wine hastily; but he had no sooner swallowed it than he exclaimed, "What wretched wine!" The lady made the same complaint. A second glass was poured out, and pronounced to be better.

Meanwhile, the young man felt his head becoming confused, and his limbs growing stiff. With well-acted concern, the woman rose, and threw her arm round his neck, apparently with the intention of supporting his drooping head. At this moment, he mechanically raised his hand, and he felt the fatal hammer in the side-pocket of the coat worn by the female. He felt conscious of the danger of his situation; he attempted to rise, and leave the room, but his strength failed him. He tried to speak, but his tongue was paralyzed. By one desperate effort, he made a faint outcry, and then fell on the floor, in a state of utter insensibility.

The woman drew the little hammer from her pocket, and laid it on the ground. She then searched her victim, took his purse, and deposited it in the pocket of the waistcoat she wore. She placed his head in the requisite position to receive the deadly blow, and she had raised her right arm for the purpose of inflicting it, when the fatal hammer was suddenly arrested from her grasp. The police agents opportunely entered the room at that moment.

"Ah! Monseigneur!" I exclaimed, "surely you are narrating fiction, and not fact. But, of course, this mon-

ster, in woman's shape, paid the penalty due to her crimes."

"That which occurred after her arrest," pursued the Prince, "is the strangest part of her story. On her first examination, she gave the following romantic account of herself. She was of a respectable family and of irreproachable conduct; but having bestowed her affections on a young man, who had treacherously forsaken her, she had from that moment vowed implacable hatred against all the male sex; and the murders she had committed were actuated by no other motive than vengeance for the injury inflicted on her feelings. Would it be believed that there were persons weak enough to pity this unfortunate victim of betrayed affection? The sensibility of the world, especially of the great world, is often very ridiculous, and sometimes very blameable. An effort was made to screen this wretched culprit from the punishment of the law. When asked why she committed robbery, as well as murder, her defenders could give no satisfactory reply. The criminal, however, underwent the penalty of the law; and certainly society had reason to rejoice that the punishment of death had not been abolished."

"Monseigneur," observed I, "the abolition of the punishment of death is one which demands the most profound and mature attention of the legislature. For political offences, the punishment of death has always appeared to me to be barbarous."

"No doubt it is. But what do you think of it in application to the case I have just mentioned? Here was a young female of five-and-twenty, whose hands were stained with about twenty murders. Twenty families were thus thrown into the most painful state of affliction. Death is the punishment justly due to the crimes of the robber, the assassin, the parricide, he who commits murder from hatred or revenge, the poisoner, and the incendiary. Let us leave a wise latitude to the judges, but let us not abolish the safeguard of society. I can never understand that society has any interest in preserving the life of a ferocious murderer. To spare his life, only that he may drag on the remaining portion of it in a continual alternative of physical and moral torture, would be a barbarity no less revolt-

ing than the crime it would be intended to punish. If the criminal be doomed to perpetual imprisonment and labour, at stated times, I see but little difference between his condition, and that of many deserving members of society. The latter are frequently obliged to labour to an extent injurious to their health, whilst the health of the felon is carefully attended to. Suppose he escape from his bondage, and commit another murder; his punishment is still imprisonment, and nothing beyond it. In short, to abolish the punishment of death would be to hold out a premium of encouragement to murder."

CHAPTER V.

Approach of the 20th of March, 1815—A conversation in the gardens of the Palais Royal—Marchangy—The murder of General Quesnel—The Abbé de Montesquiou—His cat and his portfolio—A visit to Madame de Genlis—Her ingratitude to Napoleon—Her proneness to calumny—Difference between her precepts and her example—Her slovenly mode of dressing—Prince Cambacérès and Count R—The secret revealed—An interesting scene—Curious particulars related by Count Regnaud—The Emperor's remarks on government—An unpublished letter of General Bonaparte—His opinion of journalists—News of the landing of Napoleon in 1815—Paris on the evening of the 5th of March.

THE month of February, 1815, was advancing to its close; and the most painful anxiety pervaded all those who had any knowledge of the conspiracy. The last messenger had been sent off; he who was to return only with the Emperor himself. The signal was given, and we were about to launch into a new course of revolution. As the critical moment approached, even the boldest felt apprehensive of a reverse of fortune, and the just vengeance of the Bourbons. During this anxious month of February, the weather was miserably bad. We had frost, snow, rain, and fog by turns.

I was no less uneasy than others; for my future was clouded by sombre colors. I was not altogether satisfied with the path I had marked out for myself, and yet I felt that I was at perfect liberty to offer my allegiance wheresoever I thought fit. I had occasioned great surprise

to my family, when, in the month of January, I sent for the official dress which I wore when auditor of the Council of State. On this subject, one of my relations wrote me a letter full of good sense and just foresight; he assured me, that the whim I had taken into my head, and at which others of my friends merely laughed, excited in his mind, the most painful forebodings. He begged I would write and tell him the truth. I abhor falsehood; therefore I returned no answer to his letter.

On the evening of the 16th or 17th of February, I returned home early. I had been out with my wife, who, feeling herself indisposed, returned to bed. It might be about half-past eight o'clock; and I sat down to write. About 10 o'clock, I heard the bell ring, and in a few minutes my servant informed me that a gentleman wished to see me; that he was waiting for me on the staircase, where he begged me to go to him, and to take with me my cloak and hat.

I obeyed this summons almost mechanically. I went out, and found — waiting on the staircase. At seeing him, I felt a little uneasy, and I exclaimed,

“Are you in danger?”

“Not exactly,” replied he. “But I have presentiments. I do not feel myself quite at ease,—

Vers le temple des Juifs un instinct m'a poussé

“That is to say, my lodgings,” observed I, laughing.

“Yes, I wish to have a little conversation with you. Let us go and take a turn in the gardens of the Palais Royal.”

I entertained so much deference for—and was so much accustomed to, regard him as my superior that, without hesitation, I complied with this request, and we walked out together. At that time, the Palais Royal was not the brilliant place it now is: there was no magnificent Orleans gallery—no blaze of light diffused from millions of lamps—no forest of elegant pillars—no garden ornamented with statues, and illuminated so as to rival the light of noon day.

For the information of those who did not know the Palais Royal at the time I here refer to, I may state it was a gloomy, dungeon-like, place, divided into two parts. The *Four* and the *Camp des Tartares* were the names given to two long hideous wooden galleries, having nothing but the damp earth for their floor, whilst the rain filtered, drop by drop, through the old tiled roof. These galleries were the resort of a multitude of idlers, intermingled with bad characters of every description, both male and female. At a late hour in the evening, the gardens of the Palais Royal became the resort of all the refuse of Paris.

My companion and I entered the gardens. We made choice of the most solitary avenue, where, assured of not being overheard, we conversed in confidence.

"Do you feel at ease?" said my companion.

"I do not," I replied. "What is your opinion?"

"The nearer we approach to the fatal hour, the more I am agitated. We have taken upon ourselves a heavy responsibility."

"I do not admit the *we*," said I.

"What! would you withdraw your stake from the game?"

"I have no such intention. But, I had no share either in forming or executing the plan; and I am only anxious that every one should reap what he sows. Were I in your place, my despair perhaps would know no bounds."

"Do you then repent having joined us?"

"I may answer that question by yes or no. I am harassed by a strange undefinable conflict of feeling. I would lay down my life to serve the Emperor, and yet in my heart I love the Bourbons. I am attached to them by a thousand circumstances, some of them of a personal nature. They are so eager to do good. The peace which they brought us so perfectly ensures the happiness of France."

"I have said all this to myself a hundred times," observed my interlocutor; "but, with Napoleon, we shall have glory, and finally peace. Besides, a man of honor must abide by his word."

"He must. Mine is pledged, and I will keep it."

He then asked me whether I had any intimate knowledge of Marchangy.

"I know as much of him," replied I, "as one can know of a clever man, who wishes to draw a light veil of concealment over his real sentiments."

"He has offered himself. There is good material in him."

"Brilliant! admirable! But, is it to be trusted to?—That will depend on a reverse. Marchangy is ambitious.

Mon bien premièrement

Et puis le mal d'autrui.

I need not finish the quotation, Monseigneur. If we triumph, he will be of vast importance to us. He is a magistrate of a superior order; one who is evidently destined for a brilliant future. He possesses talent, eloquence, and extensive erudition."

"And you may add, bad taste."

I shall not transcribe the remainder of this remark. I condemn Marchangy only on account of the exaggeration of his royalism after the second Restoration. I feel pleasure in rendering homage to his merit. He was a very remarkable man, endowed with talent greatly superior to that which his writings indicate. Under other circumstances, his conduct would have excited admiration.

He next spoke of General Vandamme and others. He expressed his horror at the murder of General Quesnel, who, according to all appearance, had fallen a sacrifice to one of those thousand factions of the imperial conspiracy; for, let it not be supposed that the conspiracy was the work of a single mass actuated by a uniform spirit in all parts of France. The impulse being given, those who gave it held themselves aloof to observe its working. Fanatics and zealots, in their respective spheres of action, had laboured hard: they had summoned and assembled recruits from among the half-pay and disbanded officers of the army, the youth of the civic corporations, and, above all, the working classes.

It is a fact not to be doubted, that in the month of

January, 1815, the best organized police might have expended vast sums of money, and multiplied spies, and yet could never have adequately watched the innumerable secret associations then existing; associations which were strangers to and independent of each other, but nevertheless advancing in concert towards one and the same object.

It is possible that some branch of this labyrinth, fearful of seeing its mysteries betrayed by the unfortunate Quesnel, formed the atrocious scheme of putting him out of the way. This murder was sincerely deplored by my friends. The Emperor, too, spoke of it in terms of extreme indignation, declaring that those who sought to support him by such crimes were unworthy to be attached to his cause; that he disavowed such supporters, and would certainly punish them if ever he returned to power.

Whilst I was conversing with —— Count P——— passed by us. He was walking with a sort of *grisette*.

"There," said ——, "that is the way his money goes; and, if we were to ask him for a hundred crowns for the furtherance of the great work, he would say he had not a *sou*, and that his wife holds his purse-strings."

—— spoke of the Duke of Parma. He suspected nothing, and it was deemed prudent not to let him know anything; for it was apprehended that his alarm would cause him to quit Paris—a proceeding that would have excited great suspicion.

We walked till after midnight in the galleries, having retired from the gardens at eleven o'clock. I returned home, very low spirited, and much more anxious than when I went out. Though unable to sleep, I threw myself on my bed, and fearfully awaited the approach of daylight. On rising, my surprise was extreme to receive a letter from the minister of the interior, the Abbé de Montesquiou, who requested that I would wait upon him immediately, and supply such information as I might be required to give.

I concluded that all had been discovered. Before I went out I sat down and wrote a few lines to ——, which I directed should be forwarded to him immediately. My note was as follows :—

"I do not know why the Abbé de Montesquiou has sent

for me. He says he wants information, and he shall have it. I will not forget my friends. Will you wait for me in the café at the corner of the Rue de Bourbon and the Rue de Bac? I will meet you there. if I should be permitted to go at large. Adieu."

I doubted whether I should be suffered to remain at liberty. I found myself in a perplexing situation; but I made an effort to conquer my uneasiness, and set out resolutely. When I presented my billet, the doors were all thrown open to me, and I gained free access to his excellency. He saluted me with the words, "*Bon jour, mon cousin,*" which I thought augured well; you seem displeased," added he, smiling.

"Monseigneur," replied I, "when I see the selections which are daily made, I cannot help rendering justice to myself. I have not power to contend against this host of competitors."

"Truly, we are overwhelmed in all quarters. We have, at this moment, no less than two hundred kings or queens in France."

"And what becomes of the true sovereign among them all? But, Monseigneur, you wish to receive such information as I can supply you with?"

The Abbé made some remarks, in which he acknowledged that I had reason to complain of being unhandsomely treated; but he recommended me to be patient, assuring me that I should be appointed to a prefecture at the first opportunity.

"Monseigneur," said I, "the offer will come too late."

"Why?"

"I cannot accept it."

"Indeed! Then why do you complain?"

"I have not complained to any one. But you wrote to me."

"Yes."

"He went to the table, turned over a number of papers, without finding what he wanted. He lost all patience, rang the bell, and desired the servant to tell Monsieur somebody to come. The gentleman entered, and helped the Abbé to look for the lost paper, but without success."

The contents of six desks were turned out, but the note was no where to be found. Whilst I was laughing within myself at these proofs of official order and regularity, I observed a cat playing with the minister's portfolio under a large arm chair. I could have wagered that that portfolio contained the note whose loss had thrown the minister and his secretary into such perplexity.

At length, other eyes than mine espied the audacious cat. The hue and cry was raised, the terrified animal relinquished her plaything, the portfolio was picked up, and found to contain the lost document, which was drawn forth somewhat torn and crumpled. The secretary withdrew. M. de Montesquiou glanced over the note, and then said to me:

" 'You see Cambacérès pretty frequently?'

" 'I go very often to pay my respects to the ex-chancellor of the Empire, not having forgotten what I owe to his friendship.'

" 'You frequently meet there—'

The minister stopped short, and awaited my answer. Then, as if surprised at my silence, he added:

" 'You did not hear me?'

" 'I am not in the habit of naming unnecessarily the individuals I meet in the houses I visit.'

" 'Well, since you are afraid of helping my memory, let me ask you whether you ever meet the Duke of Otrante among the visitors of Cambacérès?'

" 'I have met him once or twice.'

" 'Have you met Carnot?'

" 'About the end of last year, I perhaps met him there twice.'

" 'Have you met Barras?'

" 'Never.'

" 'Count Regnaud, Treilhard, Thibaudeau, Defermont, or the Duke de Bassano?'

" 'Seldom, very seldom.'

" 'Do you know Monsieur M——?'

" 'Monseigneur, am I undergoing a judicial interrogatory here?'

" 'By no means! But I am informed that M. M—— has been at the island of Elba, and it appears to me, that

if you know the fact, you will not hesitate to avow it to your relation."

I thought that this recognition, like the offer of the prefecture, came rather late; and I was on my guard against this snare as well as the other."

"I have heard," replied I, "that M. M—— being called by business to Leghorn, made a journey thither."

"And he extended his journey as far as Elba?"

"Monseigneur, I think that had any circumstance drawn you so near to Napoleon, you would have been the first to have turned a little out of your course to have seen him in his exile."

The Abbé made a grimace which convinced me that he would not have felt any particular curiosity to see the hero, and then he added:

"M. M—— has, I believe, brought letters from Bonaparte?"

"He has not shown them to me."

"I do not mean to allege that he has; but I have been given to understand that you know all the particulars of this intrigue."

"Monseigneur, Fouché has misinformed you."

"Who told you that Fouché was my informant?"

"A word sufficed to assure me of the fact. He has denounced me; I know not for what object. But such information as I have to give you will be of no service to him."

Though the Abbé was very anxious to conceal that he was the mere tool of the Duke of Otranto, yet he could not subdue his dissatisfaction so far as to disguise from me wholly that which he wished I should not know. Being assured of his ignorance of any important facts, since he knew nothing, except what he had learned from Fouché, I resumed complete confidence. Wishing at once to mystify the Abbé, and to punish him for his ill intention towards me, I said:

"Monseigneur, the Duke of Otranto is resolved, at all hazards, to resume his political career. He has deceived every successive government, and now he has set about deceiving you. He has heard (I know not how) of M. M——'s visit to Italy. You are aware, that, about a year

ago, M. M—— filled an important official situation in Italy; and it is possible that his precipitate recall may have seriously injured the interests of many individuals. By this circumstance, his journey to Leghorn may be very naturally explained. But the Duke of Otranto has made it the groundwork of a formidable conspiracy. A visit of curiosity to Porto-Ferrajo, together with a few letters from Captain Loubers, and others, to their relations in Paris, are circumstances on which Fouché founds his pretence of saving the monarchy. Monseigneur, all he wants is, to get possession of your portfolio; be on your guard against him. With respect to M. M——, as I am his only friend, I pledge myself, within the space of a month, to prevail on him to confess all he knows of the conspiracy."

It may perhaps be imagined that it was not very prudent to undertake the fulfilment of this promise within the short space of a month. But it must be borne in mind a month was to us an age. Besides, I confidently believed Napoleon to be already on his way to Paris, and, recollecting the fable of the ass, the king, and the adventurer, I thought that, before the expiration of a month, the Abbé Montesquiou would have other matters to trouble his head about. As to the poor Abbé, his foresight did not extend so far; and he plumed himself on having, by his exquisite tact, extorted such a pledge from me.

"Well, my dear friend," said the Abbé de Montesquiou with a most self-complacent air, "I am delighted to find that you have returned to our ranks. I assure you, you will be rewarded. But how is it possible any thing can be done for you whilst your friends at Toulouse declare you to be a furious Bonapartist? You must clear yourself of this charge."

The Abbé, who now seemed to be fatigued by this long conversation, wished me good morning, though he had not got through half the questions which he intended to ask me. M. de Montesquiou had conceived an invincible dislike to business; and it was extremely amusing to observe his anger and impatience when any thing occurred to rouse him from his *benedetto far niente*.

I took leave of him with my mind very much at ease.

I felt assured that the government had received no information beyond the reports current in Paris, and that we had no reason to make ourselves uneasy. I proceeded straight to the Café Militaire, presuming that — would be there waiting for me. I found him, along with three or four of the most influential members of the committee.— They were at his lodgings when my note was delivered to him. The note had produced a most astounding effect.— They thought that all was discovered, and they were preparing for flight.

My story revived their spirits. Some were of opinion that I had committed an error in accusing the Duke of Ot-ranto; but I felt confident that my suspicions were correct—and his friends informed me, that the last messenger from the Isle of Elba had brought intelligence that it was Napoleon's intention to sail with the first fair wind. "Perhaps," said — "he is now at sea, and we may every moment expect to hear news of his landing.

After taking leave of these gentlemen, I went to pay a visit to the Countess de Genlis. As usual, her conversation was all about herself, intermingled with complaints of Mesdames de Staël and Cottin, whom she could not endure. She expressed herself much dissatisfied with her old pupil, and offended at her coldness. Madame de Genlis alluded to the firm royalism of which she herself had given such abundant proofs during the terrible period of the revolution.

"Madame," observed I coolly, "you ought to disavow the first edition of the *Chevaliers de Cygne*."

"Alas!" replied she, "my enemies have so often reprinted my works, and inserted in them so many attacks upon different persons, that I no longer feel any interest about them."

"I know some one, Madam, who possesses your correspondence with Pétion."

"All those letters are forgeries," replied Madame de Genlis, with imperturbable confidence; "I never wrote more than two or three short notes to Pétion in my life."

By this sort of bold disavowal, she used to try to clear herself of all disagreeable recollections. She would overwhelm Napoleon with bitter invective, unmindful of the

favours he had heaped upon her. He gave her a superb suite of apartments in the Arsenal, a pension of six thousand francs, with an equal amount in extraordinary gratuities, and he purchased numerous copies of her works, whenever a new edition appeared.

During the imperial reign, Madame de Genlis solicited the favour of being permitted to write a letter every week to Napoleon. Judging from the very scanty share of christian charity apparent in her Memoirs and her conversation, it may fairly be inferred, whatever she says to the contrary, that her correspondence with the Emperor was injurious to the interests of many individuals, especially to M.M. Hoffman and Feletz. These two men, so distinguished for their literary talent, were her scapegoats. If she had dared to accuse them of the most atrocious crimes, she certainly would not have hesitated to have done so; but the purity of their private lives afforded no pretence for calumny. She, therefore, contented herself, in 1810, with stigmatizing them as royalists, and subsequently with denouncing them as Bonapartists. She did not spare them. There never was a woman more fond of setting herself up as an example: and certainly it would be difficult to imagine one possessing less right to arrogate such a superiority. On reading her works on education, in which she so strongly recommends personal neatness and elegant simplicity in dress, who would not imagine that she was herself an example of the precepts she inculcates? But how widely the reverse! She always had a dirty appearance; and, as to her caps, they were as black as if they had been exposed to the smoke of a kitchen chimney for several weeks.

"My wife, who had heard a great deal about Madame de Genlis, felt an eager wish to know her. "Let us go and call on her," said I.

"'Oh no,' she replied, 'I should be afraid to move or speak in her presence. She would inspire me with such awe. But yet I should like to see her.'

"You may easily satisfy your curiosity," observed I. "You attend mass every day at Saint Roch, Madame de Genlis is as regular in her attendance there as you. Look among the old women for one who is very upright, very

much wrinkled, and above all, very shabbily dressed, with an old gown and bonnet, and a horribly dirty cap, and be assured that is Madame de Genlis."

Two days after this, when my wife returned from church, she exclaimed good humouredly,

" 'I have seen Madame de Genlis, or your portrait has strangely deceived me.'

She gave me a description of her dress, and about two o'clock I made a call on the illustrious authoress, under the pretence of taking a book which she had requested me to lend her. I found her dressed precisely as my wife had described. Afterwards, in her visits to Saint-Roch, she was much interested in observing Madame de Genlis, whose dress was always remarkably shabby and slovenly.

On the occasion of a visit which I made to her about the end of February, 1815, she uttered a great deal of in-whose dress was always remarkably shabby and slovenly.

"Take care what you say, Madam," observed I. "It is reported that he will soon be back to France; and you know his anger is that of the lion."

" 'There is no reason to fear that the monster will ever leave the Isle of Elba,' said she; 'but, if by any fatal chance he should return, I will instantly fly from this polluted land. I will follow the Bourbons and die with them. Why is not a marriage arranged for the Duke de Berry? He must have heirs; and, if a governess were to be selected to superintend their education, I do not know, thank Heaven, any one in France worthy to dispute the appointment with me. I presume they would never think of giving the preference to Madame de Stael or Madame de Campan.'

To plague her, I said that I had heard from the Countess de Goyon that Madame Campan entertained some hope of getting the appointment. Heavens! what a blaze of anger I kindled! Madame de Genlis sadly forgot her christian charity in her bitter remarks on the *surintendante* of Ecouen.

I know not how long she would have continued on this theme, if M. de Courchamp had not happened to call in. His appearance saved poor Madam Campan from farther abuse.

M. de Courchamp was the bearer of good news. He informed us, that Napoleon wished to proceed to the United States, and that he was very shortly to leave Europe for that destination. I could have made some errata on M. de Courchamp's information; but prudence counselled me to remain silent.

When I took leave of Madame de Genlis, it was still early, and I went to pay a visit to Prince Cambacérés. I found him pacing up and down his room in a state of great agitation. I inquired what had occasioned his uneasiness.

"Oh!" said he, "I am doomed to be plagued by fools or madmen. This morning I have had a visit from Count R He has been disclosing to me a host of absurd and even criminal schemes. He wishes me to unite myself with a party of fanatics. According to his account, they are playing a sure game, and only want me at their head to direct their movements. I was exceedingly irritated. and I said to the Count: 'The greatest mark of friendship I can show you, is to conceal from the knowledge of the government the disclosure you have just made to me. Have you reflected on the consequences of this enterprise? Do you flatter yourself that it would succeed? What can drive you to a course which might be natural enough in a desperate man, bereft of fortune and honour? Think of the abyss which restless and insatiable ambition would open beneath your feet! Do not suppose that such a project would be supported by the nation. You mistake the murmurs of a few turbulent spirits for the expression of public opinion. Be assured that the fallen sovereign will never again grasp his lost sceptre. The Bourbons will hold firm possession of it. They are sure of the fidelity of a great portion of the French people, and they may reasonably count on the assistance of Europe. The armies of the Alliance are not yet broken up. They are encamped on our frontiers, and will rush down upon us at the first signal. Woe to France if victory should a second time be theirs! I do not believe that Napoleon's star will triumph on this occasion. Peace, which he has so often disturbed, will now array against him numerous enemies; and those enemies will unite to crush him, for they will al-

ways hold him in fear. On whose assistance does he build his hopes? Can he suppose that Austria will declare herself openly in his favor, at a moment when all the sovereigns of Europe are assembled in her capital, where another coalition may be formed in a few hours? A second fall will be more terrible than the first. Take my advice, renounce this dangerous project. The allied powers have consented to leave us unmolested. Do not give them reason to repent that indulgence, and let us not forfeit the friendship which has been so sincerely offered."

"Count R," continued the Prince, "though a little shaken, was not overcome by my philippic. He was of opinion that I was exaggerating our disadvantages; he wished to prove to me, that his party was not without supporters; and he concluded by asking me whether I felt so satisfied with my present situation, that I should stand firm amidst the conflict.

"*'You must shield yourself against suspicion,'* pursued Count R *'Whatever may be your conduct in this juncture, the royal government will accuse you, and will give you no credit for your refusal to unite with us. As soon as we raise the mask, you will be placed under arrest, and either as an object of suspicion, or as an hostage, you will be lodged in a state prison. There are times and situations in which a man cannot remain neutral; in such a situation, and by not satisfying any party, you will dissatisfy them all.'*"

"Count R: reasoned in vain. I was not to be caught in such a lure; and we parted not very well pleased with each other. What do you think of this extravagance? It is inconceivable. But you are silent. Do you know any thing of the plots that are brewing?"

I found myself in a singular position. Formerly, the Prince scarcely distinguished me in the crowd of his acquaintance, and never condescended to ask me for information. I was absolutely ignorant of state secrets, whilst he knew them all. But now the scene was changed. He was in the dark, and I was enabled to point out to him what he could but imperfectly distinguish.

But these reflections, which I am now noting down, did not at that time occur to my mind. My thoughts were

wholly engrossed by the approaching catastrophe. The impressive words which the Prince had addressed to Count R . . . still vibrated in my heart, and created a feeling of discouragement, I may even say of remorse. This feeling was so forcibly depicted in my countenance, that it was observed by the Prince, who put to me the pointed question I have just noted above. I was embarrassed and mortified, and would fain have remained silent; but, when imperiously interrogated by one whom I had long been accustomed to esteem and revere, I could no longer conceal the truth, and I said:

“Monseigneur, all that you have heard from Count R ——— is true, quite true. Napoleon is not only preparing to return, but there is every reason to believe that he is already on his way. To-morrow, possibly, we shall hear of his landing.”

I then entered into full details. I concealed nothing; hoping that my present candour would make amends for my past dissimulation. Prince Cambacérès listened to me with deep attention, mingled with feelings of grief and astonishment. His acute perception enabled him to see, at a glance, the future, in its full extent. He saw France exposed to new catastrophes, and a prey to convulsions more violent than any she had heretofore suffered. Perhaps, too, the Prince foresaw that his own destiny would be imprisonment or exile.

He suffered me to conclude my story without interrupting me, even by a sign. When I ceased speaking, he was plunged into melancholy reflection, whilst I stood before him, like a criminal caught in a snare. Prince Cambacérès sighed, raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, and, in a voice faltering with emotion, he said:

“Here is a plot, truly! and hatched by Frenchmen! Is it possible its authors can be aware of the awful responsibility they have incurred? Well, we may all take our knapsacks on our backs, and beg through Europe; if, indeed that indulgence will be allowed us. I thank you, Sir, for your candid explanation; but I should have been still more grateful if you had informed me of this six months ago.”

He said no more, but walked in an agitated manner up

and down the room. I saw that he wished to be alone. I took my leave of him; and on this occasion, he did not as was his custom, request me to prolong my visit. I was much pained at the thought of having displeased him. I walked slowly homeward, and, as I passed the Tuileries, I could not help seriously asking myself what France was likely to gain by the second fall of the legitimate occupants of the venerable palace.

On the following evening, my wife and I had an engagement to go to a ball given by a lady of our acquaintance to celebrate the happiness which France had enjoyed since the return of the Bourbons. This fête was little in unison with the state of my feelings; and I was almost pleased to find that a slight indisposition of my wife furnished us with an apology for not attending. We, accordingly, staid at home, and I employed the evening in arranging my affairs. Hesitating to present myself again to Prince Cambacérès, I sat down, and wrote to him in the following terms:

“Monseigneur,

“The consciousness of having incurred the displeasure of your Serene Highness has deeply affected me. I have yielded to the power of old recollections, and of that fidelity, from which no new pledge had released me. I did not take the oath of allegiance to the new government; therefore, I have violated no engagement. My fault consists in my want of candour towards you, from whom I ought to have concealed nothing. I ought to have appealed to your advice; but I conceived it to be my duty to keep the secret that was entrusted to me. The continuance of your displeasure would be a most severe punishment for my offence. Pardon me and I shall again be happy.”

I despatched this note by a messenger, whom I directed to wait for an answer. The answer was an invitation to dine with the Prince the next day. It was the last day of February. The Prince received me with his usual kindness. A little explanation made me feel perfectly at ease.

“I know all,” said Prince Cambacérès. “We are standing on the brink of an abyss. A volcano is about to open upon us.”

In the evening, several visitors dropped in, and the con-

versation, as usual, consisted of discussions and anecdotes on various subjects. We all listened with interest to the following particulars, related by Count Regnaud.

"Napoleon, having reached the summit of his power, was unwilling that his work should be exposed to the risk of perishing after his death. He was fully aware that the crown would never be consolidated in his family, unless he had children to wear it after him. At one time, he was disposed to adopt as his heir the eldest son of his brother Louis; but the death of the young prince thwarted that intention. It was then that the Empress Josephine, probably foreseeing the fate that awaited her, wished to prevail on the Emperor to make a formal adoption of Prince Eugene as his successor to the thrones of France and Italy. She had several times suggested this plan to Napoleon, and she entreated that I would undertake to negotiate with the Emperor the difficult and dangerous question.

"I was summoned to Malmaison, where I had a private interview with Josephine and Eugene. We discussed the subject in all its various points, and finding that the adoption of Prince Eugene offered better pledges for the security of the Empire, than the adoption of a son of Prince Louis, I consented to undertake the negotiation. I was chiefly influenced in this decision by the high military reputation of the son of Josephine.

"Having come to this resolution, I sought a favourable opportunity to break the ice. One day, when I was engaged with the Emperor in making some arrangements relating to the communes, I turned the conversation on the indispensable necessity of consolidating a number of institutions, the advantages of which would not be felt or appreciated until after the lapse of a very considerable time. To speak of stability to the Emperor was to place him on his favourite ground. He eagerly entered on the subject, and made a thousand remarks, which I had often heard him repeat. I replied to them at first with indifference, and then, with a certain air of impatience, I exclaimed,

"But after the Emperor, where shall we find a genius sufficiently vast to attempt the execution of these lofty conceptions?"

" ' Ah !' replied Napoleon, ' the man is yet to be formed, perhaps he is yet unborn.'

" Do you think, Sire," said I, " that a child, nursed in the lap of imperial splendour, could rally round him the French people, and repress foreign enemies, should a calamity, which we scarcely dare look forward to, deprive him, before his majority, of the support of your genius ?"

" ' And yet that must be,' he replied, ' in something like a tone of dissatisfaction. One cannot improvise a sovereign.'

" I confess," resumed I, " that the thing is not easy ; yet, in this respect, your Majesty is more advantageously situated than other monarchs. You have an adopted son, now in the vigour of his age, and whose talents and courage have endeared him to the French people.

" Napoleon saw the point at which I was aiming, and, without circumlocution, he said,

" Prince Eugene wishes to become my successor ; but that is impossible. There are too many obstacles in the way of such an arrangement. Besides, there is the constitution."

" It leaves to your Majesty the privilege of appointing your successor. And, even though it did not, who would dare to oppose so wise and important a resolution ?"

" ' Count Regnauld, I do not attach very great importance to the circumstance of having an heir of so ripe an age as Eugene, and so fully prepared to receive my inheritance.'

" Sire, the virtues of the Prince are sufficiently known. You have had ample opportunities of judging of his respect and love for you."

" ' Yes, Eugene is, even now, the most obedient and affectionate of sons ; but who can say what he would become, if he were surrounded by a crowd of courtiers all interested in seeing him reign in my place ? I should like my sceptre to descend to heirs, who, being born of my blood, would await, without impatience, the inheritance, of which my caprice could not deprive them.'

" The Emperor then dismissed me," pursued Count Regnauld, " and I hastened to report the ill-success of my mission to those who were most deeply interested in knowing it. Josephine shed a torrent of tears. Her noble-

mind son received the intelligence with his accustomed fortitude.

“ ‘I have no right,’ said he, ‘to inherit the throne ; and, even had the Emperor preferred me to his brothers and their children, it might have been regarded as a sort of usurpation on my part. However, this cannot in the least degree diminish the affection I bear to His Majesty.’ ”

“I could not refrain from repeating Prince Eugene’s words to the Emperor, who, on hearing them, immediately said :

“ ‘Eugene is endowed with truly noble qualities. In the character of my adopted son, I might perhaps have reason to fear him ; but, in his present position, nothing will ever turn him from his duty.’ ”

“On another occasion,” added Count Regnauld, “when we were approaching the late catastrophe, Napoleon, in a moment of confidence, made the following remarks to me in reference to his son-in-law :—

“ ‘If my brothers, if my marshals were like Eugene, I should be invincible. He is the only individual on whom I can rely as on myself ; and in the hour of danger he would be the only one who would not betray me. He combines the virtues of Epaminondas with the chivalrous feeling of Gaston de Foix. He is the model of a true Frenchman.’ ”

The conversation of Prince Cambacérès and his friends still continued to turn on the Emperor, his good qualities, and his faults. The Prince observed that Napoleon had invariably been the advocate of monarchical government.

“I cannot understand,” said he, “how any one can believe that he ever was a republican. No man was ever more fully imbued with the sage maxims of royalty. I remember one day at Malmaison, when he was yet only First Consul, he said in the presence of myself, Count Fabre de l’Aude, and M. de Fontanes :—

“ ‘The grand fault of Louis XVI was his respect for legality. A sovereign is lost when he suffers his subjects to reason on his power, and on the extent of their respective rights. A nation, to be happy, must obey its rulers in silence—like a child for whom rules are made without its interference. Nobles, magistrates, priests and citizens, ought all to be placed on the same level. This is the secret where-

by public peace and the stability of the throne are to be insured. There is one fact, which has always struck me as remarkable: it is that those states in which the tribunal of the inquisition rules with an iron hand, have never been the prey of revolutions. This renders it worth while to consider what advantage a government may derive from that terrible engine. At the bare mention of the inquisition, the Jacobins and our *hadaud* politicians would of course raise a terrible outcry. No matter, I know better than they do, the danger which that institution presents. That danger is the power it would give to the clergy. The inquisition of Venice, which was wholly political, worked well. Our police ought to resemble it in operation and effect; but that cannot be; because our police is despised more than it is feared. In Venice, the inquisition was an object of respect; therefore, it was at once redoubtable and useful."

Count Regnaud affirmed that he had heard Napoleon make the above remarks. M. Denon, who was present, repeated from memory the tenour of a letter written by General Bonaparte when in Italy, of which he afterwards gave me a copy. I here transcribe it:

Leghorn, 12th Messidor, Year IV of the Republic.

"My dear Friend,

"I am surrounded by a cloud of calumny, unfounded accusation, falsehood and turpitude of every kind. Those who are mortified, because they cannot see me beaten by the enemy, assail me with the atrocious arms of envy. I am the object of hatred both to underlings and high functionaries. To the former, because I will not let them plunder, and to the latter, because I will not connive with them and share the spoil. Petty aspirants dread great aspirants. They raise the cry of injustice, as it were, in anticipation, lest I should one day demand the reward of the services I shall have rendered. The severity of those who have no claims towards those who have them, is incredible. A stranger may pass without examination; but every word and action

are subject to the most rigid scrutiny, in the man whose name is echoed by the public voice.

"I cannot endure the insolence of these envious block-heads. The Directory spares them, and suffers them to overwhelm me with insults and accusations. I cannot regard this turpitude as the exercise of a right; it is an attack upon the life and honour of a citizen. This sort of treatment would make me hate the Republic and liberty, if that were possible. I shall never be satisfied, until these cowardly assailants receive their merited punishment. What? I who triumph over sovereigns, who make laws for Italy? who maintain the Majesty of France? am recompensed by *lazzi*, by abusive pamphlets, by denunciations which tend to make it be believed, that I am a robber or a traitor? . . . This shall not continue. I am capable of any thing, if I do not receive speedy satisfaction. Demand it in my name, and let it be so decided, that my base enemies shall be covered with confusion.

"Addio, Signore,

"BONAPARTE."

After Denon had described this letter to us, Prince Cambracérés remarked that the Emperor had a great dislike to journals and journalists; and that he never omitted any opportunity of manifesting his antipathy to them.

"I have heard him say, oftener than once," pursued the Prince, "that four hostile newspapers were more to be feared than a hundred thousand troopers in battle array. The worst recommendation that any man could have, in Napoleon's eyes, was to be a newspaper writer. I recollect that, shortly after the 18th Brumaire, Fabre de l'Aude, who was always a favourite of Napoleon, solicited, in my hearing, an appointment for one of his acquaintance.

"What has he done?"

"He has been a journalist."

"A journalist!" repeated the First Consul. "That means a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of

sovereigns, a tutor of nations. The *cabanons* of Bicêtre are the fittest places for people of that stamp.'

"But, First Consul," resumed Fabre, who always spoke out freely, "you every day employ men who have been journalists."

"If they were nothing better, I would soon rid myself of them. I know that they possess eminent talents, yet, in spite of that, I employ them with repugnance.'

After a short pause, he added:—

"Sovereign power is a wheel, which must incessantly be turning. Every thing that retards or impedes its movement is dangerous. It must have free scope; the concurrence of all, and no resistance. Without these conditions, it vacillates, and has no confidence, either in itself or in others. How can the agents of a government be expected to be blindly obedient, when the government to which they owe that blind obedience is the object of censure, insult, and ridicule? The silence of subjects constitutes a considerable share of a monarch's power.'

Count Regnaud proposed that we should conclude the evening by a visit to the *Théâtre des Variétés*, where the entertainments were rendered particularly attractive by the performance of Potier, Brunet, and other celebrated actors. Several of the company acceded to Count Regnaud's proposition, and I was one of the number. In spite of the gaiety of the performance, we found ourselves oppressed by a feeling of melancholy which we could not shake off. We had been some time seated, when a tap was heard at the box door: a stranger entered, and inquired for Count Regnaud.

The Count rose and left the box. He was absent about three quarters of an hour. We were surprised, and, in some degree, uneasy at this circumstance, for we knew that the Count's private affairs were at that time much embarrassed. About ten o'clock, just as I had determined to go out in quest of him, he made his appearance.

"Ah! here you are at last," we exclaimed. What has been the matter?"

"Oh!" he replied, "they do not leave me a moment's rest. To-morrow, before it is noon, I must be at Val,* to

* The Count's country seat.

arrange some legal business at which my presence is indispensable. I must set off at four in the morning, for I must write all the way in my carriage. Excuse me, therefore, if I wish you good evening."

As he uttered these last words, he pressed his foot against mine. I understood the signal, and followed him. As soon as we were in the corridor, and the box door was closed, I said:—

"In the name of Heaven, Count, tell me what has happened? If I can render you any assistance, command my services."

The Count whispered in my ear.

"He has landed."

I uttered an exclamation. The Count placed his hand before my mouth.

"Hush!" said he, "we are observed."

"When did he land?" inquired I in a whisper.

"On the 1st of March. He is now on his way to Paris, and will be here on the 18th or 20th. To-morrow, vigorous measures will be adopted by the government. I wish to avert the possibility of a capture; and I have prepared a secure retreat. Farewell! Take care of yourself."

He departed, and left me transfixed to the spot. On recovering from my surprise, my first thought was to go and communicate the event to Prince Cambacérès; but a moment's reflection altered my intention. I sauntered homewards in a most anxious state of mind. I felt, as it were, a sort of surprise at the quiet and solitude of the streets. It seemed to me that all Paris ought to know the event which occupied my thoughts. But that evening the Parisians were laughing, dancing, and singing, and had retired to their beds as gay and careless as usual.

On the following day, the scene was changed.

CHAPTER VI.

The morning of the 6th March, 1815—The Count de Blacas—Dissatisfaction of the army—The Journal des Débats of the 6th of March—A visit to Marchangy—A curious conversation with him—Visit to David the painter—Marigne—Public feeling respecting Bonaparte's return—Count B . . . —Talma's appropriate quotation—The two actresses—Tardy and obscure announcement of the Journals—Diversity of reports—Paris on the memorable morning—Effect of the news on the King—His remark to M. de Blacas—Marshal Soult—The Duke de Damas-Crux and the Baron de Vitrolles—The Dukes de Bourbon, Angoulême, and Orleans—Error committed in sending Monsieur to Lyons—Napoleon's remarks on that subject Louis XVIII. and the Baron de Vitrolles—Confusion in the Tuileries—The Count de Barruel Beauvert—Scenes of violence.

On the memorable night of the 5th of March, 1815, I slept but little, or, to speak more accurately, I did not enjoy a single moment's repose. "The words, "*He has landed!*" filled my thoughts, and produced the effect of a night-mare. "*He has landed!*" What did not these words presage? What would be the effect of the astounding intelligence when it came to be generally known throughout France? Would the French people prove their satisfaction of the existing régime, by taking part with the Bourbons; or, seduced by the glory of the Emperor, would they rally round the eagle?

These questions were not easily answered; though even on the 5th of March, it was not difficult to perceive, that the chances were in favor of Napoleon. M. de Blacas had ruined the royalist cause. The man, to whose

guidance the destiny of a great nation is entrusted, must be endowed with genius; without that quality, fidelity and noble sentiments are insufficient. In the talent requisite for forming a statesman or a diplomatist, M. de Blacas proved himself as deficient in 1815, as M. de Polignac in 1830.

M. de Blacas fell into the error of fancying that all France was reflected in himself. Because he adored the King; because he would have laid down his life for the august family of his sovereign; he imagined that every one would do the same. The dissatisfaction, which prevailed in the army, was excited by the unfavorable sentiments of the marshals. With the exception of the Dukes de Belluno, de Reggio, de Feltre, de Treviso, de Ragusa, and Count Pérignon, all the rest, even Angareau, would have preferred their old general to their new sovereign, had they been free to choose. Almost all the lieutenant-generals and field-m Marshals, were devoted to him, and ninety-nine out of every hundred of the subaltern officers and privates. In short, the military of all ranks were indignant at the little estimation which was attached to their glorious victories; and at seeing the Tuileries thronged with arrogant upstarts, who would have crouched at their feet, had not the elements and treason conspired to crush courage and genius.

All the persons who filled the subaltern situations in the government offices were for Napoleon; all the police agents wanted him back again; commerce, always ungrateful to the Bourbons, disavowed the prosperity created by their return; the citizens were offended at the silly vanity displayed by many of the restored *noblesse*, male and female; and the peasantry, who had gained so much by the revolution, viewed the return of the royal family with distrust; expecting soon to see the re-establishment of seigniorial rights, the *corvée*, tithes, and the restitution of national property.

I rose on the morning of the 6th, melancholy and low spirited. I could not resolve to pay a visit to Prince Cambacérés. I dreaded the first explosion of his displeasure; and I was aware that he was already much dissatisfied, because I had not sooner made him acquainted with what I knew. I was unwilling to incur his reproaches,

the more especially as I knew I did not deserve them; for, though aware of the conspiracy, I had taken no active part in it. On this point, my conscience is clear, and I defy any one to assert to the contrary.

I went out, and took a walk along the boulevards and the quays. In those places, perfect tranquillity prevailed; the fatal news was yet unknown. I entered a café, where I saw the *Journal des Débats*. It contained a paragraph which, to the mass of the public, might have appeared of little importance; but which was very significant to me. It was as follows:

“In consequence of the situation of Italy, and the movements which seem to be preparing there, it has been deemed necessary to assemble a corps of observation between Lyons and Chambéry:—several regiments have received orders to march for that destination.”

Having read these obscure words, I said *in petto*:—“It is then true:—the terrible colossus has reached our shores!” This served only to increase my agitation. A sudden thought struck me, and I hastened to call on Marchangy, who then filled the post of deputy procureur du Roi.

Marchangy was a singular being, both in mind and person. From his excessive thinness, he might have served as a subject for anatomical study: and he was altogether exceedingly ugly, with the exception of his eyes, which beamed with intelligence and vivacity. But this unprepossessing exterior concealed an elevated mind, and a bold and ambitious spirit. His eloquence was at once energetic, and insinuating. His talent and genius rendered him a favorite, even with the fair sex in spite of his personal disadvantages; and he used to boast of his conquests without the least reserve. He was gay and witty, an agreeable companion, a *bon vivant*, a frequenter of the theatres and all places of amusement;—and he passed his life alternately amidst the silence of his cabinet and the tumult of the world. Marchangy would have been a writer of the highest merit, had he only obeyed his own inspirations; but, as his writings were always at variance with his feelings and opinions, they bear the impress of constraint and embarrassment.

to propagate it; but he spoke of it openly, wherever he went.

The intelligence excited strong agitation in all quarters where it became known; and imagination conjured up evils without number. There were, however, many who consoled themselves by reflections such as the following:

“What have we to dread? What is there so very fearful in a man, who is merely acting the part of a corsair? The handful of troops, who are following him, cannot make a stand against a regular army. A single well disciplined corps would disarm and make them prisoners; and to shoot them on the spot would be at once an act of prudence and justice, and would operate as a lesson for the future. What signifies multiplying measures of resistance? The King has only to speak a word, and all is decided. If the traitor has not been seized in the gulf of Juan, no matter; he will be arrested at Digne or at Vizille:—and if, in defiance of all probability, he should succeed in getting as far as Grenoble, he will certainly never enter the town.”

Consolation of this sort was mutually offered, and received at the Tuileries; but a different feeling prevailed in other places. I called on Count de B——. He received me, compass in hand; a map of France was spread on the table before him.

“‘See!’ said he, ‘this is the Emperor’s route. I have been making out his itinerary. He will sleep at the Tuileries on the 22nd of this month, at latest.

“But the obstacles?”

“‘There will be none. We are all agreed.’

“And the royalists?”

“‘They have never successfully resisted a serious attack. I have ordered my *valet de chambre* to brush up my costume, and I shall be in readiness to receive the Emperor. Follow my example.’

“Oh,” observed I, “I have had the start of you. The fact is, that when I saw how matters were going on, at court, at the end of last year, I sent to the country for my auditor’s robes. I have them all in readiness.

“‘Really, Europe seems to be turned upside down. The magnitude of the enterprise so dazzles us, that we cannot foresee its results.’

That same evening, I went to the *Comédie Française*. The performances were *Les Templiers*, and *Le Mercure galant*. I perceived Talma in his box, and went to him. He received me with a cordial embrace, whilst he repeated the following lines from Esther :—

Il fut des juifs, il fut une insolente race ;
Un seul osa d'Aman affronter le courroux :
Aussitôt de la terre ils disparurent tous.

Behind the scenes, I was witness to a sharp altercation between two charming actresses, the one a Bonapartist, Mademoiselle M——, the other a Royalist, Mademoiselle B——.

“ ‘ The tyrant ! ’ exclaimed the latter. ‘ Did he not prevent the Emperor Alexander from coming to see me when he was in Paris ? ’

“ ‘ What of that, Madam ? ’ observed I. ‘ Surely that was not half so bad as if he had refused to dance with you ! ’ ”

Mademoiselle B—— recollected the remark made by Lauzun to Madame de Sévigné. She smiled, good humour was restored, and the quarrel between the two ladies was at an end.

I returned home about eleven o'clock. I found my table covered with letters and billets from various friends, all relating to the great event. It was amusing to observe the indecision which pervaded some of them. In more than one instance, I could see fidelity wavering. Great anxiety was expressed to know what the *Moniteur* would say next day. Next day came, and the *Moniteur* was silent. In common with all the other journals, it contained only the following announcement :—

“ ‘ Monsieur departed this morning at five o'clock for Lyons. It is said that Monseigneur the Duke de Berri, and Monseigneur the Duke of Orleans, will set off to-morrow ; the former for Besançon, the latter for Lyons. The health of the King continues to improve. His Majesty presided at the council. ’ ”

Nothing direct was said on the subject, which, from the very first instant, ought to have been circulated throughout the whole kingdom. Thus was kept up that absurd and

criminal system of deception, the inutility of which is daily acknowledged, though it is nevertheless perpetuated.

But the intelligence which the government so cautiously concealed was promulgated throughout Paris by the hundred mouths of fame. On the Tuesday morning, it was known that Napoleon had broken his exile, *rompu son ban*, to use the royalist phrase, and that he was advancing, by forced marches, through the kingdom. He is arrested, said one. He triumphs, said another. He is deserted by his troops—whole regiments are joining him. He is pursued by the armed peasantry. In every village through which he passes, he is greeted by the title of Prince and Liberator. Beaten, deserted, and pursued, he is seeking refuge in the Alps. Victorious, without a battle, he is about to enter Grenoble; and Dauphiné has hoisted the tri-coloured flag.

These contradictory reports were circulated, according to the diversity of places, persons, opinions, and interests. The streets were thronged with groups of people, all engaged in animated conversation. Some gave utterance to feelings of hatred and distrust. Reproaches and disputes ensued, and the hostile parties mutually charged each other with being the cause of Bonaparte's return.

But this feeling was not confined to the streets. It pervaded the saloons, and even the court itself was roused from its habitual quiescence. Certain courtiers, too, began to be less lavish of their flattery, and, ere long, servility was superseded by arrogant ingratitude.

A strange *coup-de-théâtre* took place in the Tuileries on the morning on which the Lyons telegraph announced the landing of Napoleon. I was informed, on unquestionable authority, that M. de Blacas evinced unreserved satisfaction. The King covered his face with his hands, and listened despondingly to the feeble consolation offered by the Abbé de Montesquiou and the prince de Poix; but his Majesty saw clearly the extent of the disaster.

"The revolution," said he, "has recommenced. What blindness has brought us to this? I was counselled to slumber, and I have slumbered, like Pliny the elder, over a volcano, which will destroy me, as Vesuvius destroyed the Roman."

Count de Blacas tried to speak lightly of the event.

"My dear Count," said the King, "you are a clever man; but I was sadly deceived when I measured the extent of your talent by that of your devotedness."

The King made another mistake when he conceived distrust of the minister of the war department. Marshal Soult had rallied round the new monarchy, and was a sincere royalist. Envious mediocrity, however, represented him as a partisan of Napoleon, and as a participator in the conspiracy. Influenced by these false charges, the King dispensed with the services of the Marshal, and thus relinquished his last prop of safety.

On the fatal day, Marshal Soult waited on the King, and informed his Majesty that he had taken the necessary measures for surrounding Napoleon and his force. But experienced generals were wanting, and the Marshal did not conceal that the troops were dissatisfied at seeing important commands entrusted to unskilful courtiers. These observations were cited against the Marshal as proofs of his treachery. It was, consequently, determined that the Duke d'Angoulême should take the command of the army in the south, having under him Count Damas-Crux for active service, and Baron de Vitrolles for the commissariat. Monsieur and the Duke of Orleans were to have the supreme command in the east, with the Duke de Treviso under them. The Duke de Bourbon departed for the west (Brittany), and the Duke de Berry was kept, as it were, in the back-ground. This was another serious error; it looked like a depreciation of the merits of a prince who was, in reality, the pivot of the monarchy, and on whom rested the hopes of all the friends of royalty.

The Count de Damas-Crux, was a man of devoted loyalty: he was capable of dying for his King; but incapable of serving him. The Count was distinguished by virtue, piety, chivalrous loyalty, courtly manners, disinterestedness, in short he wanted nothing but talent, that quality so indispensable for success in all great enterprises. Let them give me what appointment they please," said he, "I will lay down my life for my sovereign; but he ought to have said: "Let them appoint others, who can be more useful."

The Baron de Vitrolles possessed energy and spirit; but he, like many others, was intent on gaining the end, without

considering the efficiency of the means. He might have been capable of rising to a level with the exigencies of affairs. But he was narrow-minded and suspicious ; and got entangled in his own nets. In his attempt to take a giant's stride, he fell prostrate.

As to the Duke de Bourbon, he was devoid of every requisite qualification. He passed his time between the sports of the field and the society of his mistresses ; and never dreamed of such a thing as glory. He undertook to raise ten departments, without ever alighting from his travelling carriage : the traditions of the conqueror of Lens, Rocroi, Fribourg and Senef were lost to him. His highness experienced the shame and sorrow of receiving a passport, signed by a colonel of gendarmerie, accompanied by a request that he would quit the kingdom : and this was before he had succeeded in effecting that which the intrepid and immortal la Rochejacquelin accomplished on the day after his departure.

On the other hand, was Monseigneur a fit person to be set to oppose Napoleon ? The merits of that Prince, though of a nature to shed lustre on domestic and civil life, were by no means calculated to distinguish him on the field of battle. The course of his education, whilst it deprived him of the wish to earn glory, afforded him no opportunity of developing military talent, and of acquiring military experience. He had been taught to be distrustful of his own abilities ; and his excessive modesty, his exalted piety, withheld from him that confidence in his own judgment, which is an indispensable virtue in Princes.

It was, therefore, *maladroit*, perhaps designedly malignant, to oppose the Duke d'Angoulême to the active military genius of Napoleon. His place should have been filled by the Duke of Orleans. Policy should have dictated that appointment, had it been only for the sake of making the last named Prince win his spurs in the royal cause.

The Duke of Orleans had fought for the Republic. Loaded as he was with favors by Louis XVIII, he must have been eager to prove his gratitude. No better opportunity could have presented itself.

The presence of the Duke of Orleans alone would have sufficed at Lyons. There he could have injured no one.

He might
expend
precious; and
to take up

But, to send him as second to another, was to place him in a false position, and could not fail to be injurious to the Duke d'Angoulême. They must have reciprocally interfered with each other; and never was there a more perfect verification of those two droll lines of Scarron :

*Deux soleils renfermés dans un lieu trop étroit
Rendent trop excessif le contraire du froid.*

Besides, was it wise to expose the Duke d'Angoulême to the risk of a rout or a retreat? A Prince, in his position, should march to certain victory. The whole arrangement was dictated by the fatal ignorance of M. de Blacas.

What was the consequence? That the Duke d'Angoulême did what Alexander, Cæsar or Charlemagne would have done in his place. A single general cannot defeat an army. He who was to have seconded the Prince, passed over to the enemy before his eyes. The cowardice of some, the incapacity of others, and the treason of the greater number, afforded the Duke no opportunity of attempting resistance. He departed from Lyons very shortly after he entered it.

"I was uneasy," said Napoleon to Count Regnaud, "when I learned that Monseigneur was sent to oppose me, But I was re-assured when I heard the names of his two acolytes. Each had a deep interest in preventing him from doing anything without his assistance. They will soon separate, thought I, and the Duke will accomplish nothing. I guessed right. Besides," pursued the Emperor, "what could the Duke have done without an army? That on which he counted, had already come over to me. He should have had at his command an army of emigrants, Swiss, nobles, and fanatics. Had that been the case, I will not say what might have ensued. But battalions are not to be mustered in four-and-twenty hours. The Duke of Orleans, entrusted with the sole command, might have embarrassed me for a time; but, being second to another, he aided my cause."

M. de Vitrolles, when about to depart to join the Duke

d'Angoulême at Toulouse, advised the King to leave Paris, and journey in the direction of the Pyrenees.

"That would be a singular proceeding," replied his Majesty. "How Sir! would you have me begin by the end? I hope you will give better counsel to my nephew. As to me, I will dispute the ground inch by inch."

The King would have done as he said; but, in 1815, he was surrounded by the alarmists who ruined the monarchy in 1789. The terror of others was attributed to the King; whilst his Majesty was the only person who gave proof of courage.

As soon as the intelligence of Napoleon's landing was known in Paris, anarchy prevailed in the Tuilleries; and in the different ministerial offices all occupation was suspended. A crowd of persons, male and female, and of various ranks, were seen hurrying up and down the staircases of the palace. Amidst the din and uproar, were heard exclamations of anger, despair, and vengeance, supplications and menaces. Women were fainting and weeping; men were uttering imprecations. In short, it would be vain to attempt a description of the various passions and feelings observable in the Tuilleries, in the gardens, at the Carrousel, in the streets, or on the quays, from the moment of the first receipt of the intelligence till the 20th of March.

Thousands of contradictory reports were in circulation. Every one had his authentic source, his private letter, his influential friend: no one knew what to believe. The mass of the people, who to appearance were royalists, spoke confidently of the triumph of the Bourbons and the rout of Bonaparte. The mob, always brutal and violent, attacked several individuals who cried '*Vive Napoléon!*' I saw even women and girls striking people with their umbrellas.

Count de Barruel Beauvert was inconsiderately the cause of a man's death. He was crossing the court of the Tuilleries, when the man, who was a person of very respectable appearance, asked him what was the latest news?

"His Royal Highness, the Count d'Artois," answered the Count, "has killed the monster with his own hand at the battle of Marais Bourgoins."

The man burst out laughing. The Count applied to him

some offensive language, called him an emissary of Napoleon, and thrust him aside. In a moment canes, umbrellas, and even knives, were raised against the man. In self-defence, he struck at his assailants, and gave one of them a severe wound in the forehead. The rest attacked him furiously. He fell to the ground, and, when raised up, was discovered to be a corpse.

CHAPTER VII.

Bourrienne and his Memoirs—Atrocious falsehood of that publication—Visit to Prince Cambacérés—A conversation between Cambacérés and Fouché—Anecdote of Robespierre—General Quesnel—Journal des Débats—Napoleon's landing announced to the people of Paris—Joke on a serious subject—Marshal Ney—His character—Napoleon and the iron cage—The Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême at Bordeaux—The provisional government at Toulouse—Letter addressed by Prince Cambacérés to the King—Conversation between Carnot and Combacérés.

At that moment, it was thought that any weapon might be serviceable; and Bourrienne presented himself. The hatred he bore to Napoleon served him as a passport.—He was made prefect of the police, a post which had been vacated by the excellent M. d'André. It is pitiable to reflect on the importance which, in furtherance of a mere mercantile speculation, has been conferred on this treacherous and ungrateful assailant of Napoleon. One of the vilest publications that ever issued from the press is that which bears the title of Bourrienne's Memoirs. That mass of falsehood, is the united production of various fabricators, one of whom has penned a volume, another a chapter, a third a few pages, a fourth an anecdote, etc. In that heterogeneous compilation, the contingent furnished by the pretended author is limited solely to the effusions of his paltry envy, malice, and revenge. He has unsparingly poured his venom on his friend and benefactor, and slandered Josephine and Hortense; in short, Bourrienne seems never to have taken up his pen, except for the purpose of enditing falsehood and calumny.

Bourrienne was dismissed from Bonaparte's service, and

it is well known for what reason. The cause of the second disgrace of this modern Verres is equally well known ; and when we find him asserting in his pretended Memoirs that he gave a sharp retort to Bonaparte, and that in the presence of witnesses, we throw aside the book, and exclaim with Pascal—*Mentiris impudentissime !*

This man—this Bourrienne, was made prefect of the police ; but he had not time to do any material harm.—However, such mischief as he could do was not neglected. Instead of inspiring confidence in the inhabitants of Paris, the measures he took were calculated to augment their alarm. He compromised the dignity of the government by suffering it to be assailed by placards ; and, but for the exertions of the national guard, the streets of Paris would have been thronged with robbers and murderers.—The police pursued the Bonapartists, but suffered incendiaries and felons to escape with impunity.

On the 7th of March, I made a visit to Prince Cambacérès. He was very low-spirited, and appeared indisposed. He had several friends with him. As soon as I entered, the indispensable question was addressed to me :

“What is the news?”

“The Duke of Otranto,” I replied, “is in Paris, and at the Tuileries.”

The company stared one at another, and the Prince, turning to Count Dubois, said :

“This is what I told you.”

“Is it possible it can be true?” said Count Dubois.

“The person who told me, said I, “is in general very well informed, and he is not in the habit of repeating idle reports.”

“Did you hear who saw the Duke of Otranto?”

“I understood it was Monsieur.”

At these words there was a general exclamation of incredulity. No one would believe the report, and yet it was perfectly true.

“Yesterday,” said Prince Cambacérès, “Fouché called on me ; he was perfectly furious.

“‘This man,’ said he, (alluding to Napoleon) ‘is insane ! What does he mean by coming here ? Affairs

would have gone on well by and bye, and here we are plunged again into chaos."

"Very well, replied I," but if you are so vexed at his return, why have you been corresponding with him?"

"Mon Dieu! he wrote to me, and I answered his letter. He expressed an inclination to return, and I politely informed him that his friends would be happy to see him."

"Was that all?"

"All, I assure you. Do you imagine I would intrigue? Those who think so, do not know me. I dig my garden, and I find that more amusing."

These last words put me quite out of patience. Do you think, said I, that I do not know your manœuvres? You have been the prime mover in this affair.

"Fouché burst into a fit of laughter. 'Come, come,' said he, 'don't be angry. The Bourbons are imbecile and ungrateful. I have rendered immense services to the King, and he has never acknowledged them. I was not reluctant to help him into this difficulty; let us see how he will help himself out of it!'

"And what do you intend to do yourself?"

"Nothing; I don't see what I can do. Yet I will endeavour to serve Bonaparte, for he is our last resource."

"These, gentlemen, were his very words; and now my friend there (pointing to me) informs us that the Duke of Otranto has been at the Tuilleries."

I bowed; I was certain of the fact. The Prince thus continued:

"I defy any one in the world to know precisely what Fouché is doing. I remember, that a few days before the 9th Thermidor, I was not a little surprised at receiving a visit from Robespierre. I was not intimate with him. I showed myself but little in public. I had given up speaking in the Convention; and, with the exception of some occasional duties which I was required to discharge, I had ceased to play my part. My reserve was, I confess, dictated by a mingled feeling of fear and prudence. I imagined that, by not showing myself, I should be forgotten. Consequently, I was alarmed as well as surprised when I received a visit from my incorruptible and virtuous colleague.

"In spite of his tiger-like countenance, and well-known atrocity of character, Robespierre's elegant exterior could not fail to produce a favourable impression. He was always neatly and fashionably dressed; his waistcoats were usually blue, pink, or white, lightly embroidered in gold, silver, or silk, and his cravats and linen were always exquisitely fine and white. Who would have believed that this elegant envelope concealed so many odious qualities? But though Robespierre really inspired me with disgust and horror, yet I deemed it prudent to disguise those feelings. After we had interchanged the ordinary greetings, Robespierre said:

"My friend, how is this? I never see you now. Have I offended you? I know certain persons who are always endeavouring to breed mischief between me and my colleagues. But, tell me, what is the misunderstanding between Fouché and you?"

"I know not."

"He told me just now that you were unfriendly to him."

"That he should be unfriendly to me is possible enough. As to me, I neither like him nor dislike him."

"He is a conspirator—a traitor," pursued Robespierre, angrily. 'Whenever he calls on me, it is for the purpose of denouncing some of my colleagues. If I were to believe him, they all seek my life.'

"On hearing this, I was not without some degree of alarm. I expressed my indignation at Fouché's baseness. Robespierre thus continued:—

"I know very well that it is untrue. You are prudent men, not turbulent, not ambitious: good republicans at heart, though moderate. But, we all have our peculiar characters; we cannot all possess an equal degree of energy. I can see Fouché's object. He wants to embroil me with every body, so that I may stand alone and unsupported. That shall not be. I have, therefore, come to seek an explanation of you. I want to know in whose cause Fouché is conspiring.'

"I really cannot inform you," replied I, "only I would thank him not to mix me up in his schemes.

"Let him do what he pleases. Do not emerge from

your retirement, and you will find yourself perfectly safe. Allow a few weeks to pass over ; they will be marked by trouble, I am aware ; but, at the expiration of that period, order will be restored in France, and the republic, now so disturbed, will be tranquil, because a wise and vigorous government will be at its head."

" Robespierre left me, without any further explanation ; but it was not difficult to guess that he wished to place himself at the head of the wise and vigorous government. This was the earnest desire of his heart ; yet he wanted the courage necessary to grasp the power for which he so eagerly thirsted.

" The first time he mounted the tribune after the visit above described, Robespierre made an attack on Fouché. The latter, thinking himself ruined, promptly joined the authors of the 9th Thermidor. A day or two after Robespierre's visit to me, I met him in the garden of the Luxembourg. I walked up to him and taxed him with his base conduct. He laughed, and replied, that they who wished to make an omelette, must break some eggs. On a subsequent occasion, I took my revenge. Fouché, when accused and put under arrest, in August 1794, owed his life to the amnesty which terminated the existence of the Convention. You know the rest of his history."

When it was known that Napoleon had left the Isle of Elba, and that the spirit of insurrection had been roused, in his name, in various parts of France, it was thought proper to revive certain accusations which had been brought against the partisans of the Ex-Emperor, in connection with the death of an obscure general, whose body was found in the Seine about the end of 1814. The murder of General Quesnel engrossed the attention of the police, and excited a considerable sensation in the public mind. The affair was enveloped in mystery, and, when the return of Napoleon became known, his partisans were accused of putting General Quesnel out of the way, because they suspected his fidelity. A thousand absurd tales were circulated on the subject.

The government, though informed of Napoleon's landing on the Sunday, kept the intelligence secret until the 8th of March. On that day, all the journals were simultaneously filled with reports, most of them false, but almost all favour-

able to the existing authority. The *Journal des Débats*, which has been a furious organ of royalist sentiments since 1814, announced the great event in the following terms:—

“Bonaparte has escaped from the Isle of Elba, where the imprudent magnanimity of the allies granted him a sovereignty, as a reward for the calamities he had so often brought upon their states. At the head of a few hundred Italians and Poles, he has presumed to return to a land whence he had been irrevocably banished. Let him die the death of traitors! The soil of France, which cast him off, and to which he has dared to return, must now be his grave.”

The remainder of the article was in the same tone: but it was curious to observe how that tone changed on the succeeding days, as the danger increased. In reference to this gradual change, the following satire was published in one of the papers:

“The monster has left the Isle of Elba; the brigand has landed at Cannes; the usurper has entered Grenoble; the Corsican has received the authorities at Lyons; Bonaparte’s army has been reinforced by that of Marshal Ney; the redoubtable rivals of the Bourbons has reached Fontainebleau, and has entered that very chamber in which he signed his abdication; His Imperial Majesty will sleep this evening at the Tuileries.”

This was the sort of gradation observed by many. It was now requisite to resort to other measures, besides convoking the chambers, issuing proclamations, publishing consolatory assurances, and addressing compliments to the army: it was indispensably necessary to take up arms.—The question was, to whom was the command of the army to be given? No Prince of the royal family was popular with the military. It was, therefore, necessary to select one of the marshals. There were many of incorruptible honour, and high talent. The choice fell on one of whom it has been remarked that he was an eagle on the field of battle, and a goose everywhere else.

Marshal Ney, Prince of the Moskowa, and Duke of Elchingen, had performed prodigies of valour in every campaign in which he had had the opportunity of distinguishing himself. This hero, so beloved by the army, was one

of those thunderbolts which made Europe tremble. At the time of Bonaparte's return from Elba, he was slumbering on his laurels, but his was the slumber of discontent.

Ney, in private life, was a very different man from Ney on the field of battle. In his intercourse with society, he was trifling, feeble and narrow-minded. Women were his companions, and he was the very humble slave of his wife. He was never able to raise himself to the level of his new sphere, in which he always seemed to feel as if he were misplaced. Pride, which in him would have been perfectly natural, was transformed into a sort of petty and vulgar vanity. He was vexed at the little importance which the court attached to his services; and he flew into a furious passion when his wife returned from the Tuileries and informed him that Madame Royale had not addressed a word to her.

Michel Ney thirsted for royal favour, and he made low bows to win it. He was by turns servile and dissatisfied. One day he would swear by Saint Louis, and the next he would listen to the schemes of an imbecile conspirator.

Amidst their consistencies and wavering by which Marshal Ney compromised his fame, he was not conscious how petty he appeared at the Tuileries, and how great he would have been had he kept himself aloof. Whilst his imaginary annoyances at court rendered him a prey to chagrin and disappointment, Bonaparte returned. Had Ney possessed any sincerity of feeling, he would have hastened to meet his old friend; had he possessed any sense, he would have feigned illness, or made any other excuse for absentsing himself from court. But what did Ney do? He went straight to the Tuileries, and offered his services to the King. He did not receive a decided answer, either of refusal or acceptance. He departed out of humour. A messenger was sent after him, and he came back so speedily, that he was at the Tuileries before the return of the messenger.

The supreme command of the army was offered to him; he accepted it, but expressed a wish to have another interview with the King. The interview was granted, and, on that occasion, Ney promised to bring Napoleon to the Tuileries in an iron cage:—Napoleon—his Emperor, his Gen-

eral, his benefactor ! It is melancholy to think that courtly servility could so far degrade a man endowed with generosity of feeling, and most heroic courage.

His aid-de-camp pointed out to him the error he had committed ; and he already repented of his indiscreet words. They were a weight on his conscience, and, from some remarks which fell from him, it was evident that he was already prepared to turn *volte face*. He departed to assemble the army ; but when in the midst of his troops, he found himself as it were, alone—generals, officers, sub-officers, and private soldiers—all forsook him. They were ashamed both of Ney, and of his iron cage, and they idolized Napoleon. Ney was then seized with remorse ; his old sentiments took possession of him ; in short, he violated his word and forfeited his honour. But, after all, it may be asked, is it just to tarnish the glory of that great captain by an odious charge of treason ? Could he alone control the army ? Would it not have deserted him ? This is more than probable. Had Ney not thrust himself forward, his loyalty would have remained unsullied.

I may safely affirm that no one, more than myself, admired his courage or deplored his death ; but, unless we totally pervert the meaning of words, we cannot characterize his conduct by any other epithet, than that which is usually applied to the man who breaks his oath. Undoubtedly, Ney was guilty.—every line which his partisans have written against Dumouriez, Pichegru and Bourmont, may be applied to him. No one forced him to accept the command from the King ; he promised of his own free accord, to fight in the King's cause, and to bring Bonaparte to the Tuileries in an iron cage. Yet after this, he himself led his army to Bonaparte. Had I been Ney's judge, I should have decided as the peers did ; but, had I been King of France, I would not have stained my reign with the blood of the hero. There are circumstances in which rigid justice is worse than injustice ; in the case of Ney, we may appropriately apply the words of Prince Talleyrand—" *C'est pis qu'un crime, c'est une faute.*"

When it was understood in Paris that Ney was to command the army opposed to Bonaparte, public opinion was divided, respecting the chances in favour of each of the able

generals, thus arrayed against one another. The friends of the Bourbons did not despair of the success of the royal cause ; and they enjoyed a brief interval of respite.

The city of Bordeaux had been the first to proclaim the return of the Bourbons in March 1814 ; and, in the following year, the inhabitants invited the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême to grace by their presence the fêtes with which they proposed to celebrate the anniversary of the restoration of royalty.

The Duke and Duchess accepted the invitation ; but they had no sooner arrived in Bordeaux, than they learned that Bonaparte had entered Provence. The fêtes were, of course, suspended. The Duke immediately repaired to Toulouse, where he established a central provisional government. I have already mentioned that he had under him, the Count de Damas Crux, and the Baron de Viçrolles. Madame Royale remained at Bordeaux, where, following the example of Maria Theresa, she repressed rebellion, and inspired fortitude by her heroic courage.

As soon as Prince Cambacérès heard the fatal news, he wrote a letter to the King, and requested his Majesty to dispose of him in any way he might think fit. No one I presume will venture to deny this fact. The letter exists, and is preserved among the archives of the crown. The Prince expressed his grief and inquietude, his attachment to his country, and his aversion of plots, conspiracies, and intrigues. He disavowed all participation in the event which agitated the kingdom, and implored the King not to doubt his loyalty, and good faith. From beginning to end of this letter, the Prince employed not one word of hostility or disrespect to his old colleague, his former sovereign.

How different was the style in which Fouché wrote on the same occasion ! He did not scruple to apply, in his letter, the language of insult to Napoleon. Carnot, I believe I have already mentioned, was not on very intimate terms with Cambacérès. After the publication of Carnot's Memorial, they had ceased to see each other, though no enmity existed between them. Prince Cambacérès was a hearty and sincere partisan of monarchy ; the ex-director would have been a republican, had not circumstances constrained him to follow an opposite career.

Soon after Napoleon's arrival became known, he called on Cambacérés.

"Ah! said the Prince, I expected to see you."

"I am anxious to have a little conversation with you," said Carnot. What do you think will be the result of all this?"

"I don't know. The Bourbons may have a chance for five days to come; but if, by the 10th, or the 12th, at latest, Bonaparte is not beaten: if he should enter Lyons, if he should only take possession of Grenoble, the Bourbons are lost. What is your opinion?"

"Their faithful adherents are devoid of genius and energy; the truth is, that among their friends there are no men of talent. The mass of the people are unjust, and do not appreciate them. Bonaparte has thrown dust in the eyes of the military and the populace. Their attachment to him is like that which a lover bears to his mistress. It is a sort of idolatry."

"General," said Cambacérés, "what do you mean to do?"

"I shall serve Bonaparte. Between me and the Bourbons an implacable war must henceforth exist. I have declared it, and I will maintain it. However, Bonaparte must be held in check. He must not be allowed to recommence the system of the Empire."

"I do not rightly understand you."

"I will explain my meaning. Napoleon wrought only for himself. His tyranny was oppressive. He was ruined by his flatterers. Cannot you, and I, and some other well disposed men, combine to wean him from his old errors, persuade him to support constitutional monarchy, and, above all, prevent him from yielding to the influence of his two eternal enemies, Fouché, and Talleyrand? I am firmly convinced that they have both been negotiating with him; and, when he returns, he will again give them his confidence."

"Absurd!" exclaimed the Prince, "he might as well commit suicide."

"I would lay a good wager that he will do as I have said."

"Then, you would lose your wager. You are not aware that Fouché has offered himself to the Bourbons?"

“What signifies that? He is always negotiating and intriguing with some one or other. How many times has he attacked me ;—but I have always dismissed him with these words, *Vade retro, Satanas*, How often has he endeavoured to take you by surprise?”

“Five or six times, at least.”

“Without counting those occasions when you did not perceive him amidst the springs which he set in motion. I think I can guess, with tolerable accuracy, every movement that he proposes to make. He will address himself to you, to me, to the Bonapartists, to the republicans, to the Count de Blacas, to the King in person, to Monsieur, to the Duke d'Angoulême, to England, to Russia, to Austria, to the Congress,—in short, to my dog, if he could suspect the poor animal of having any influence. But you must understand, he will first of all commence with Napoleon. Let us, then, thwart his schemes, by pointing out to Bonaparte the mischief:—let us impress upon him the necessity of satisfying the nation. Above all, let us prevent him from throwing himself into the hands of the chamberlains, or into the fangs of that demon incarnate—Fouché.”

“You may be right, replied Cambacères, mournfully ; but I cannot run after Bonaparte. I shall keep in the back ground, and suffer myself to be forgotten. If I were to present myself to Napoleon, on his arrival, my conduct would be attributed to mean and selfish motives.”

“Whether you present yourself to Bonaparte or not, you will be equally an object of suspicion to the sovereigns.—Do not torment yourself about what will be said ; look to your own interests, and those of France ; never mind anything else.”

“I have promised the King not to move.”

“Necessity has no law.”

“I have laid down for myself a line of conduct from which I cannot swerve.”

“It is all very well to say that ; but do you imagine that when Napoleon is once at the Tuilleries, he will not command,—nay, compel you to present yourself?”

“I shall not care for that ; if it be made known that my presence there is the effect of compulsion.”

“Only one fact will be remembered hereafter ; and

that is, that you did present yourself. All the rest will be regarded as a mere farce."

Prince Cambacérès traced out a course for himself, and did not deviate from it. He did as he had said he would do ; but everything happened as Carnot predicted. His integrity was suspected, and consequently he felt annoyed and uneasy.

CHAPTER VIII.

Count de Gregoire—His fidelity to his old republican principles—Sitting of the Chambers of Deputies on the 16th of March—Details hitherto unpublished—The Prince de Condé—The Duke of Orleans—The King's Speech—The Duke of Orleans swearing to maintain the Charter—The King made acquainted with the treason of Marshal Ney—Fouché intrigues—Bourrienne—The Arch-Chancellor and General Le Bic—Conversation with Prince Cambacères—He complains to the King of Bourrienne—The Duchess de Saint-Leu—Visit to a Bonapartist lady—Fragment of an unpublished letter of Napoleon—Vision seen in the palace of the Tuileries—The White lady of Berlin—Louis XVIII convinced of the necessity of quitting the Tuileries—His angry apostrophe to his ministers—Indecision respecting the route to be taken by the King—Paris on the night of the 19th March.

A GENTLEMAN of my acquaintance called on Count Gregoire on the 11th or 12th of March. He found him just after he had said his mass, at an altar erected within his house. The gentleman observed that the situation of affairs having become critical, it was deemed prudent that all well-disposed, influential, and clever men, should unite together.

"Unite together! said Count Gregoire; "and for what purpose? To offer themselves as auxiliaries to the King? He will not accept us. The royal family is, in its essence, antipathetic to the revolution. They hold in abhorrence all that has risen from the Revolution, and they would not even owe their safety to us."

"But," replied the person to whom these words were addressed, "we are not to look merely to the Bourbons. Bonaparte has already good chances; if they should augment, he will become important. Then the people will rally round him, and a nucleus of men, distinguished since

1789, will keep him in awe. He will think himself too happy, if he gain their support; and it will be easy to impose on him conditions which may be converted into concessions useful to the country."

"That," said the old Count, shaking his head, "does not appear to me very reasonable. Those who have not had enough of Bonaparte must be fond of tyranny indeed.—As to me, I will have nothing to do with him. He is not to be trusted. He will be lavish of his promises: but I want to see promises fulfilled."

Gregoire, nevertheless, seemed curious to know the individuals who, it was proposed, should unite together. The gentleman who had called on him, at the request of Carnot, gave him a list of names. Count Gregoire listened attentively whilst the names were read, and then he said:

"With the exception of two or three names, which ought to be erased, the list is very good. I would not hesitate to add my name, if instead of merely having for its object to change the Bourbons for Bonaparte, this union were formed for the purpose of enlightening the people, and presenting to them provisional candidates, destined to direct the councils and arrange the governmental machine."

"But, Count, that would be a republic. Have you not had enough of that?"

"Abuses prove nothing. Because we have made a bad experiment, ought we to conclude that the thing itself is bad? That would be unjust. At that time, we were governed by rogues; let us now try honest men."

The person, who was sent on this mission to the Count, saw that the veteran of the Revolution had not awoke from his utopian dreams. Not wishing to prolong the discussion, he took leave of the Count, observing that his refusal to connect himself with a monarchical government, rendered any union with him impossible.

"You do not precisely understand me," said Count Gregoire. "I do not absolutely insist on a republic. I merely wish to see whether that form of government might not be made the foundation of a beautiful and solid edifice."

"The republic will never be any thing but a stepping stone on which ambitious men will mount to show them-

selves conspicuously. Look, for example, at Pétion, Marat, Dumouriez, Robespierre, Barras and Bonaparte."

Count Gregoire reflected for a few moments: then his fine features assumed a solemn expression, and he said:

"Sir, France will have whatever government it may please Heaven to give her. It would be tempting Providence now, when a great convulsion is about to take place, to devise measures for instituting this or that form of government. God will grant us that which he may deem fit for us."

This language looked more like the evasion of a jansenist, than the diplomacy of a statesman. Carnot failed in forming the nucleus which he was so intent on establishing for the purpose of at once opposing Fouché and Bonaparte. His mind was already made up with respect to the Bourbons. He seemed convinced that they never could succeed again in establishing themselves permanently in France.

The gentleman, whom he had sent to sound Count Gregoire, returned to render an account of his mission. Carnot heard it with dissatisfaction; and, stamping his foot on the ground, exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu!* what are these honest men good for? When the critical moment arrives, instead of availing themselves of it, their inability is such, that they invariably leave the field open to intriguers. What a glorious opportunity now presents itself! But we shall lose it, whilst the enemies of the country and of mankind will turn it to their own advantage."

It is certain that, from that moment, Carnot became dispirited, and he was one of the first who surrendered himself to Bonaparte.

Through the influence of my friend the Marquis de Fourquevaux, I obtained admittance to the Chamber of Deputies on the 16th of March, the day of the famous royal sitting, which I should have been very sorry not to have witnessed. As I passed along the streets, I could not help observing the manifest dissatisfaction of the troops. The rain poured in torrents, and they were wet to the skin. They amused themselves by crying with all the vigour of their lungs, "*Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!*" And then they added, in a subdued tone, "*de Rome! de Rome!*" If this

was the spirit of the regiments garrisoned in Paris, what was to be expected of those in other places?

If the aspect of the streets was alarming, the interior of the chamber presented a very different picture. Though I arrived early, I procured one of the last vacant places, so great was the concourse of persons who filled, not only the Tuileries, but the four first rows of benches. To the peers who were seated on the right, and the deputies ranged on the left, just as much space was assigned as was indispensably necessary. The brilliant aspect of the assemblage, and, above all, the mingled feelings of interest and inquietude which pervaded all present, imparted a deeply impressive character to this solemnity.

I remarked one novelty peculiar to the occasion. The throne was hung with draperies of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, white feathers and standards, with *fleurs-de-lis*; and the spaces on either side of the throne were filled with body guards, national guards, and troops of the line; a union which would have been more satisfactory had it taken place on the day when the King of France superseded the Emperor of the French. Governments are not sufficiently alive to the inutility and the mischief of those concessions which are wrested from them by fear: they detract from the dignity of the monarch, and are far from increasing the solidity of the government.

On this occasion, Louis XVIII, owing either to the embarrassing state of affairs, or to indisposition, perhaps to both causes, forgot his maxim:—"punctuality is the politeness of Kings." The sitting, which had been fixed for two o'clock, did not commence till four.

The firing of the cannon of the Invalides, the acclamations of the multitude assembled round the gates of the Palais du Corps Législatif, and the sound of drums and trumpets announced the royal *cortége*. A deputation, composed, according to custom, of twenty peers and twenty deputies, immediately proceeded to the outer gate of the palace to receive his Majesty. The two folding-doors, communicating with the interior of the chamber, were thrown open, and the troops drawn up in a line, presented arms. All this caused a commotion, which augmented the prevailing anxiety. Suddenly, a loud voice exclaimed, *le Roi, Mes-*

sieurs! le Roi! Silence pervaded the assemblage, and every eye was turned towards the door to watch the entrance of the sovereign on that solemn occasion. First entered the usher of the Chamber of Deputies, the messengers of state, the ushers and inferior officers of the King's chamber, the heralds at arms, pages, equerries, and gentlemen. Then, at some distance, came Monseigneur, the Prince de Condé, that hero of misfortune, more bowed down by grief than by age. His reason sometimes forsook him, and, at the moment when he entered the chamber, he inquired what was the meaning of the ceremony; no one could venture to tell him that the head of his house had come to solicit the aid of his subjects in opposing the man who had taken the life of the Duke d'Enghien.

The Duke of Orleans followed. The studied composure of his air seemed to denote that he expected a catastrophe. After the Duke of Orleans came his Royal Highness the Duke de Berri, who in his turn was followed by Monsieur the Duke d'Angoulême.

The Duke de Duras and the Count de Blacas supported the King. His Majesty walked slowly. His countenance bore traces of suffering; but his eye was calm, and his forehead was marked by that expression of dignity which never forsook him. The King was greeted with affectionate acclamations, which continued until he had seated himself on the throne. I cannot say whether or not it was an illusion of vision, but the throne appeared to me to shake.

Napoleon remarked, that a throne is merely a few deal planks covered with velvet. It is strange, that in modern times thrones are always temporary; surely, this serves to prove to mankind that they may be dispensed with. If I were a King, I would have my throne constructed of porphyry, of bronze, of silver, or of gold; at least, I would have it so solid, that it should not tremble beneath me, and give rise to sinister presages.

Flourishes of drums and trumpets resounded through the chamber, the ladies waved bunches of lilies and white handkerchiefs, the peers and deputies agitated their elegant white plumes, *à la Henry IV*,—the whole had the appearance of a thick fall of snow; and the effect was unique, and imposing.

His Majesty requested the peers to be seated, and the Chevalier d'Ambray, the Chancellor of France, expressed on the part of his Majesty, the same request to the deputies. The King seated himself on his throne. On his right and left were ranged the Dukes d'Angoulême, de Berri, and d'Orléans, and the Prince de Condé.

The King who had lost none of his noble serenity, and who appeared to be animated by affection for, and confidence in, his people, saluted the assembly, then, putting on his hat, he delivered in a firm and sonorous voice, the following speech :

"Gentlemen,—At the present moment, when the event which has taken place in one portion of the kingdom, threatens the liberty of all the rest, I come amongst you to rivet those links, which by uniting you to me, constitute the strength of the state. Addressing myself to you, I shall explain to France the sentiments which animate me.

"I have returned to my country, and I have reconciled France with all the powers of Europe, who will, you may rest assured, be faithful to the treaties which have restored to you the blessings of peace.

"I have labored for the happiness of my people ; I have received, indeed, I am daily receiving, the most touching proofs of their love for me. I cannot, at sixty years of age, close my career in any way more satisfactory than by dying in my country's defence."

When the King uttered this last sentence, which is so forcibly imbued with paternal and heroic feeling, he was interrupted by exclamations of attachment and devotion addressed to him by the military, and by the enthusiastic and prolonged plaudits of all present. His Majesty, who appeared gratified by these demonstrations of loyalty, placed his hand on his heart, and thus continued :—

"My fears are not for myself ; but for France. He who comes among us to kindle the torch of civil war, brings the scourge of foreign war in his train. He comes to place our country under his yoke of iron. He comes to destroy that constitutional charter which I have given you ;—that charter which will be my noblest monument of glory in the eyes of posterity ;—that charter which all Frenchmen cherish, and which I swear to maintain."

Here the four Princes who were ranged on each side of the throne, extended their hands to the King, and, advancing to him, exclaimed :—

“Sire, we also swear to maintain it.”

“Let us rally, gentlemen,” resumed the King, “let us rally round that sacred standard. The descendants of Henry IV. will take the lead, and they will be followed by the whole French nation.

“Finally, gentlemen, let the concurrence of the two chambers give to the government the necessary power, and this truly national war will prove, by its happy issue, how much may be achieved by a great people, united by love for their sovereign, and attachment to the fundamental law of the state.”

These last words excited renewed transports. A sort of agitation pervaded the assemblage, and every one supposed the sitting was concluded, for in France custom forbids subjects to speak after the King has spoken. Consequently, not a little surprise was manifested when Monsieur rose, left his place, and advanced to the King. Silence was restored, as if by enchantment, and we heard the august Prince utter, with considerable emotion, the following words :—

“Sire, I am aware that I am departing from ordinary rules in speaking after Your Majesty ; but I beg you will pardon me, and permit me to express, in my own name, and that of my family, how sincerely we share the sentiments which animate Your Majesty.”

Monsieur then turned to the assembly, (His Majesty having bowed his head in token of permission,) and, raising his voice so as to make himself distinctly heard, he said :—

“Let us swear, upon our honour, to live and die faithful to our King and to the charter which secures the happiness of the French people.”

All present simultaneously rose, and emphatically repeated, with the Prince, the oath which he proposed. The King, deeply moved, presented his hand to Monsieur, who kissed it with transport. His Majesty, yielding to his chivalrous sensibility, embraced the Duke d'Angoulême, with the dignity of a monarch, and the affection of a father.

On witnessing this touching spectacle a sudden emotion seized all present, and every eye was suffused with tears. It was not until the moment when the royal cortège prepared to leave the Chamber, that the suspended acclamations were renewed with increased enthusiasm.

This grand and impressive scene, the remembrance of which will never be erased from my mind, and which closed the short era of the first Restoration, took place on the 16th of March. On the morning of the 17th, the war minister entered the King's apartment pale and agitated.

"Sire," said he, "Marshal Ney has treated with Bonaparte."

"I am sorry to hear it, for the sake of the army," replied the King. "The old army can no longer be reproached with the treason of Dumouriez and Pichegru. I am sorry, too, for the sake of France. That man (Ney) will deliver up the country to the exactions of foreigners. Oh, Paris! the Cossacks will once more revisit thee!"

The Duke d'Angoulême entered, and, with tears in his eyes, embraced the King.

"Brother," said His Majesty, "such men as this are a disgrace to human nature."

The Duke of Orleans also came to offer his condolence. He remarked that the ancients used to erect statues to great criminals in commemoration of their infamy.

"Cousin," said Louis XVIII, "in modern times, when a noble disgraces himself, his escutcheon is broken, and his armorial bearings are scattered to the winds. Heaven avert this misfortune from our family."

"Amen, Sire," replied the Duke of Orleans, and all the court applauded the words of the King, and the acquiescence of the noble Prince.

It was easy to discern, in the proceedings of government, a certain vagueness and indecision which indicated an approaching catastrophe. At the very moment when the King was swearing that he would die upon the throne, the crown diamonds were packed up, and active preparations were making for the departure of the royal family. A certain set of persons, who surrounded the King, continually recommended him to fly; thus proving themselves to

be precisely what they were in 1789, and what their sons were in 1830. The royal cause was far from lost. The King might have made a stand at La Vendée. It was his wish to have proceeded thither, and the Duke de Angoulême conjured him to do so.

In this interval of anxious uncertainty, the Duke compromised his pride so far as to consent to see Fouché. That artful intriguer did nothing at the Tuileries, except to lay the foundation for that transient power of which he gained possession three months subsequently. He deceived the Duke d'Angoulême as he deceived Wellington, Talleyrand, and all the sovereigns of Europe.

Meanwhile, Bourrienne, anxious to make himself of importance, endeavored, during his brief exercise of authority, to effect that object by ordering the arrest of the Duke of Otranto, Prince Cambacérès, Count Regnaud, Carnot, Sebastiani, and I believe several other individuals. Fouché, had prepared himself for flight, and therefore easily escaped. Besides, all the police agents were devoted to him. They foresaw that the time was not far distant when the Duke of Otranto would be again at their head. Consequently, so far from manœuvring against him, they exerted themselves, under his directions, for the interests of Napoleon.

Count Regnaud, who had ostensibly retired to the Val, (his country seat) returned to Paris, but not to his own residence. The partisans of the Emperor collected round him. He directed their movements; and, whilst he recommended them to be prudent, he urged them to endeavor to paralyze the efforts of the expiring power. The *dénouement* was hurrying onward. We saw the supporters of the monarchy retreat: whilst the adherents of Napoleon were advancing and installing themselves in office, La Vallette was preparing to take possession of the hotel of the director of the post office, and Count de Montalivet was ready to assume the functions of minister of the interior.

Prince Cambacérès, dissatisfied and dispirited, was a prey to anxiety and apprehension. I one day heard him say to General Le Pic, who with absurd affectation, persisted in addressing him by the title of arch-chancellor—

“ Really, General, some of you are so very fond of that

title, that I am quite willing to resign it in your favour ; and, what is more, I promise not to return from the Isle of Elba to deprive you of it."

M. le Pic felt a little mortified, and departed rather out of humour. When he was gone, the Prince, addressing me, said:

"These people are quite intolerable. Because they are themselves haunted by ambition, they think we are so, too. As to myself, I do assure you I am satisfied with having played my part to an end. I have not the least desire to begin again, and all I wish, is to purchase tranquillity at the price of complete seclusion."

He sighed, and then, after a short pause, thus resumed the conversation :—

"I behold with alarm the vortex in which I am again about to plunge. The Emperor wishes to make me his manikin. He will urge me forward ; I shall be the visible power, and I shall consequently be assailed by myriads of petitioners, who will not leave me a moment's rest. It appears to me," continued the Prince, "that a new race of men is springing up. Napoleon is about to connect himself with the tale of the republic. Those odious men, who slumbered during the Empire, are now rousing themselves into a new existence. They will urge Napoleon to the commission of some acts which will degrade and compromise him."

"Truly, Monseigneur, since your Highness has been first to broach the subject, I must confess that I see with alarm those groups of furious brawlers, who heretofore were scarcely observed. They talk of the sovereignty of the people, and affirm that Napoleon will re-establish it. And what is that sovereignty, Monseigneur ? Is it not pure anarchy ?"

"Those are the men," said Prince Cambacérès, "whom Fouché employed in the murders of Lyons, and Provence, and whom Bonaparte, as General, as First Consul, and as Emperor, constrained to hide themselves in their own sanguinary haunts. I cannot imagine what hope deludes them. It is but too certain that they are re-appearing, and that they will overwhelm us."

"The Emperor," said I, "will again banish them."

"Can he do so? Will his situation be the same as it was before his departure? I fear that he will be carried away by absurd ideas; that he will ruin himself or ruin us all, and drive us rapidly back to 1793. Do you know," added the Prince, "that this very night you had well nigh set out on a perilous journey?"

"Had your Highness any intention of commanding my services?"

"Yes; I had some thought of sending you to meet Napoleon, and to convey to him my warning to hold himself on his guard against the fatal impressions he may imbibe, or which will be forced upon him. In short, I wished to request of him not to drag me forward. He need not, for he will find plenty willing and able to serve him."

"But, Monseigneur, it appears to me that neither France nor Europe would be willing to see you superseded. Your integrity, your judgment, your experience, are universally known and acknowledged. The people will be gratified to see you near the Emperor, because they imagine that the coolness of your reason is a counterbalance to the impetuosity of his genius. He and you are henceforth inseparable."

"But I wish to prove the contrary," said the Prince; "and, if I did not send you on the mission to which I have just hinted, it was first on your wife's account, and next because I feared the Emperor might attribute to ambition a step which would have been dictated solely by my disgust at the intrigues of the world."

We next spoke of the absurd conduct of Bourrienne. The Prince assured me that the King himself had directed that old scribe of Bonaparte's not to annoy men, who, so far from having offended him, (Bourrienne,) had screened him from the just indignation of his deceived friend.

"You are aware that he wished to have arrested me and several others. I addressed a complaint to His Majesty, who accorded to me a secure safeguard. Such an attempt will not be made again; but still I wish that all this turmoil were at an end."

Some remarks were made on the interesting law process between the Count de Saint-Leu (Louis Bonaparte) and the Duchess his wife (Queen Hortense) concerning the

guardianship of their son, which was claimed by both.—The case was tried before the civil tribunal of Paris, and just at the time when Bonaparte landed in France, the judgment was given in favour of the Count. The Duchess appealed during the hundred days, and the imperial court decided in her favour.

This lawsuit, which was a source of endless scandal, was alike displeasing to the families of Beauharnais and Bonaparte. It had originated in the mutual dislike of the husband and wife. It was alleged, that the beautiful Queen, in imitation of Hortensia Mancini, went about exclaimed: *Point de Saint-Leu!* as the niece of the Cardinal adopted the cry of the Fronde, and said: *Point de Mazarin!*

On the morning of the 18th of March, an intimate friend of mine received a note from a lady of high rank, begging him to call upon her immediately. It was then eleven o'clock. My friend obeyed the summons. On reaching the lady's house, he experienced some delay in gaining entrance to it. The gate was strongly barred, and the court-yard was filled with half pay officers, well armed. Cumbersome articles of furniture were placed on the stair cases, with the view of impeding the advance of any one who might attempt a sudden and forcible entrance; and I was assured that horses and cabriolets were constantly kept in readiness for the use of the lady's friends and agents.

"All is going on admirably," said the lady to my friend, as soon as she saw him. "We shall triumph. The Emperor is advancing rapidly. He will sleep this evening at Fontainebleau. He will be delighted to see, assembled round him, the majority of his council of state. You, Sir, have shown so much fidelity, that we may confidently rely on you. Take this list; it contains the names and addresses of those of your colleagues who are now in Paris. Go to them; say what your own feelings dictate. Prevail on them to follow your example, to remember their oaths; and, on his Majesty's return, let them be ready to serve him."

My friend, though not much gratified by a commission which very much resembled an intrigue, nevertheless found

himself unable to decline a proposition coming from so high a quarter. He took the list, and, having read it, remarked that it contained some inaccuracies. Several of the persons, whose names were inserted in it, were not in Paris, but in the country; others had connected themselves with the Restoration in a way too decided, to admit of any hope of detaching them; and there were some who, by the effect of the treaty of Paris, no longer belonged to France. The names of all those individuals being erased, the list contained about a hundred, two-thirds of whom might be expected to answer the appeal.

The lady next questioned my friend respecting the feeling which prevailed in Paris, and she asked him whether he was of opinion that the enthusiasts would endeavour to defend the capital foot by foot?

"That would be terrible," said she; "the Emperor will be too happy if he can enter without shedding a drop of blood, without firing a single ball."

"His wish will be fulfilled, Madam. These shouts, these oaths, this military parade, this clamour are like bonfires of straw. As long as the Bourbons are here to fan the flame, it will burn; but let them depart, and it will be speedily extinguished."

"Heaven grant it may be so, Sir! but yet you see how every one is pressing round the throne."

At this moment, a courier entered; he brought a letter from Napoleon, dated Auxerre. His journey from Cannes had been merely a pleasant ride, preceded, surrounded, and followed by the joyous greetings of the populace. The following are some passages from Napoleon's letter:

"All now depends on Paris. If the Bourbons leave the capital, the revolution will be consummated; if they make a stand, and defend themselves, I shall be wrecked in sight of port; for the victory will be sanguinary. It would be glorious for my cause and gratifying to me, if flowers alone were scattered along my path, and that the tears shed for my return should be tears of joy, not of grief. You see, my friends, that we are all labouring to effect one object; the voluntary retirement of the Bourbons. I will raise up a bridge of gold for them. I authorize you to acquaint the

King, that I have given orders that he shall not be molested on his journey, and that he shall pass the frontier without impediment. I would advise him not to take the body guards with him ; he cannot retain them, and he will only occasion dissatisfaction. Let him remember the first emigration.

“ On my arrival, I should wish to see Montalivet, Defermond, and Lavalette. Let the latter immediately take the direction of the post-office. This is a point of greater importance than is imagined. An enemy at the head of the post-office may disorganize every thing. I expect to find, at the Tuileries, on my return, the Queen of Spain (the consort of King Joseph.) I feel assured that my other sister-in-law will not fail to be there.”

The Emperor closed his letter with some remarks upon his health, and by expressing a hope that the Empress and the King of Rome would be at Saint-Cloud before the 10th of April.

My friend, to whom this letter was read, was overjoyed at its contents, and he felt certain that henceforth nothing could oppose the return of Napoleon.

On that same night (the 18th), several of the inmates of the palace of the Tuileries, asserted, that they heard a great noise in the Salle du Trône, and in the Galerie de la Paix. On proceeding to those apartments, they fancied they perceived, through clouds of dust, figures wearing red caps and coats *à la Jacobine*. These figures were engaged in sweeping the throne and the insignia of royalty. This vision terrified those who beheld it. They raised an alarm, and summoned the guards. But, when the latter arrived, the mysterious figures had vanished, and nothing was visible but thick clouds of dust.

This strange circumstance could not be kept secret. On the following day, it was mentioned to the Abbé de Montesquiou, who said, shrugging his shoulders, “ This is like the White Lady of Berlin.”

Tradition records, that in the ancient family of Hohenzollern, and especially in the royal branch, whenever any misfortune was about to occur, one or several persons, and almost always near relatives of the King, see a vision in the form of a female dressed in white, who, with a broom

in her hand, is employed in sweeping the apartments. In Berlin, the existence of the White Lady is equivalent to an article of faith.

Louis XVIII was not made aware of his position, as long as it was possible to conceal it from him.

He was still nursed with hope on the morning of the 19th. On that fatal day, the King went in his calèche to hold a review. This ceremony was a mere mockery. The soldiers insulted the infirm and unfortunate monarch by exclaiming, in his hearing, *Vive le Roi de Rome!*

After his Majesty's return to the palace, the Count de Blacas entered, accompanied by two or three of the ministers. The Count, with a very doleful air, informed the King that it was impossible the royal family could prolong their stay in Paris, for that, next day, the troops of the Corsican would occupy the barrières. He added, that it was desirable his Majesty should avoid the humiliation of owing his safety to the generosity of the conqueror.

The King suffered his feelings to overcome him, and he made a reply at once characterized by want of temper and want of dignity. It has never yet been faithfully rendered; I will, therefore, transcribe his Majesty's words, as communicated to me through a channel of unquestionable authenticity:

"You are all, without exception, fools, and traitors! Truly, I have done well to be guided by your counsel! If ever I should return, I shall be wise enough to act for myself. Leave me! Begone! Let me be rid of you and your professions of fidelity. The men of the Revolution would have served me a thousand times better!"

Then, turning to an individual who was present, he said, "I should not be situated as I now am, if I had taken, as my minister, Vicomte de Barras, Prince Cambacérès, or even Carnot. Let my brother sovereigns take warning by my fate. Let them not place reliance on words, but only on deeds."

Count de Blacas, and the other ministers, obeyed the commands of his Majesty, and withdrew into an adjoining cabinet. There a scene of mutual recrimination ensued among the ministers, and Count de Blacas was treated with very little ceremony.

I have been informed, by a person thoroughly acquainted with all that happened at the Tuileries, that such was the inconceivable imbecility of the King's counsellors, that the requisite precautions for securing his Majesty's departure on a safe point, were utterly neglected. Some brave and faithful friends of the King urged him to repair to Spain. They suggested that, by passing through the west of France, attempt might be made to excite a rising in La Vendée. By joining the Dauphiness at Bordeaux, and establishing a government at Toulouse, whilst the hero of the south was at the head of an army, and still master of Bas-Languedoc and Provence, immense advantages might be gained; and, at all events, the sea and the Pyrenees would offer a safe asylum.

M. de Blacas was fearful, that in those parts his credit might be disputed; and that he would appear very insignificant among those Vendéans, who were such colossal heroes of courage and fidelity. M. de Villèle had already begun to torment him.

Some proposed that the King's route should be by the way of Rouen, and that he should embark at Havre. Lille was finally determined on, under the idea, that that city, having a numerous garrison, and being well stored with ammunition, would form an excellent *point d'appui*. Besides, Lille was the shortest course, and it was desirable to quit France as speedily as possible. Alas! among all who then surrounded the unfortunate King, there was no one who reminded him of the remark addressed by Biron to Henry IV—*Sire, on perd la couronne, quand on sort du royaume.*

Whilst preparations were being made at the Tuileries and at the Palais-Royal for a second departure from France, and a departure infinitely more humiliating than the first,—the streets were illuminated as on a festival day. In spite of the cold and rain, they were filled by crowds of people, exclaiming, *Vive le Roi*, and venting imprecations on the conqueror.

On the evening of the 19th all was lost to the royal cause. Napoleon's troops had shown themselves at Villejuif, and a bed was prepared for the Emperor at Fontainebleau.

CHAPTER IX.

The morning of the 20th of March—The Place du Carrousel—Curious details respecting the King's departure—Alarm of fire at the Tuileries—General Excelmans hoists the tri-coloured flag at the Tuileries—Arrival of Napoleon's *grognards*—The departure from Elba—Meeting between Napoleon and the Prince de Monaco—Journey from Cannes to Grenoble—The royalist advanced guard—The Emperor's challenge—Heroic scene at Vizille—Eagles and tri-coloured cockades concealed in drums—Napoleon enters Grenoble—Popular enthusiasm—The three Dauphins—Lesbarres, the innkeeper—The gates of Bonne—Details relating to the entrance into Lyons—The barricades demolished—The imperial Decrees—List of the proscribed—Marshal Ney—Berthier and Rovigo—Napoleon at Fontainebleau.

I WENT out at seven o'clock on the morning of the memorable 20th of March. The weather, which had for some time previously been wet, cleared up ; and, though cold, the morning was dry and bright. The sun of Napoleon rose again radiantly.

I directed my course to the Place du Carrousel, and there I remained until the arrival of Napoleon, resolved not to lose the most trivial incident of the curious drama which was about to be enacted.

The white flag, which had hitherto waved on the Pavillon de l'Horloge, was no longer visible. It is a curious fact, that a gust of wind blew it down on the preceding night, just at the very moment when the King left the Tuileries. Strange as this coincidence may appear, I have been credibly assured that it actually took place. Thus, with the King, departed the insignia of the monarchy.

The gates of the court of the Tuileries were closed ;

and the National Guard, stationed within the court, were thus, in some sort, imprisoned. This was a precautionary measure adopted to prevent the pillage of the palace. I learned the following particulars from one of the sentinels. At one o'clock in the morning, two carriages were drawn up close to the vestibule of the grand stair-case. Suddenly, the doors of the *Salle des Maréchaux* were thrown open, and four lackeys carrying wax candles appeared. They were followed by ushers, who were, in their turns, followed by a herald at arms. These, with several of the ministers and courtiers, formed this funeral cortège of royalty.

The Count de Blacas supported his royal master on one side, and the Duke de Duras held the other arm of the King, who was the victim of a severe attack of the gout, at the moment when circumstances demanded the exercise of his utmost energies.

Next came Monsieur, holding the arm of the Duke de Berri. The Prince of Wagram, too, was there, employed, as usual, in biting his nails. Any one, not aware of his incorrigible habit, would have regarded this as a most indecorous mode of manifesting his painful state of feeling But biting his nails and making love to Madame Visconti, were almost the only occupations of Berthier's life. That man, who in the year preceding, had been transferred like the furniture of the Tuileries, to the new sovereign, now seemed to ask himself why, as the King was going, he might not as well remain in the palace, for the service of Napoleon, along with the Hartwell table and arm-chair. What a strange character was Berthier!

The royal party having descended the staircase, in the order above described, the King, Monsieur, Berthier and Blacas entered the carriages which were waiting. The Duke de Berri went on horse-back, and the Duke of Orleans was to be met at the *barrière*. I do not know what was the destination of the venerable and unfortunate Prince de Condé.

The Dowager Duchess of Orleans, who had recently had the misfortune to break her leg, was unable to quit Paris. Napoleon immediately ordered a hundred thousand francs to be paid to her out of his property, which had been confiscated on his departure from France.

Soon after I arrived at the Place du Carrousel, there gradually collected a vast crowd, composed partly of spectators and partly of actors in the scene. All ranged themselves in the most convenient positions, as if their places had been allotted to them. The mere lookers on, who were for the most part respectably dressed persons, occupied the entrance to the Rue Napoléon, the lower end of the Rue de Musée ; and, in short, all those points from whence a retreat could be easily effected, in the event of any disturbance. Among those who appeared to have been attracted solely by curiosity there were many foreigners and English ; though most of the English residents in Paris, warned by their experience of the rupture of the peace of Amiens, had suddenly quitted France. They feared that Napoleon would again detain them as hostages.

The mob, that is to say, the lower order of bourgeois, and mechanics, intermingled with a vast number of bad characters, male and female, were planted along close to the railings of the court-yard, and amused themselves with singing, joking and laughing.

All were eager to see Napoleon ; and, at the same time, all appeared equally eager to satisfy their appetites at the temporary stalls of the *restaurants*, who had established themselves in the streets. Venders of *coco*, *vivandières* of the grand army with their casks of *eau-de-vie*, and their groups of beautiful but dirty children, dealers in fried potatoes, and *gargons de café* hurrying here and there with glasses of beer, completed the picture.

In the centre of the Place du Carrousel, round the Arc de Triomphe, numbers of officers, both those on half pay as well as those in active service, were assembling from all quarters of Paris. Almost all were mutually acquainted, and they formed a happy and animated group, awaiting the arrival of their General, their father, their friend, their sovereign. All had seen him, had spoken with him, or had served under his command, and all had some pleasing anecdote to relate of him. What shouts of exultation and promises of fidelity were repeated from mouth to mouth !

About ten o'clock, the Place du Carrousel became very crowded ; but still there was sufficient room to move about with ease ; especially as the police had prudently ordered

the cabriolets, fiacres, diligences, and carts should not drive through the crowded streets. It had been wisely determined that on a day, when so many circumstances might occur to interrupt public tranquillity, the confusion should not be augmented by the movement of public vehicles. From every point which commanded a view of the Tuileries, all eyes were directed towards the Pavillon de l'Horloge where it was momentarily expected that the tri-coloured flag would supercede the Bourbon standard which had waved there the preceding day.

Suddenly, a column of thick black smoke was observed to rise from the elegant chimneys which surround the Pavillon de Flore. Wafted by the breeze, this cloud of smoke passed over the whole length of the roof of the château.—An alarm was immediately raised, and nothing was heard but cries of “Fire! Fire! The Tuileries are in flames! The palace is blown up!” etc.

I beheld men, women and children, running with inconceivable rapidity from the supposed scene of danger; flying to the bridges, the quays, the boulevards and the Palais Royal, spreading contradictory reports, and meeting with no one capable of explaining what had really occurred.

A party of the National Guards, who entered and searched the château, speedily discovered the cause of the panic. Some faithful servants of the Royal Family had been left behind for the purpose of destroying an immense quantity of papers, the public disclosure of which would have ruined certain imprudent and unfortunate persons. In burning these papers, the servants had set fire to the chimneys, which had not been swept since the commencement of the winter.

After having stood, for some time attentively watching these occurrences, I repaired to the Quai de Voltaire. The dead stillness which prevailed along both banks of the Seine was suddenly broken by the rapid trot of three horsemen, who were advancing along the quay in the direction of the Pont Royal and the Carrousel. These three horsemen were General Excelmans, his aid-camp, and a chasseur.

The General wore round his waist, in the form of a scarf, a magnificent tri-coloured flag, which had been pre-

sented to him by the hands of the beautiful, the elegant, the accomplished, and I may add, the noble-spirited Countess de B—— V——d'Au——. General Excelmans and his companions presented themselves at the gate of the Tuileries, on the side near the river; and, after some interchange of communication, the gate was opened, and they entered. Precisely at twenty-two minutes past two o'clock, the acclamations of the populace, and the firing of the cannon of the Invalides announced the re-appearance of the national flag. Those by whom it was triumphantly borne, threw down, from the platform of the Salle des Maréchaux, fragments of old white flags, which the mob caught and banded from one to another, amidst hisses, laughter, and ironical jests. From that moment, the revolution appeared to be consummated.

At two o'clock, the Duke of Otranto, more bold than the Duke of Rovigo, ventured to instal himself in the hotel of the minister of police; and at four o'clock there arrived by the Barrière du Trône a detachment of old *grognards*, consisting of two hundred men, to whom Napoleon had given an express order to take possession of Paris.

Night approached, and the Emperor had not yet appeared. Considerable surprise and consternation were manifested. It was generally known that he had slept at Fontainebleau on the preceding night; and that on the morning of the 20th an estafette despatched by Count de La Valette, had apprized Napoleon of the departure of the Royal Family. A superb carriage ornamented with newly emblazoned coats of arms, and drawn by eight horses had been sent to meet His Majesty. Why then did he not appear? Did he distrust the people of Paris? What mysterious cause could retard him, at the last post of his route? It was never positively known what strange whim caused Napoleon to defer starting from Fontainebleau until three o'clock; but the consequence was, that he did not reach the Triumphal Arch of the Tuileries until eight or nine at night.

After a ball given by Princess Pauline, at Elba, on the 26th of February, Napoleon embarked with a hundred men, to attempt the recovery of his old Empire. He eluded the vigilance of the English, passed the brig commanded

by Captain Andrieux, and, on the 1st of March, he landed at Cannes, in the gulf of Juan. Napoleon was accompanied by General Bertrand, the Grand Marshal of the Palace, and by Generals Gruot and Cambrone.

Immediately on landing, Napoleon detached twenty-five men from his force, and directed them to proceed to Antibes. The officer who commanded that place, instead of giving them a welcome reception, made them prisoners. This was a bad beginning.

At the same time, the Prince de Monaco, once an imperial chamberlain, and who subsequently filled a post in the household of Josephine, had been re-instated by the Congress of Vienna in his humble principality of Monaco.—Accompanied by two gendarmes, who had been sent to him by way of a guard of honour, he was proceeding on his way from Frejus to Nice. Having stopped on the road, he found himself unexpectedly, face to face, with his old master. Never was there a more unlucky meeting. The poor Prince, in order to free himself from the degradation attendant on the servile situations he had once held in the imperial household, had presumed to insult the absent lion. The latter had heard of this peccadillo, and might have punished it; but he behaved as if he knew nothing about it.

The Prince de Monaco would fain have taken upon himself the airs of a monarch in the presence of General Bonaparte; but this would have been playing a hazardous game, and he did not venture upon it. On the contrary, he observed the most ceremonious punctilio. The Emperor said to him jestingly:—

“‘Prince, you had better follow me, and resume your old situation at the Tuileries; for, among my generals, there is no one who will make a good chamberlain. They are as rough as bears, and you are so sleek and courtier-like.”

“M. de Monaco replied, in the most humble tone imaginable:—

“‘I trust your Majesty will pardon me when I inform you that I am hurrying to take possession of my principality of Monaco, and to get crowned at Menton. As

soon as that ceremony is ended, I will post back to Paris, and it is possible I may be there as soon as the Emperor."

"Napoleon laughed, and, after making inquiries respecting several persons in Paris, he let his ex-chamberlain proceed on his journey; and at one o'clock in the morning the bivouac was raised.

The entrance into Cannes recompensed Napoleon for the disappointments he had sustained at Antibes. The inhabitants received him with transport. Similar enthusiasm was manifested at Grasse, though the royalists had circulated a report, that the troops who accompanied Napoleon were merely bands of corsairs from Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. This at first excited alarm; but, when the truth came to be known, the people unanimously greeted the Emperor with shouts of welcome.

The six pieces of artillery brought from Elba, having been found embarrassing in crossing the mountains, it was resolved to leave them at Grasse. This, at least, denoted the hope of meeting with a fresh supply further on.

At Barem, where the Emperor slept on the 3rd, at Digne, and at Castellane popular enthusiasm continued to increase.

On the 5th the fortress of Sesterone surrendered to General Cambrone, whose corps consisted of only forty men.

On the same evening (the 5th) Napoleon entered Gap. He was so gratified by the manner in which he had been received in the Upper Alps, that he thanked the inhabitants by a proclamation.

Some individuals at Saint Bonnet, seeing him followed by so feeble an escort, said—

"Sire, we will sound the tocsin, and the country people will rise *en masse* to follow you."

"No," answered Napoleon; "your sentiments are sufficiently well known to me. I was not mistaken when I thought I should find sympathy in you. I only want soldiers; and I feel assured that all whom I meet will join me. You, civilians, remain tranquil."

During the whole of the 6th, Napoleon halted at Gap. He was now approaching the troops of the line.—

Cambrone, still with only his forty men, passed the night at La Mure, forming an advanced guard. There he fell in with the advanced guard of the King's army, about six thousand strong. He wished to communicate with the troops, but he was given to understand that all communication was interdicted, and, at the same time, the royalist advanced guard fell back, as if fearful of coming in contact with the Emperor. Napoleon galloped forward, and despatched his orderly officer, Revel, with a flag of truce: they would not listen to him. Then Napoleon, by one of those resolutions which genius alone inspires, and which only great men know how to turn to account, advanced and dismounted. His grognards followed him with their arms reversed, and, when he came within hearing of the opposite battalion, he fixed upon it his eagle-eye and said:

"Behold me! It is I who stand before you. If there be any soldier among you, who wishes to take the life of his Emperor, let him do so now."

The whole battalion dropped on their knees and exclaimed: "*Vive l'Empereur!*" At that moment, the crown was transferred from Louis XVIII, to Napoleon Bonaparte.

Subjects are not inclined to assassinate their sovereign under such circumstances as this. On the contrary, they vow to them eternal fidelity, and are willing to follow wherever they may be led. * Besides, what regiment had been chosen on this occasion to oppose to "*Jean de l'Epée*," or "*Père la Violette*," as the soldiers then called Napoleon? One of those which, under his command, had served in the campaigns of Italy? The troops tore from their caps the white cockades and fastened on tri-coloured ones which the grognards distributed to them. They then ranged themselves in the order of battle, that the Emperor might review them. From that moment, the fifth battalion never left him, and on the 26th of March, Napoleon in the court-yard of the Tuileries, publicly eulogized its fidelity in the following terms:

"I must express my gratitude to these brave fellows, and to the company of miners who followed them; for, when they might have taken my life in a defile of which they were masters, they ranged themselves round me with the shouts of loyalty."

Napoleon proceeded on his way. When he had advanced a little further, loud shouts were heard, and in the distance was seen the seventh regiment of the line, commanded by its colonel, the Marquis de Labédoyère. The patience both of officers and men, was almost exhausted, and they were now rapidly marching to meet the Emperor. When they came up with him, they threw themselves at his feet, a drum was speedily broken open, and from it was extracted an eagle. It was that which had belonged to the regiment before the Restoration. Another drum contained tri-coloured cockades, and in a moment the royalist colours disappeared. Napoleon complimented Labédoyère and his regiment, and, placing himself at its head, marched on towards Grenoble.

As they approached, all was agitation and confusion in that important city, which was well garrisoned, and contained an immense quantity of ammunition and provisions. When night came, the whole force was concentrated within the walls, and the gates were closed. The third regiment of engineers, having two thousand sappers; the eleventh regiment of the line; two battalions of the fifth; and the fourth regiment of artillery (of which, twenty-five years previously, Napoleon had been made captain,) occupied the ramparts.

At half-past eight, some Polish troops, forming the Emperor's advanced guard, made a reconnaissance at the gate of Bonne. The Emperor, at that moment, appeared in the suburb, and his presence was marked by the most enthusiastic greetings. The gate of Bonne was closed, and General Marchand, the commandant of Grenoble, had the keys.

"Comrades, open the gate, and let us enter!" exclaimed Napoleon's troops, joined by the inhabitants of the suburb.

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" shouted the soldiery stationed on the ramparts; and their shouts were re-echoed by the national guards, and all within the garrison; even the gunners joined in the cry, though they stood with their matches ready lighted, and had been ordered to fire.

Still, the gate continued closed. The sappers attacked it with their axes. They were actively seconded by the working people of the suburb, and bars of

iron were employed to wrench the gates from their hinges. At length, an expert locksmith succeeded in picking the lock : the gate tottered, and fell to the ground with a terrific crash, amidst cries of *Vive l'Empereur!*" Napoleon's troops now marched in, and they found the town illuminated, and the inhabitants at their windows and doors, holding torches and branches of laurel.

The advanced guard, consisting of Poles, sappers, and troops of the line, followed by the people of the suburb, defiled triumphantly. At some little distance from the gate, in an open space, appeared Napoleon on horseback, and unattended. At that moment, any one who had chosen to do so, might have aimed a musket shot at him, without any chance of failure : even those who were comparatively indifferent to his safety, trembled at his imprudence.

Labédoyère, with his regiment, the battalion of the fifth, and the grognards, followed the Emperor. Soldiers and citizens immediately flocked round him, whilst the air resounded with their enthusiastic cries. All who witnessed this scene, describe it to have been, in the utmost degree, moving and sublime. On that occasion, Napoleon must have felt himself to be a legitimate sovereign. After the lapse of a short interval, the mayor and several other functionaries, in their official costumes, waited upon him with an address of congratulation, just as if he had returned from a tour.

It was proposed that the Emperor should take up his abode at the Préfecture ; but he declined this.

"No," said he, "one of my old consular *Guides*, Lesbarres, keeps the inn called the *Trois Dauphins* in this town. I have not seen him for a very long time, and I am sure he will readily give me a lodging. Gentlemen, it is useful to have friends in these times, and Lesbarres is my friend."

These words, which were uttered with seeming negligence, had the effect which they were intended to produce on the good people of Grenoble. All admired the Emperor's kind remembrance of an obscure subject :—it was so gratifying to find the great general recollecting the name of an old soldier, after a long lapse of years !

The populace is vain, and loves to be paid attention to.

The most galling affront that can be inflicted on a man of low condition, is, when a great man, to whom he has once been known, does not recognise him. He is always gratified by being remembered.

Lesbarres, the keeper of the Trois Dauphins, expected his illustrious visitor. Whenever he heard of Napoleon's landing, he exclaimed, "If the Emperor should pass through Grenoble, I know he will sleep in my house."

As soon as he beheld his sovereign, he threw himself at his feet, and fervently kissed the hand that was extended to him: "Now," he said, "I could die without regret, for I shall leave behind me a name, which will not be buried in my grave!"

Napoleon was no sooner installed in the quarters which his old *guide* had prepared for him, than his ears were saluted by the performance of a band of music, composed of drums, trumpets, bad violins, flutes, etc. This rude harmony, together with the loud and triumphant shouts with which it was blended, announced the performance of a new scene in the interesting drama. The populace, aided by the soldiery, having completely pulled down the gate of Bonne, were carrying its fragments on their shoulders for the purpose of laying them before the Emperor's windows. A mechanic, who had formerly served in the army, and who was one of those brave fellows, who had slept in the shade of the Pyramids, took upon himself the office of spokesman for the assembled multitude. Taking his station before Napoleon's window, he said:—

"Beloved Emperor, we were not able to present to you the keys of your good city of Grenoble; but we have the pleasure of laying before you its gates."

This novel kind of homage was received with unfeigned gratification.

Next day, there was a grand levee at the Trois Dauphins. The Bishop, the members of the courts of law, and other dignitaries, paid their respects to the Emperor. His Majesty developed some of his plans for the happiness of France, and expressed his gratification at the manner in which he had been received at Grenoble. The learned Fourier, then Prefect of Isère, attended the levee. The

Emperor had known him in Egypt. Some days after, he was appointed Prefect of Lyons.

On the 9th of March, Napoleon slept in the village of Bourgoins, whilst the *Moniteur* announced that he had been killed that same day, in the same place, by the Duke of Orleans.

On the following day, he advanced towards Lyons, where the Count d'Artois was employing every exertion to animate the troops in behalf of the King. His efforts were unavailing. The Pont de Morand and the Pont de la Guillottière, had been barricadoed, and it was proposed to destroy them. But this would have been useless trouble ; even had it been done, Napoleon would speedily have found means to cross the river.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th. Marshal Macdonald, that model of unshaken fidelity, led two battalions on the Pont de la Guillottière. As they were approaching the barricades, a reconnoitring detachment of the 4th hussars debouched from the faubourg, proceeded by some hundreds of young Lyonese, all shouting *Vive l'Empereur*.

This shout was like the trumpet of the Jews before Jericho. The barricades of the bridge were demolished, like the gate of Bonne. Marshal Macdonald's battalion responded to the cry, and immediately the beams, planks, trees, etc. etc. which formed, as it were, a shadow of resistance, were hurled into the Rhone. These obstacles being removed, the soldiers, who, a few moments previously had been destined to contend with each other, embraced with the cordiality of brothers. Twenty thousand of the inhabitants of Lyons, who were stationed on each bank of the river, witnessed this incident, and rent the air with their enthusiastic acclamations.

The Count d'Artois, Marshal Macdonald, and the Prefect, quitted the city ; but no superior officer followed them.

At seven o'clock, the Emperor galloped forward on Lyons, to review and place himself at the head of those same troops who had been destined to oppose his entrance. He was not escorted by any guard, and the people thronged round him ; many struggling to touch his boot or the flap of his coat. He graciously saluted every person near

him. A man advanced, and presented to him a glass of wine, but he declined it :—"Thank you, my good fellow," he said, good-humouredly, "I am not more thirsty than those hundred thousand Lyonese, who are not thinking of refreshment."

He thus adroitly avoided a familiarity, which would have been inconsistent with his dignity.

The Cour Royale and all the public authorities of Lyons, except the Prefect, paid their respects to him. The vicars of his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, did the honours of the arch-episcopal palace ; where he took up his abode.

At Lyons, the certainty of triumph betrayed Napoleon into the error of issuing those decrees which proved so injurious to his cause, since they all bore the impress of his former despotism. General Bertrand refused to countersign them, though they appeared in the *Moniteur*, with his name attached to them. Napoleon abolished the constitutional charter, the two chambers, the royal orders of the Saint Esprit, of Saint Louis, of Saint Michel, and of Saint Hubert. He cancelled all the creations made by the Bourbons in the order of the legion of honour, all the appointments and promotions in the army and navy, and he placed under the ban of proscription thirteen individuals, who were sentenced to suffer death and the confiscation of their property.

The proscription list commenced with Prince Talleyrand, and ended with Viscount Sosthene de la Rochefoucauld. The King's body guards were broken, and were ordered to retire to the distance of forty leagues from Paris. In a word, thunderbolts were hurled in every direction. Napoleon announced himself to be implacable, whilst in reality he was far from being so.

On the 14th, the Emperor slept at Autun ; on the 16th at Avallon, and on the 17th at Auxerre. In the latter place, he was found by Marshal Ney, who on the 12th had published an order of the day, in which he proclaimed to the army his treason, or to call it by a less severe name, his error.

On the 19th, Napoleon reached Fontainebleau. How many different recollections must have crowded on his

mind! He found himself surrounded by courtiers, who came to meet him in the very place where they had taken leave of him. On his arrival, he inquired whether Berthier and Rovigo were there. The former thought he could not with decency forsake the King; as to the latter, if he dared not show himself at Fontainebleau, he at least sent a letter in which, whilst he rendered homage to his imperial master, he repeated his triple *mea culpa*.

CHAPTER X.

Napoleon's entrance into Paris—His arrival at the Tuileries—The Queen of Spain and Queen Hortense—Fouche's enmity towards me—My appointment at Toulouse—The sovereignty of the people—Napoleon's conversation with Cambacères on that subject—The Bourbons quit France—Brief summary of events in the South—Murat—His death—The Imperial peers—The Champ de Mai—Napoleon's speech—Close of the Hundred Days.

ABOUT six o'clock on the evening of the 20th of March, the Emperor was met by a brilliant *cortège*, accompanied by a vast multitude of the inhabitants of Paris. He declined to use the triumphal carriage which had been prepared for his reception, and insisted on entering his capital in the calèche in which he had travelled from Cannes. It had previously conveyed him from Fontainebleau to Fréjus, and he afterwards rode in it to Rochefort, when he embarked for Elba.

Eight or ten post chaises, filled with persons of His Majesty's suite, followed the calèche. On each side of the road, files of Polish lancers cleared the way.

On reaching the barriers of Paris, the Emperor saw advancing towards him, the force which was to have been commanded by the Duke de Berri. Generals, officers, and privates, all enthusiastically greeted their Emperor. They tore off and trampled on their white cockades, and fastened to their caps tri-coloured favours, which they had concealed in their knapsacks.

The Emperor, who was driving rapidly, soon passed by amidst the joyous cheering of the troops. Anxious to avoid the irksome ceremony of a triumphal entrance into

Paris, he proceeded as privately as possible to the Arc de Triomphe of the Carrousel. There he was recognised by the group of officers who were anxiously waiting for him since an early hour in the morning. They forced him out of the calèche, and carried him through the courtyard, the vestibule, up the grand staircase, and into the apartments of the palace.

All were pressing forward, anxious to get near him; some were endeavouring to speak to him, and others to touch him. The Emperor, incommoded by the pressure, and not knowing whom to listen to, or to answer, said :

“ My good friends, do not stifle your Emperor. Spare his life, I entreat you. He will require a long one, to prove the love and gratitude he bears you.”

He spoke in vain ; the pressure continued to increase. Among those nearest to him, were the Count de Montalivet and the Count de La Valette. At length, Napoleon was carried into the imperial chamber, and with some little difficulty the doors were closed.

Thus ended the most extraordinary enterprise that stands recorded in the pages of history ;—the conquest of a kingdom almost by the efforts of one man. But here likewise terminated the fortune of Napoleon ; his brilliant star was eclipsed from that night. His after-life was an interrupted series of disaster and suffering.

The Queen of Spain, the wife of King Joseph, and Queen Hortense, were the only members of the imperial family who presented themselves to the Emperor. Queen Hortense, his beloved step-daughter, flew to embrace him, shedding a torrent of tears. Napoleon received her affectionate welcome with truly paternal feeling. He thanked the grand officers of his household and his servants, all of whom were at their posts. He promised them a happy future ; and that night we all once again dreamed of victories.

I was fortunate enough to be one of those who gained entrance to the imperial chamber. I wore my official costume as auditor of the council of state, which I had sent for from the country at the close of the preceding year. I had

my share of Napoleon's kind reception, and I heard him utter the following words :

“ So the poor Arch-chancellor is ill. Let him be informed that I consign to him provisionally the portfolio of the minister of justice.”

Prince Cambacérès did not present himself at the Tuileries on the occasion of Napoleon's arrival. He spoke truly, when he assured me that if he did appear there, it would be in obedience to reiterated commands. Suddenly, I heard a door open behind me, and two persons entered ; they were the Duke of Otranto and Carnot. Unluckily for me, I was standing so near the door at which they entered, that I happened to be the first person on whom Fouché cast his eyes. He extended his hand to me with a friendly air ; and this seeming cordiality convinced me, that I was ruined beyond redemption in his regard. I was not mistaken.

Napoleon, without manifesting any surprise at seeing men of such very dissimilar characters, received them kindly, and thanked Carnot for his admirable defence of Antwerp.

“ ‘ Sire,’ said Carnot. ‘ I looked upon Antwerp as the country.’ ”

A favour-seeking courtier would have added :—“ *and as the Emperor, too.*” But Carnot was too independent for that. In a short time, the majority of the persons, who filled the imperial chamber, withdrew, and the Emperor was left with a few of his most intimate friends.

On the following day, the different ministerial appointments, necessary for the re-establishment of the government, were made known. To the Arch-chancellor were assigned the functions of minister of justice and keeper of the great seal.

The Duke de Gaëte resumed the portfolio of the minister of finance, which certainly the Restoration ought not to have deprived him of.

M. Maret, Duke de Bassano, once more became a secretary of state. The Emperor valued his business-like habits. He was right ; and it is only a matter of surprise that the Duke de Bassano's many inestimable qualities did not obtain for him a higher degree of the imperial favour.

The Duke Decrees was made minister of the marine. This choice seemed to be approved by the Emperor alone.

The incapacity of the Duke certainly operated very injuriously to the interests of the French navy.

M. Fouché, Duke d'Otranto, was appointed minister of the general police.

Count Mollien was placed at the head of the treasury. This appointment met with general approval.

Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, was minister of the war department. The Duke of Dalmatia expected to fill this post. He was consoled, by the promise of receiving a high military command in the war which then appeared inevitable.

M. Savary, Duke de Rovigo, doubtless expected to be reinstated in his old post at the head of the police department. He was disappointed, but, by way of compensation, he was made inspector-general of gendarmerie.

The Count de Bondy, a man who had no qualifications to recommend him, was made prefect of Paris; and the office of prefect of the police, devolved on Count Réal. The latter appointment could not have been better disposed of.

To complete these nominations, I may add that on the 22d of March, Carnot was created a Count of the Empire, as a reward for his glorious defence of Antwerp. He was likewise appointed minister of the interior, and, provisionally, minister of public worship.

Count Bertrand retained his post of grand marshal of the palace. M. M. de Montesquiou-Fezensac and Ségur, having both presented themselves at the Tuileries on the 20th of March, received their old appointments of grand chamberlain and grand master of the ceremonies.

Count de Lucay was préfet du palais.

Baron Fain was maître des requêtes, and the Emperor's cabinet secretary. The latter office had been very meritoriously filled by Baron de Meneval.

The Count de Montalivet, who was prevented by a political intrigue from recovering his situation of the minister of the interior, was made intendant general of the crown domains, a post which his son now fills under the King of the French. The latter sovereign is somewhat richer in private domains than Napoleon was.

M. de Champagny, Duke de Cadore, hoped to be minister for foreign affairs; but the Emperor deemed it more

conducive to his interests to give this important appointment to M. Caulaincourt, the Duke of Nicenza. The Duke de Cadore was, therefore, made superintendent of public buildings.

I had every right to expect that I should receive some official appointment under this new government ; for almost all the individuals now raised to ministerial power were my patrons or friends. I hoped, too, that the Emperor himself would not forget certain services which I had rendered him in 1814. I do not feel myself at liberty to disclose the nature of those services, not that they could possibly reflect any discredit on myself, but because there are some individuals who took part in them, who might be annoyed or injured by the remembrance of them.

Among other influential persons, Carnot was my sincere friend. One day when I called on him, he informed me that there had been some intention of nominating me to a prefecture, but that Fouché had caused that design to be relinquished.

“ ‘Fouché is unfriendly to you,’ continued Carnot.— ‘Yesterday, at the council, he asserted, that all your family are royalists ; and that your wife is most devotedly attached to the Bourbon cause. He moreover affirmed that your uncle, Tristan de Lamothe, is at this moment commanding a corps of royalist volunteers, composed of students of Toulouse.’ ‘But,’ observed the Emperor, ‘I have unquestionable proofs of M. de Langon’s fidelity to me.’— ‘Well,’ rejoined Fouché ‘make trial of him. Send him on a private mission to the south. The Count de Pontécoulant is going thither.

Let M. de Langon go with him !’ ‘This advice was adopted,’ added Carnot ; so that now you must retreat, in the hope of advancing at another opportunity.’

Shortly afterwards, it was formally notified to me that I had been appointed sous-préfet of Toulouse.

I left Paris in fulfilment of my official duties, and, consequently, my evening visits to Prince Cambacérès were suspended during an interval of upwards of four years, viz., from March 1814 to December, 1818.

Napoleon, some days after his arrival in Paris, sent for Prince Cambacérès, who had not yet presented himself at

the Tuileries. The Prince obeyed the summons, and the Emperor, as soon as he beheld him, said, jestingly :—

“ ‘ Well, coward ! are you so afraid of ghosts that you could not venture here sooner, though you had all France, and all the army to protect you ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Really, Sire,’ replied the Prince, ‘ amidst these extraordinary arrivals and departures, a prudent man may well be pardoned if he should feel a little hesitation in venturing from his hiding-place.’ ”

After the interchange of these familiar observations, Napoleon, assuming an air of gravity, said :—

“ ‘ I am aware that you could not have expected me. I hurried my arrival ; and, now that I am here, I find so much perplexity, so many obstacles, so little unity of opinion, such feeble resources, that I require the aid of all the able men of my old council. Prince, I have cause to complain of you. Why did you conceal from me the real state of affairs ? Do you imagine I would have advanced so far, if I had been aware of the repugnance of the nation to follow me ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Sire, could any one have ventured to open your Majesty’s eyes, without incurring your displeasure ? The flatterers, by whom you were surrounded, had too well succeeded in blinding you. We all remember Gil Blas and the Arch-bishop of Grenada.’ ”

Napoleon inquired what was the opinion of Prince Cambacérés respecting the Bourbons, the charter, and the condition of the country. He listened attentively to the Prince’s answers, and then suddenly turning the conversation, he said :—

“ ‘ What do you think the foreign powers will do ? ’ ”

“ ‘ They will take up arms, Sire.’ ”

“ ‘ I cannot conceive that they have any interest in so doing.’ ”

“ ‘ I am inclined to believe, Sire, that your Majesty’s opinion, on this subject, is influenced by your own earnest wish to see Europe remain in tranquillity.’ ”

Prince Cambacérés then requested that the Emperor would permit him to deliver up the portfolio of the minister of justice.

“ ‘ No, not yet,’ said the Emperor. ‘ I have need of you’ ”

Your name has great influence in foreign cabinets. I was not so well aware of that fact last year, as I now am. It is generally believed that you are my guide:—that without you I should hurl myself and everything to destruction. Do you know they describe me as a man of the most ungovernable violence of temper:—that I not only employ the most gross and insulting language, but that I even deal out kicks and cuffs to every one about me. It is alleged that you have had your full share of these compliments. I confess, I have been a little annoyed by this nonsense. In what society do they think I have passed my life ?

After this first interview, Prince Cambacérés conceived it to be his duty to make the Emperor acquainted with some points of public opinion, which appeared to escape his observation. Being closeted with His Majesty at the palace of the Elysée, he seized the opportunity of thus addressing him :—

“Sire, I wish to draw your Majesty’s attention to a question of great importance. It excites no little astonishment in France, and indeed throughout Europe, that your Majesty should so frequently have made a sport of the rights of the people, and consequently called in question your own right of sovereignty. I trust your Majesty will pardon me ; but a sense of imperative duty urges me to speak without reserve. I know that remarks have been made, which, though true, are calculated to have the most mischievous tendency.”

“‘I rejoice to hear it,’ exclaimed the Emperor, exultingly. ‘I have then attained my object. Do you imagine, Prince, that it can be agreeable to me, to find myself, since my return, treated as a paria by the faubourg St. Germain—to hear my illegitimacy continually made a ground of reproach ?—Morbieu ! If they will have legitimacy, they shall have it after my fashion, and not after their own. If you look into the annals of nations, you will find that there were people before there were kings. Kings were originally created by the consent of their subjects. Therefore, the sovereignty is in the people. The King is only the mandatory of his subjects, and is legitimate or illegitimate according to their good will and pleasure. This is clear and indisputable. Thus, then, the consequence is, that

when a nation wishes to rid itself of any particular royal family ; it dismisses that family, and transfers the rights, with which it was invested, to some other family, chosen in its stead. 'This is precisely the state of the question between the Bourbons and myself. 'Their time is now ended, and mine is beginning. 'This is the truth. But it is a truth I would not have spoken, had I been better treated by them. I am only flinging back the stones which my enemies have thrown into my garden. That is perfectly natural."

"But," resumed prince Cambacérès, "your Majesty must be careful lest, by dint of constantly telling the people of their sovereignty, you inspire them with the desire to exercise it personally. Whenever that may happen, farewell to Kings ! But it appears to me that this question may be placed in a light different from that in which your Majesty views it. Before there were nations there were families, and royalty then had its birth. Adam was the king of his children ; that cannot be disputed. The terms monarch and father are synonymous. Royalty, therefore, existed previously the formation of society ; and the founder of royalty is God, for He created the first man. Thus, a sovereign may justly say that he reigns by the Grace of God ; for God created him the father of his people. Certainly Adam had every possible right to style himself father, or king, or father and king, by the grace of God."

Napoleon appeared to be struck with these remarks, which evidently shook his faith in the correctness of his own opinions. Prince Cambacérès dwelt on the danger of allowing the people to imagine themselves all-powerful ; and pointed out the temptation to the abuse of public power. But the Emperor still maintained that he was the chosen of the people.

"No matter," said he ; "let me gain four or five battles, and you will see, that they who would imagine they can reign by their divine right, will lose all hope of ever succeeding me."

"I cannot pretend to say" observed the Prince, when he related to me the above conversation, "what policy Napoleon really intended to adopt. But, till the day of his fall, he continued to hold the above language. The

address, which he delivered at the Champ de Mai in June; was merely a commentary on this dangerous principle."

On quitting Paris, His Majesty Louis XVIII. took the direction of Lille. In that city, the King hoped that he might still reign. But it would have been necessary to get the troops out by a surprise, and the royalist party had not sufficient tact for the accomplishment of that object. On the other hand, the agents of Napoleon exerted themselves so effectually, that the royal family found themselves compelled to depart. On leaving France, the King dismissed his guards. Thus, in the east, the north, and the west, the conquest was made without striking a blow:—it was not so in the south.

I have already mentioned that a provisional government had been established at Toulouse, composed of the Duke d'Angoulême, Count Damas Crux, and Baron de Vitrolles. The Duke d'Angoulême remained but a short time at Toulouse, and then proceeded to Bas-Languedoc, where the friends of the royalists had made strenuous exertions to organize a military force. This force consisted of the tenth regiment of the line, under the command of Count d'Ambrugeac, and some parties of national guards, and royalist volunteers.

These combined troops moved along the banks of the Rhone. Some slight advantages, which they gained at Montelimard, and at la Pallu, were suddenly succeeded by reverses. Whenever the imperial troops made a vigorous attack, it was immediately followed by defection in the royalist forces. Mutiny and disorder prevailed. The Duke d'Angoulême having reached Pont Saint Esprit, with the wreck of his army, magnanimously refused to retire to Turin, alone, as it was proposed he should do.

A capitulation concluded between General Gilly and the Duke d'Angoulême, was violated. General Grouchy, who arrived to take the supreme command of the imperial force, refused to allow the Prince to depart. The Emperor, to whom the matter was referred, expressed his displeasure at the mistake committed by the general, and immediately allowed the Prince to depart. His royal highness embarked at the port of Cette, on board of a Swedish vessel.

He proceeded to Spain, landed at Barcelona, and there awaited happier days.

The Duke was still fighting with heroic courage and struggling against every species of adverse fortune, when Toulouse was taken. The inexperienced generals, whom he left there, had placed themselves in the power of General de Laborde, and were betrayed by him. Four hundred artillery-men terminated the conflict on that point.

Twenty thousand national guards well armed, and full of enthusiasm, surrendered to prevent the useless effusion of blood. The King had left France, and what could be done when the movement in his favour was not universal?

Whilst such was the state of affairs at Pont Saint-Espirit and Toulouse, the Duchess d'Angoulême, the august daughter of Marie-Antoinette, animated the people of Bordeaux by her sublime courage and magnanimity. There likewise the troops were devoted to Napoleon; but the citizens and national guards continued faithful to the royal cause.

The Duchess d'Angoulême held consultations with the generals, arranged measures of security and defence, and received from them assurances of the most inviolable fidelity. Astonished at not seeing the commandant of the Fort of Blaye among those who came repeatedly to renew their oaths of allegiance to the King, her royal highness one day summoned the commandant to her presence. He presented himself, but he found means to evade the oath.

On Easter Monday, the Duchess reviewed the troops of the line and the national guards in the Champ de Mars.

It was made known, on the Thursday following, that General Clausel, who had been sent by Napoleon, was advancing with a very small corps on Bordeaux. Blaye immediately unfurled the tri-coloured flag.

The Duchess was now inspired with increased zeal and energy. One day, at a review, she addressed to the troops the following words:

"If there be any men among you, who have sworn, in my presence, to remain faithful to the King, let them step forward, that I may know them."

A few swords were drawn, and a few men advanced in front of the square.

"You are but few in number," observed the Duchess. "No matter; at least, we know on whom we may rely,"

At length, this illustrious lady found herself compelled to yield to treachery and violence and she quitted Bordeaux. On the 21st of April, she embarked on board an English vessel, which bore her from her native France; her overwhelming grief being augmented by her uncertainty respecting the fate of the prince her husband.

The King was at Ghent, the Duke d'Angoulême in Spain, Madame Royale on the sea, the Duke de Bourbon in England. Napoleon had completed his conquest. The great event was announced by the firing of cannon in all the seaports and frontier towns.

Napoleon, secure of the present, fancied himself master of the future. He flattered himself that his reign had once more commenced, and he said this to Count Fabre de l'Aude, in an audience which he granted him. Yet, Europe was at that moment preparing to wage war against him. The troops which, in the preceding year had subdued France, were now advancing to invade her territory a second time.

The congress of Vienna was still sitting: Napoleon's return filled its members with dismay. On the 13th of March, a thundering declaration, issued by the congress, pronounced the doom of outlawry on Napoleon. His imperial title vanished; he was now merely an adventurer, a brigand, on whose head a price was set.

In every period of modern history, monarchs have themselves contributed to diminish the respect due to their own dignity. The many princes who have been put to death, and who have been placed without the pale of the law of nations, by other princes, have tended more than anything to bring sovereignty into contempt. Two striking examples of this error followed closely one upon the other, viz: the declaration against Napoleon, and the execution of Murat.

The latter, who was a traitor to his brother-in-law, to his benefactor, and to France, had contributed to our disasters, and to Napoleon's fall, by joining the coalition. By way of recompense, the allies consolidated his throne though but for a little time; for the congress was preparing to issue

against him a sentence of deposition, when he anticipated them in their hostile design.

The intelligence of Napoleon's entrance into Paris, roused the imprudent courage of Murat, who, regardless of the advantage of co-operating with France, marched, in April, against Upper Italy. The Pope and the Duke of Tuscany fled at his approach, and he fancied himself the triumphant ruler of the country.

But, at Tolentino, General Bianchi drove the Neapolitan regiments before him, like flocks of sheep. Murat found his army reduced to a few lancers, and, on his return to Naples, he answered the reproaches of the Queen, by saying, "Madame, I could not die!" On many other occasions, however, he had shown that he did not fear death.

Murat and the Queen left Naples, and came to France. Napoleon would not see his brother-in-law, whose recent defeat seemed like an ill-omen. Murat wandered through Provence, and from thence proceeded to Corsica. Finally, when Waterloo had destroyed the dream of the Isle of Elba, and when all was lost, Murat once more resolved to tempt his fate. He landed at Pizzo, in Calabria, was arrested, and shot on the 13th of October, 1815. Yet, Murat was a king.

Though Napoleon proclaimed the sovereignty of the people, he would have wished to retain possession of the dictatorship until the termination of the war, then about to ensue. But the allied sovereigns, far from treating with him, would not even receive his ambassadors or his letters. France was enclosed within a wall of circumvallation, which prevented any one from leaving the territory. Masses of troops already menaced our frontiers; and it was necessary to act on the defensive.

But the Napoleon of 1815 bore no resemblance to him who had once been the conqueror of Europe. We might have applied to him Voltaire's line :

Sémiramis n'est plus que l'ombre d'elle-même.

He had to contend against the party clamour which was kept alive by Fouché; and he found himself compelled to yield to its influence. A new charter was demanded,

and Napoleon gave the additional act, with the constitution of the Empire; a political code which excited general dissatisfaction. It was regarded as the manifestation of a wish to refer every thing to himself; and betrayed none of the candour which characterized the charter granted by Louis XVIII.

Whilst the electoral colleges were engaged in composing a chamber of deputies destined to represent an insignificant minority of the people, the Emperor nominated his chamber of peers.

The selection of the imperial chamber of peers created innumerable enemies to Napoleon. It is inconceivable what pretensions were set up to the right of admittance to the chamber of peers, and, in every instance, the disappointment of these pretensions had been succeeded by a feeling of animosity to the Emperor.

Count Lanjuinais was made president of the chamber of deputies. This was a good choice; but the Emperor had to encounter the opposition of the chamber from the very outset. He had given offence, by corresponding with that assembly through the medium of his chamberlains.

The Champ de Mai opened in June. The ceremony which took place in the Champ de Mars was magnificent. Deluded by the idea that he represented the people, he uttered the following words, in the course of his address—

“As Emperor, Consul, or General, I derive all my power from the people. In prosperity, in adversity, on the field of battle, in the council, on the throne, and in exile, France has ever been the constant object of my thoughts, and the sole motive of my actions. I am like that King of Athens, who sacrificed himself for his people.”

The rest of the speech contained nothing remarkable. It recommended union, and dwelt on the efforts which it would be necessary to make, to overcome the enemy. The Emperor's speech did not excite much attention; but great curiosity was manifested to see Lucien, who appeared in a uniform of white velvet embroidered with gold. Napoleon wore a purple velvet uniform. Those costumes, which were perfectly unique, formed a contrast to the more modern style of those worn by other individuals. That day it seemed to be a fact universally admitted, that to re-establish

the Empire was a thing impossible. Twelve months had sufficed to throw it three centuries in the rear. The Emperor himself appeared to be convinced of this truth.

Napoleon now placed himself at the head of the army. He was full late in taking this step. The war ought to have been commenced a month earlier, while the allies were yet unprepared. Conceiving that he had made every requisite arrangement for securing internal tranquillity, he left Paris on the 11th of June, anxious to join those heroic legions, at the head of which he imagined himself to be invincible. The illusion was speedily dispelled—on the 24th of June, he returned to Paris, after the loss of the battle of Waterloo. Unfortunately, on this occasion, he did not show himself superior to adverse fate. Had he remained with his army, he might again have fought and conquered; but, by returning to Paris, he sank into insignificance—he was lost in the crowd.

Fouché immediately assumed the direction of the government; and he set on foot fifty different negotiations and intrigues. Napoleon, yielding to vain apprehensions, abdicated a second time. He was soon forced to quit Paris. After wandering, like an exile, to the shores of the Atlantic, he refused to effect the escape which was in his power. Unluckily, he preferred consigning himself to the good faith of England. He went on board the *Northumberland*, and his political career was at an end.

The allies, and Louis XVIII, returned to Paris with equal eagerness. The reaction was terrible:—the conquerors manifested no generosity. Consternation pervaded France; but the cruelties of 1815 and 1816 bore their fruits in 1830.

Fouché for a while flattered himself that he had got safely into port. But he soon became an object of merciless attack; and his fall was the just punishment of his crimes. He died in a foreign land:—he who had signed so many proscription lists, terminated his own career in exile.

The rest is known; Louis XVIII once more ascended the throne of his ancestors. Napoleon died on the 3rd of May, 1821, and the King on the 16th of September, 1824.

